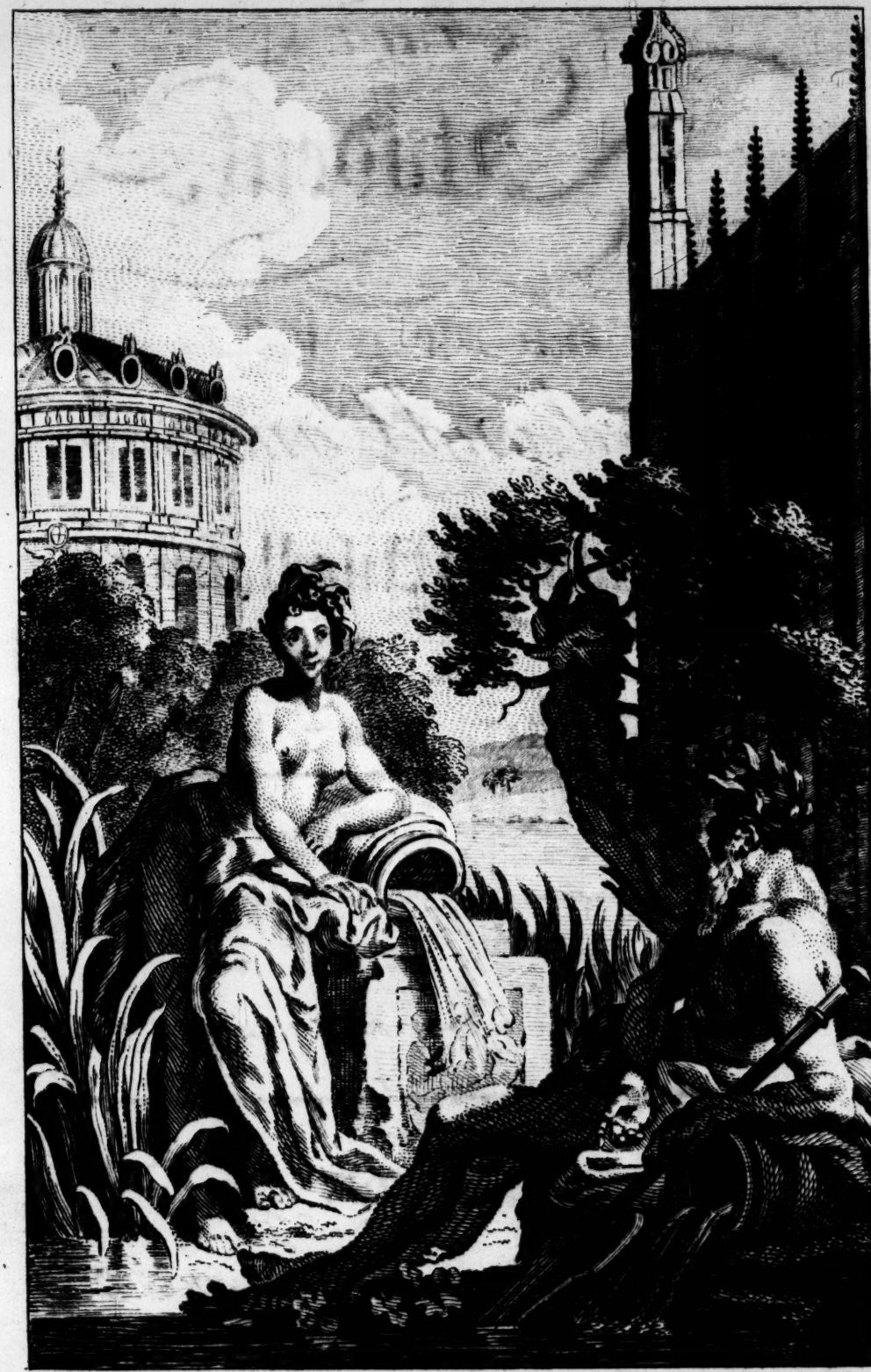

F. Hayman Inv.t et del.t C. Grignion Sculp.t

THE Student,

OR, THE Oxford, and Cambridge Monthly Miscellany.

VOL. II

---------- *Flore sub uno*
Ceu gemina Pastana rosa per jugera regnant CLAUD.

Δρεπων μεν
Κορυφαι Αρετᾶν απο πασᾶν. PINDAR

Oxford:

Printed for J. Newbery in St. Paul's Church Yard, London; J. Barrett in Oxford: and J. Merrill in Cambridge.

MDCCLI.

T. Kitchin Sculp.

THE STUDENT, OR THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

CLIO.

INTRODUCTION.

On GRATITUDE.

AS ingratitude is one of the blackeſt and moſt odious crimes, that human frailty is ſubject to, ſo on the reverſe, gratitude is incomparably the moſt amiable of all the virtues. She is the very firſt excellence we are capable of; ſhe is the perfection of childhood ſhe takes her riſe from the low foundation of artleſs innocence and ſimplicity, and yet reaches by degrees to the heaven of heavens. She is the moſt natural, and conſequently the moſt eaſy and obvious of all our duties. Her incenſe, tho' the moſt refined imaginable, is the moſt attainable and the readieſt at hand; for it is that of acknowledgment, praiſe, and thankſgiving.—In a word, ſhe is an ornament to angels, being herſelf one of the brighteſt of them: ſhe is the quinteſſence of goodneſs, and the delight of

the Almighty. On this ſubject (for it is a glorious one) we could dwell to the end of time. It is abſolutely inexhauſtible, every object in nature putting a generous man in mind of her; in fine, her excellencies, like bloſſoms on an old fruit-tree, make her appear graceful for her novelty, at the ſame time that ſhe is venerable for her antiquity.

But leaſt we ſhould be thought to give only a deſcription of this virtue, and worſhip her ſolely in theory, we will endeavour to reduce her to practice, by returning the thanks of all the gentlemen and ſcholars concerned in this work to the publick, for their candid reception and ingenuous approbation of it.——Generoſity, tho' in her own nature ſhe is continually exhauſting her ſtore, yet in her conſequences ſhe pays herſelf again; and the indulgence we have received from a great deal of OLD ENGLISH GOOD-NATURE will enable us to go on with more ſpirit, and to make our work more uſeful, more beautiful, and more univerſal.

But whatever additions we ſhall make, the publick may be aſſured, they will conſiſt of originals only, unleſs we are deceiv'd by our correſpondents, for we pretend not to infallibility.

In truth we are very little inclined to pilfer from the productions of our contemporaries, eſpecially from the patch-work, pye-ball'd, party-colour'd contents of the monthly pamphlets: we want not to win any *veſts from theſe naked Picts*. Let them go on in peace, ranſacking the *Compleat Servant Maid*, the *Cook's Guide*, the *Nut-Cracker*, JOE MILLER's *Jeſts*, and the *Academy* of *Compliments*. Much good may do them with the poetry of *Pancras* church-yard, with the Latin taken from apothecary's jars, and the morality of dials.——Let them (as my Lady WISHFORT ſays) *drive a trade, let the poor devils drive a trade.*———There is one gentleman indeed from whom we ſhould be proud to borrow, if our plan forbad it not; and, ſince the text is GRATITUDE, we beg leave to return our acknowledgments to him for the noble and rational entertainments he has given us, we mean the

the admirable author of the RAMBLER, a work that exceeds any thing of the kind ever publiſhed in this kingdom, ſome of the SPECTATORS excepted——if indeed they may be excepted. We own ourſelves unequal to the taſk of commending ſuch a work up to its merits—where the diction is the moſt high-wrought imaginable, and yet, like the brilliancy of a diamond, exceeding perſpicuous in its richneſs—where the ſentiments ennoble the ſtyle, and the ſtyle familiarizes the ſentiments—where every thing is eaſy and natural, yet every thing is maſterly and ſtrong. May the publick favours crown his merits, and may not the Engliſh, under the auſpicious reign of GEORGE the ſecond, neglect a man, who, had he lived in the firſt century, would have been one of the greateſt favourites of AUGUSTUS.

On the REALITY *of* RELIGION.

LETTER I.

AS the intention of the *preceding* letters was to point out the *uſefulneſs*, in *theſe* I ſhall endeavour to evince the *reality*, of religion, or that it is no imaginary notion, but founded on the nature of things and reſulting from it.

The evidences for a deity are ſo many and ſtriking, and what have been ſet forth and applied with ſuch ſublimity of ſentiment and force of reaſon by men of the greateſt eminence in the learned world, that it would be deemed needleſs to produce more, or to offer any thing after what has been ſo well ſaid on the ſubject. 'Tis likewiſe a truth the human mind greatly delights in, is firmly eſtabliſhed, and univerſally aſſented to, ſome few perſonages only excepted, who in all ages have wilfully ſhut their eyes againſt the brighteſt light, and thro' an unaccoutable obſtinacy perſiſted in their deluſions, in ſpite of all the means of conviction that have been plainly and honeſtly laid before them; which I am of opinion

they have done more out of perverſity of principle than from the love of truth: inſtances of which are upon record from the *firſt* down to the *preſent* times. The thing that principally concerns thoſe who are fully perſuaded of the certainty of the exiſtence of ſuch a being is, the end he may reaſonably be ſuppoſed to have had in forming the univerſe, or what were the motives which induced him to it. Becauſe it is man's intereſt, and thence it becomes his duty, to conduct himſelf conformably to thoſe his Creator's views. And when we have once found out the exciting principle of creation, it immediately diſcovers the rule God hath preſcribed us, in an agreement of actions with which our happineſs manifeſtly conſiſts.

If we attentively ſurvey (and all attention is requiſite to our obtaining full ſatisfaction in the above particular) the preſent order and diſpoſition of things, obſerve their uſes, and the ends they are deſtined to, very ſtrong characters of the author's benignity will appear imprinted on them. When we conſider that vaſt variety of claſſes of beings in the univerſe, the apartments adapted to each claſs, and the gifts of heaven poured forth in ſuch abundance on every ſide of them; we cannot avoid concluding, that the deity could not deſign any thing leſs by this proviſion than their happineſs, or that with complacency and delight they ſhould enjoy the ſtores he has ſo liberally ſent for their ſupport and nouriſhment. From a ſenſe of gratitude to the donor, we ought to taſte the fruits of the earth with joy and gladneſs of heart.

The nature of man is alſo another argument, that happineſs predominates, or exceeds its oppoſite, miſery.

As a rational ſenſible creature he cannot deſire and purſue miſery as ſuch. To do one or the other would be againſt the whole bent and propenſity of his frame. It is not poſſible therefore he ſhould be any longer in love with his portion here, than whilſt it is attended with bleſſings which more than ballance the ills he feels. But experience every day may convince

vince us that ninety nine in an hundred, were the offer to be made them on their departure hence, would chooſe life with all its dangers and difficulties, and think it a moſt eminent benefit to them. An undeniable argument this, that mens conveniences and ſatisfactions do greatly prevail on the whole, notwithſtanding certain appearances to the contrary. Why ſhould the ſight, a recollection on, or hearing of, the miſeries and diſtreſs of others ſo much affect us? it is in part owing to their novelty. For what we are not accuſtomed to, or the like to which falls not within our notice and obſervation, is apt to raiſe wonder and aſtoniſhment. Effects muſt ariſe out of, and be produced by thoſe cauſes which infinite wiſdom has contriv'd and fitted for the purpoſe. And if the parts of this ſyſtem are ſo compacted, and become means and ends to each other in a continued endleſs reciprocation, after ſuch a manner, and with ſuch dependencies and connections, that the creator's deſigns can only be brought about by the concurrence of other free agents, in all ſuch caſes he wills and ſtrictly enjoins conformity; that is, he expects they ſhould ſuit their acts and movements in every particular to his. Now an abſolutely perfect being is eſſentially invariable; he cannot will one thing to-day, and another to-morrow. Whence his ſeveral dealings with, and all his diſpenſations to, mankind, whether exhibited by way of reward or puniſhment, will be ſubſervient to, and promotive of, what gave riſe to the univerſe, the deſire of imparting being and happineſs to as many orders of creatures as could commodiouſly ſubſiſt together.

R——*.

[*To be continued.*]

A new

A new SYSTEM *of* CASTLE-BUILDING.

CHAP. V.

Containing a mighty pretty preamble, after which the ſubject is continued from Chap. iv. *and it is further ſhewn, that thoſe who encourage learning the leaſt are in fact the greateſt* MÆCENAS's.

A Few days ago as I was ſitting in my bookſeller's ſhop, a gentleman in a black coat, tye-wig, and long ſword, came in to aſk for the SUPPLEMENT to the STUDENT, which, when it was delivered into his hands, he ſurvey'd with great deliberation, and ſeem'd to ſummon all the meaning he was maſter of into his countenance at once. He turn'd over the pages gradually——humming ſomewhat to the following effect "Wit and Beauty an Allegory—hum—"this GRANTICOLA is a good pretty fellow—This gentle-"man who writes in defence of Religion is doubtleſs a "perſon of great learning and piety——STIGAND's oration "is an animated thing——A comical dog, I warrant you, "this JOHN JONES the cordwainer"——And ſo he went on, delivering his ſentiments in favour of every piece, till he came to the chapter on CASTLE-BUILDING, when giving a great hawk, as if ſomething lay heavy on his ſtomach, "In the name of all that's horrible (cries he) what madman "is the author of this incoherent ſtuff—a medly of words, "without beginning, ending, top or bottom; a chaos of "abſurdity and confuſion."———There, ſays I, interrupting him, (for I began to be a little nettled at the freedom with which he was pleaſed to expreſs himſelf) There is the beauty of the thing; for the very nature of the ſubject excludes all order and method, and not to be abſurd in a ſyſtem of CASTLE-BUILDING would be of all abſurdities the greateſt. So I ſhall make bold, in ſpite of all the tye-wigs and ſwords in the three kingdoms, to be as incoherent, abſurd,

abſurd, and nonſenſical, as ſhall ſeem good to me at the time of writing,—and I don't doubt but I ſhall be kept in countenance by a vaſt majority, who will be in the ſame ſituation at the time of reading.

Having now made my preamble, I ſhall reſume the thread of my diſcourſe from chapter iv. and proceed to demonſtrate the truth of this paradox, viz. that thoſe who encourage learning leaſt are actually the greateſt MÆCENAS's.—In order to prove this paradox, *extra omnem dubitationis aleam*, that is *Anglicè*, beyond all chance of doubting, I ſhall advance another; which is, *that there are ſome things in nature ſo exceeding* OBVIOUS *that they* never OCCUR. Let no man deny this, who cannot ſee his own noſe on his own face; and let no man deny the other, who can credit his own experience.——There are now in this kingdom a ſet of as clever men in the poetical way, nay I may venture to ſay more ſo than there ever were at any given time together.——The FIELDING's, the JOHNSON's, the AKINSIDE's, the ARMSTRONG's, the COLLINS's, the WARTON's, the SMALLET's, the MASON's, the LOWTHE's, the BROWNS, and not a few concern'd in the STUDENT, with a great many more of that ſtrain, are living teſtimonies to the truth of my aſſertion.——This can poſſibly be attributed to no other cauſe than the contempt and deriſion the ſciences are held in by moſt of the people of diſtinction.——The patriot Muſes have been baniſhed the C—rt ever ſince the auſpicious days of the ever-bleſſed Queen ANNE, and being kick'd out of all *good company*, and forced into their original woods and groves, they ſing with the ſame native wildneſs and unreſtrained vivacity as they did in the *other golden age*. It is manifeſt therefore, that a titled blockhead is a very good negative MÆCENAS; and while he's at the gaming-table, the bawdy-houſe, *New-Market*, or BROUGHTON's amphitheatre, by encouraging ſcoundrels and drivelers, he ſets clever men to work, and makes the ingenious flouriſh, by *diſtreſſing* them into *diligence*.

CHIMÆRICUS CANTABRIGIENSIS.

AS men of learning and merit, in neceſſitous circumſtances, are too frequently oppreſſed by many of the bookſellers in our great metropolis; our good-natur'd readers will not be diſpleaſed to ſee that barbarous and Gothic practice, which contributes ſo much to the decay of literature, expos'd in the following genuine letter.

To the STUDENT.

Dear Mr. STUDENT,

BY the commerce and connection you have with the world, you muſt undoubtedly be a gentleman of experience and judgment; and, by the ſentiments convey'd in your pieces, you ſeem alſo to be a man of virtue and humanity. If the latter be found in your breaſt, I doubt not but you will commiſerate my unhappy ſituation, when I tell you that, tho' a ſcholar, and maſter of many languages, I am under the dominion of an imperious bookſeller, and obliged to accept of terms that really carry with them an indignity to the profeſſion. I have been theſe eight days without a penny in my pocket, and my bookſeller, knowing my caſe, has taken this opportunity to beat me down in my price, and deprive me of that poor ſtipend I had to ſubſiſt on, as you will perceive by the following ungenerous letter.

To Mr. R * * *.

SIR,

" I And and you have been dealers a great while, but I
" think after all you don't uſe me well. You have all a-
" long charged me *ſix-pence* for a poem of two hundred lines
" for my *Magazine*, and Mr. GINGLE, who does another
" *Magazine*, charges no more than a *groat*; ſo that if you
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" and I need not look far, for there is a gentleman men-
" tion'd to me by Mr. SCAN, who is a guge, and ſays he

" wrote

" wrote an *Oade* on *Sadneſs* that made him laugh; and I am " ſure if he could make a man laugh on ſadneſs, he might " make a man kill himſelf with laughing on any other " object. Beſides you have all the ſaving ways, for in ſome " of your *Oades*, as you call them, many of the lines are " not half ſo long as othurs, and yet you charge all at " the ſame price. Pray let me have all long lines for the " future. And Mr. SCAN ſays *Epic Poems* are better than " thoſe I have had. Pray write me one for the *Magazine*, " and ſend it by the bearer, for which he will pay you " *ſeven pence*, for I would have it a good one, and ſend a " receipt by him for the money.

I am, your injured friend,

R. FOLIO.

" *P. S.* Latin poems I am told are cheaper than others. " What do you ax for one that will make a page? I " would have it like thoſe in the STUDENT. The " STUDENT ſells ſix times the number of our *Magazine*, " and I am told 'tis becauſe they have more wit and more " learning."

You ſee how I am treated.——Now, Mr. STUDENT, the favour I muſt beg leave to aſk of you is, either to employ me your ſelf, or recommend me to ſome honeſt bookſeller of your acquaintance. I can tranſlate either from the living or dead languages; and can write hiſtory, novels, politics, or poetry. Methinks a new tranſlation of HOMER might be undertaken with ſucceſs. Your friendſhip herein will oblige,

Dear SIR,

Your deſponding friend and ſervant,

London, Oct. 2. 1750. R. W * * *.

AS men of learning and merit, in neceſſitous circumſtances, are too frequently oppreſſed by many of the bookſellers in our great metropolis; our good-natur'd readers will not be diſpleaſed to ſee that barbarous and Gothic practice, which contributes ſo much to the decay of literature, expos'd in the following genuine letter.

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Dear SIR,

Your deſponding friend and ſervant,

London, Oct. 2. 1750. R. W * * *.

To the STUDIENT *or the* Oxbridge *and* Cambridge Monthly Miſs Sallany.

Mr. STUDIENT, SIR,

I Think it apeiſh and fooliſh and ridiculous and ſilly in you that are a ſchollard to ſet your wit agin a hoop petticoat and to put thoughts into the mens heads which they ſhould not have Sure what buſineſs have you with it but every monkey will be meddling If you'd mind your *Omars* and your *Oraces* and your *Novids* and your *Newclids* 'twould be more betterer And learn to make ſarmonds and not ſpend your fathers money for nothing about ſuch monkey tricks You may be aſhamed of yourſelf you may ſo And if I had the correcting of you I'd learn you more wit and more manners I dont ſuppoſe there is any ſuch man as the cordwainer or any ſuch trade but if there be he's a fool

And ſo I am your humble ſervant,

REB. COLE.

THE following letter, which was never yet publiſhed, may be conſidered as an addition * to Mr. WOOD's hiſtory of the Oxford writers, and therefore cannot prove unacceptable to the curious. But none of our readers will expect an apology for inſerting in this collection any of the remains of that great and good man Archbiſhop LAUD, whoſe memory will ever be held in the higheſt eſteem and veneration by all friends to uſeful literature and true religion. It will therefore only be neceſſary to obſerve farther at preſent, that the original is ſtill preſerved amongſt Biſhop Tanner's MSS. now in the poſſeſſion of the Univerſity of Oxford.

* Athen. Oxon. Vol. II. pag. 400. Lond. 1721.

Copy

Copy of a LETTER *from Archbiſhop* LAUD

To the Warden and Fellows of *All Souls* Coll. *Oxford.*

Communicated by a Gentleman of C. C. C. *Oxon.*

Salutem in Chriſto,

THESE are on the behalf of an honeſt man, and a good ſcholar, Mr. OSBORN being to give over his fellowſhip was with me at Lambeth, and, I thank him, freely proffer'd me the nomination of a ſcholar to ſucceed in his place; now having ſeriouſly deliberated with myſelf touching this buſineſs, and being willing to recommend ſuch an one to you, as you might thank me for, I am reſolved to pitch upon Mr. JEREMIAH TAYLOUR of whoſe abilitys and ſufficiencys every ways I have receiv'd very good aſſurance. And I do hereby heartily pray you to give him all furtherance by yourſelf and the fellows at the next election, not doubting but that he will approve himſelf a worthy and learned member of your ſociety. And tho' he has had his breeding for the moſt part in the other univerſity, yet I hope that ſhall be no prejudice to him, in regard that he is incorporated into Oxford *(ut ſit eodem ordine, gradu, &c.)* and admitted into Univerſity College. Neither can I learn that there is any thing in your local ſtatutes againſt it; I doubt not but you will uſe him with ſo fair reſpects, as befits a man of his rank and learning, for which I ſhall give you thanks. So I leave him to your kindneſs, and reſt

Your loving friend

Lambeth-Houſe,
October 23. 1635.

WILLIAM CANT.

An extract of a Theſis *read before Mr.* HALLER,

In *October* 1749. By Mr. F. G. ZINN.

EXPERIMENT I.

AFTER having adjuſted the *trochart* to the fore part of the head, of a middle ſiz'd dog, over the *longitudinal ſinus*, I plunged the inſtrument through the maſs of the brain, in ſuch a manner, that it was fixed ſtrongly in the bone of the baſis of the ſkull. After the ſtroke was given, the dog ſeem'd as unaffected, as if nothing at all had happen'd; and continued briſk and ſenſible, to every thing that was done to exaſperate him; he held up his head and look'd about him, and there was nothing particular but a little ſlaver, which fell from his mouth. Some time after he fell faſt aſleep, and I endeavour'd to rouze him, by making a noiſe, to no purpoſe; for he immediately ſlept again: I then perceived that the muſcles of the right ſide were ſtruck with the *palſy*. I left him in this condition, at eleven o'clock. Returning at four, I ſtill found him in the ſame condition: but the deſire I had to change the ſcene, cauſed me to withdraw the inſtrument. All of a ſudden the face of affairs was changed: the dog began to groan, to whine and vomit: the muſcles on the right ſide continued quite paralytick, without motion or feeling: the ſleepineſs was now more ſtrong, for we could indeed wake him, by ſtrong irritation, but then he was more ſtupid, and fell aſleep immediately again: at the ſame time his pulſe was feveriſh: I return'd to ſee the dog at ſeven, and found no alteration, but the next day he died. I immediately open'd the ſkull, and found the *longitudinal ſinus* had been penetrated. The inſtrument, after wounding the anterior part of the *corpus calloſum*, paſt towards the hind part, and a litle to the left, thro' the left ventricle, and thro' the left *corpora ſtriata*, as far as the baſis of the ſkull, in the bone of which the inſtrument was fixed.

EXPE-

EXPERIMENT II.

I thruſt the ſame inſtrument through the head of a pretty large dog, a little farther back, over the *longitudinal ſinus*, and I left it in the wound. The dog, wounded as he was, was ſo lively as to liſten to the barking of another dog in the neigbourhood. Returning the next day, at one in the afternoon, I found him ſafe and ſound, briſk and in no wiſe apoplectick; and I even perceiv'd that he had ſtruggled very much, in order to get looſe. This was on *Sunday*, wherefore conſidering that his howling might incommode the neighbourhood, he was immediately killed. After opening the brain, I found the inſtrument had paſs'd through the middle of the *corpus calloſum*, and had penetrated the *thalamus* of the optick nerves, in the place where they meet in the anterior and ſuperior ventricles.

EXPERIMENT III.

Being afraid that the apoplexy, cauſed by the effuſion of the blood of the *ſinus*, ſhould hurt the experiment, I again thruſt the inſtrument into the right ſide of the head of a dog, from the right to the left. The dog lived twenty two hours, conſtantly lively and briſk, without being paralytick, in any part of the body, except in the laſt hours of his life, when the heat and pain had made him feeble: I perceived he might have lived ſome days longer, but being impatient, I hanged him. Then opening his head, I perceived the inſtrument, after having paſt through the middle of the *corpus calloſum*, was fixed in the bone of the ſkull, on the left of the union of the optick nerves, or at the baſis of the ſkull.

EXPERIMENT IV.

At ſeven in the evening, I thruſt the ſame inſtrument into the head of a young dog, from the right to the left. At firſt he ſeem'd a little ſtunn'd, but came to himſelf, ſome hours afterwards, and the neighbours heard him bark all the night. The next day I found him indeed paralytick

on

on one ſide, but more briſk and lively than the evening before. But being obliged to go a journey, I killed him at noon; and opening the cavities of the breaſt, by a large wound on each ſide, he continued to live a quarter of an hour longer. The next day I open'd the ſkull, and found the *corpus calloſum* had been penetrated, ae well as the *thalamus* of the optick nerves.

EXPERIMENT V.

Being curious to know what would happen, if the *corpus calloſum* was wounded twice, I thruſt the inſtrument from the right to the left, and then from the left to the right. After the firſt ſtroke, I unlooſed the dog, who began to walk as if nothing had ailed him; nor did he ſeem to be more in pain after the ſecond ſtroke than the firſt. I went to ſee him the next day, and found him more feeble, but with all his ſenſes and motions. Willing to make other experiments on this animal, I thruſt the inſtrument thro' the nape of the neck, into the *medulla ſpinalis* of the back, between the firſt *vertebra* and the laſt of the head. This wound cauſed a great effuſion of blood: he lived another half hour, in a very languiſhing condition, it muſt be owned, but with ſome remains of motion and ſenſation. On opening the ſkull, I found the *corpus calloſum* was penetrated in two places, in ſuch a manner that almoſt all the anterior part was lacerated. The ſtroke from the left to the right was turned a little backward, and had paſſed thro' the *pes hippocampi* of the right ſide; the other ſtroke from the right to the left had paſſed through the left *thalamus* of the optick nerves, and both had penetrated as far as the ſkull. There was a great deal of blood ſpilt, in the three anterior ventricles. I found the third ſtroke had paſſed through the middle of the *medulla ſpinalis*.

EXPERIMENT VI.

After having divided the ſkull of a living dog, but apoplectick on account of the blood which was ſhed in the brain,

brain, with a ſaw, I cut away the brain by ſlices, as far as the *corpus calloſum*, then ſlit the *corpus calloſum*, and open'd the ventricles. The creature, who had been quiet while the teeth of the ſaw had lacerated the *dura mater*, began to make a noiſe and to ſtruggle when the *medulla* was diſturb'd. After having taken out the *medulla oblongata*, I then took out all the brain. Immediately the members began to tremble, and the motion of the heart, attended with a deep reſpiration, continued for ſome minutes. I likewiſe took out the *cerebellum*, and thruſt a probe into the *medulla ſpinalis* of the back; hereupon the members fell into convulſions, and the deeper I thruſt the point, the more the hind parts were in agitation.

EXPERIMENT VII.

A pigeon being depriv'd of its brain, but having the *cerebellum* intire, cou'd ſtand upon its legs, and ſwallow the food which had been put into its bill.

I obſerved in all theſe experiments, that the dogs diſcover'd ſigns of extreme pain, by crying and howling, while the inſtrument paſt through the *medulla* of the brain.

EXPERIMENT VIII.

Another day, I thruſt the inſtrument into the head of a dog of middle ſize, through the inferior part of the right ſide, of the hind bone, in almoſt an horizontal direction, 'till it remained fixed in the oppoſite bone. The dog was at firſt a little ſtunned, but came to himſelf by little andlittle, with great howling. This was done at ſix in the evening. Returning to ſee him the next day, at one in the afternoon, I found him briſk and lively, and the neighbours told me, that he had bark'd very much all the night. When I perceiv'd this wound had not much affected him, I withdrew the inſtrument, and plung'd it a little higher, through the middle of the bone of the hind part of the head. At this ſtroke he fell down apoplectick. When I return'd the next day, I found him dead. I open'd the ſkull, took out the brain,

and

and ſaw that the wound I had made the day before had penetrated the ventricle of the *cerebellum*, as far as the baſis of the ſkull. Every place was full of clotted blood, as well in the baſis of the ſkull, as the parts between the ventricle of the *cerebellum* and the *cerebellum* itſelf, becauſe the fourth *ſinus* had been open'd by the largeneſs of the wound. As to the firſt wound that was made, it paſſed through the middle of the ſubſtance of the *cerebellum* to the oppoſite ſide.

EXPERIMNT IX.

Another day, I thruſt the inſtrument through the middle of the hind bone of the head, directing it ſtraight forward, and a little towards the baſis. The dog, tho' ſtunn'd with the ſtroke, loſt neither motion nor ſenſation; on the contrary, the pain cauſed him to howl. I found him the next day living, as before. Then I pierc'd the *cerebellum*, having plung'd the inſtrument through the lower and lateral part of the hind bone of the head, directing the inſtrument from the left to the right, towards the baſis. At ſix in the evening he was yet living, but extremely feeble: he was depriv'd both of ſenſe and motion, and the palpitation of his heart, as well as his reſpiration, was very ſmall. This circumſtance induced me to make an experiment upon the nerves of the diaphragm. I open'd the breaſt, and found the parts were as cold, as if he was actually dead; but the palpitation of the heart, and the reſpiration ſtill continued. I preſt the nerve of the diaphragm ſtrongly with my fingers, and then I irritated it above the compreſſion, which cauſed the diaphragm to contract: afterwards I tied the nerve, and having irritated it, above the ligature, I perceiv'd no motion of the diaphragm; but when I irritated the nerve below the ligature, the diaphragm began to contract: then I cut the nerve in two, and irritated the inferior part, and this irritation was always followed by a contraction of the diaphragm. I obſerved the ſame thing on the other ſide. The diaphragm was contracted, whether I pinch'd the nerve above or below.

low. Upon opening the ſkull, I ſaw the firſt ſtroke had penetrated through the medullary ſubſtance of the brain into the brain itſelf; and that the other ſtroke, paſt a little lower, on one ſide, through the *medulla* of the brain, croſſing the fourth ventricle, and proceeding to the oppoſite ſide of the head. The fourth ventricle was full of grumous blood, and the *medulla ſpinalis* was ſurrounded with blood.

EXPERIMENT X.

I repeated the ſame experiments upon an apoplectick dog, and all the *phænomena* were like the former; when I had obſerv'd this, I took out the heart, with a ſingle ſtroke of a knife, and perceiv'd the heart beat ſtrongly in my hand, as often as I irritated it with the edge of the knife, which continued four minutes; after which I caſt it into cold water, and ſaw it ſtill palpitate, by fits, 'till it was quite cold.

EXPERIMENT XI.

I took out, by means of a trepan, a round piece from the ſkull of a dog, and raiſing a part of the temporal muſcle I began to prick the *dura mater*, which lay in ſight, and to irritate it with the point of the knife; I then pour'd a ſolution of ſublimate mercury thereon, but the animal ſhew'd no ſign of pain, and remain'd without any convulſion. This made me think he was apoplectick, for which reaſon I irritated the raw part of the ſkin, when by his howling, he diſcover'd that he was ſenſible of pain. The motion of the *dura mater*, and of the arteries, was made at the ſame inſtant, the *dura mater* being raiſed, at the time of the *diaſtole*, and in the *ſyſtole* it fell down. After having lacerated the *dura mater*, I broke, prick'd, and irriated the cortical ſubſtance; but the animal gave no ſign of pain. I plung'd the inſtrument into the *medulla* of the brain, and the dog began to cry but I did not perceive him to be in great aggitation. I then let him looſe, the better to obſerve his convulſions.

He began to walk about the room, but as if he had been drunk, or ſtupid. I again plung'd the inſtrument into the *medulla*, upon which he made a great noiſe, but continued to walk without falling into convulſions. A little after he walk'd about the room for ſome mintues, like a horſe that is turning a mill; he often fell, ſometimes on one ſide, ſometimes on the other, and then riſing again, he ſtill continued to walk in a circle. A few minutes afterwards he fell on a ſudden; his whole body was convulſed. I raiſed him up, but he could not ſtand on his legs. I placed him on the table, and his body bent in a ſemi-circle, and the muſcles of the oppoſite part being ſeperated, he cried when they ſtruck him. I then plung'd the inſtrument through the brain into the *cerebellum*. Immediately his whole body was ſeized with convulſions, and there was principally a contortion of the neck, and the hinder part of the ſpine of the back. This agitation having ceaſed for ſome moments, he ſeem'd to ſhake himſelf twice or thrice, in the ſame manner as dogs uſually do, when they come out of the water. At length falling, by little and little, into extreme weakneſs, neither blows nor any other iritation cou'd excite him; and, after a ſhort ceſſation of the convulſions and ſpaſms, and fetching ſeveral deep reſpirations, he died.

EXPERIMENT XII.

The former experiment cauſed me to try another. After having taken away, by means of the trepan, a round piece of of the ſkull of a young dog, I irritated the *dura mater* with the point of a knife, as in the former experiment, and I dropp'd ſome oil of vitriol thereon; but the animal diſcovered no ſign of pain, though the oil of vitriol corroded the parts, as far as it reached. While the oil of vitriol was ſwimming upon the *dura mater*, the dog ſuddenly raiſed up his head, and look'd about him: the blood which ran plentifully from the great artery of the lacerated *dura mater* hinder'd

me

me from making experiments on the *medulla* itſelf, by dropping oil of vitriol thereon. I then plung'd the knife into the right ſide of the brain, of which the dog was very ſenſible, and fell into convulſions. I afterwards thruſt the knife through the brain, into the *cerebellum*, and immediately the animal was ſeized with terrible convulſions, in every part of his body, inſomuch that there was not a ſingle muſcle, but what was in motion. When I had cut the brain towards the baſis on each ſide, and had ſtirr'd the *cerebellum* about, ſo as to reduce it into a kind of ſoft pulp, the heart beat ſtrongly for ſome minutes, and at the ſame time the brain was forced out, through the perforation, in a large quantity.

N. B. *Theſe experiments were received before the publication of our laſt Number, but could not be then inſerted for want of room. This omiſſion, therefore, we hope will be excus'd by our ingenious correſpondent, for whom we ſhall hereafter expreſs all poſſible regard.*

A VISION.

AS I was reading the papers one evening in ——s coffee-houſe, an advertiſement caught my eye, in which two gentlemen of great worth and learning, who have done the higheſt ſervice to the cauſe of chriſtianity, declare to have been no ways concern'd in the publiſhing a late famous pamphlet, intitled, *Free and Candid Diſquiſitions, &c.* As this work has excited the attention of the learned of every denomination, it is not in the leaſt ſurprizing, that even the very recollection of it ſhould make ſo ſtrong an impreſſion on my mind, as to occaſion next night the following viſion.——Methought I was all on a ſudden in *Weſtminſter-Abbey*, and on looking towards the

choir I ſaw it fill'd with a vaſt crowd of people, who expreſs'd the utmoſt attention, for there was ſcarce a murmur to be heard, ſo abſolute was the ſilence. The novelty of the ſight made me immediately join the multitude; and on my enquiring the cauſe of there being ſo great a concourſe, I was inform'd in a low whiſper, by a grave elderly man, who ſtood near me, "That the merits of the *Free* "*and Candid Diſquiſitions* were inſtantly to be determined." At the eaſt end of the choir, on a throne of pure gold, a perſonage of a moſt venerable aſpect ſat as judge: on her forehead was wrote in large capitals, *The Sacramental Teſt.* I immediately knew her to be the CHURCH OF ENGLAND. On her right hand ſat a matron who ſhew'd the greateſt chearfulneſs, and at the ſame time the utmoſt condeſcenſion and humility in her countenance: her name was ORTHODOXY. On her breaſt, next her heart, was placed ſomething of a globular form, which emitted a light far ſuperior to the luſtre of our *modern ſtars*, or the moſt ſparkling diamonds, ſo that my eyes were almoſt dazzled with beholding it. After viewing it as ſteadfaſtly as I could, I diſcover'd the following words written under it by way of motto, viz. *The eye of Faith.* At the left ſide was CEREMONY, decently habited in a *ſurplice*, and bearing in her hand the *croſs in baptiſm.*

On a ſignal given, immediately entered an odd fantaſtic figure, who ſeem'd to be very captious, diſcontented, and ſelf-conceited. The garment ſhe wore was of ſo notable a contexture that it never appeared one minute to be the ſame, but continually diverſified itſelf into every form and colour that imagination can ſuggeſt. The name of this perſon was ALTERATION. The * * * and * * *, and the *Well-wiſhers to the Univerſity of Oxford*, and roſy juſtices, and fat pluraliſts followed her as partizans and attendants. In her arms ſhe held a motley book, intitled, *The Free and Candid Diſquiſitions*, of which ſhe appear'd extremely fond,

by

by turning over the leaves, reading aloud the title-page, and exhibiting the gilded binding to the gazing crowd. I perceived too all along that ſhe affected great popularity. On her nearer approach ſhe threw off her former grimace, and began to compoſe herſelf with great aſſiduity and art. She gave ſigns of the utmoſt ſubmiſſion, by making three obeiſances to the lady who ſat on the bench as judge; yet ſhe could not help ſending ſome oblique malevolent glances at ORTHODOXY; and the croſs that CEREMONY held ſeem'd to give her great offence; but this diſguſt ſhe endeavour'd as much as poſſible to conceal. On ſo great a change in her behaviour, the whole aſſembly expreſs'd the higheſt ſatisfaction. The lady on the bench indeed ſeem'd to be but little affected with it, and with a nod gave leave for an audience. ALTERATION then ſpoke, but as the whole harangue was nothing but an abſtract from the well-known book ſhe held in her hand, the repeating it would be needleſs. I ſhall only therefore mention ſome circumſtances that happen'd during the harrangue. When the frequent uſe of the *Lord's Prayer* in the *Liturgy* was ſtrenuouſly objected to, ORTHODOXY who had till then been tolerably attentive, expreſs'd how much ſhe regarded ſuch an objection by a ſmile; whilſt CEREMONY, as being plainly aim'd at, look'd pale with reſentment. Again, when a certain notorious *vice* was pronounc'd to be no *deadly ſin*, joy was immediately diffus'd over the face of every partizan. The propoſal for contracting the liturgy, becauſe it took up too much time, was alſo receiv'd with the higheſt marks of approbation, and particularly ſo by the whole herd of *pluraliſts*. When ALTERATION had finiſh'd her harangue, the lady on the bench pronounc'd with a loud voice, MAGNA EST VERITAS ET PRÆVALEBIT; when lo! dreſs'd in an antique garb, more white than ſnow, more tranſparent than chryſtal, DEVOTION enter'd: humble was her deportment, her eyes were lifted up to heaven. Her

retinue

retinue was ſmall; nay to ſome it appeared even mean, for it conſiſted only of a few undignify'd divines, dreſs'd in ruſty wigs, and tatter'd crape; but how badly ſoever they appear'd to be habited, the reſolution each perſon expreſs'd plainly intimated, that they wanted neither the heart nor the head to ſupport the cauſe they had ſo bravely undertaken. On a ſudden with extended arms DEVOTION held out on high *The Book of Common Prayer*; the covers of it were adamant, on which in indelible characters were ſtamp'd the illuſtrious names of *Edward* the ſixth, Queen *Elizabeth*, Archbiſhop *Laud*, King *Charles* the Martyr, and the noble *Septemvirate of tower'd Prelates*; the leaves were of ivory, the letters were of gold. On beholding this glorious ſight, the whole aſſembly were ſtruck with a religious awe: but after ſome minutes, nothing could be heard but the loudeſt ſhouts of applauſe. The partizans of the *Free and Candid Diſquiſitions* were driven to deſpair, whilſt ALTERATION, when the ſhouting ceaſed, endeavour'd to ſpeak, but whatever ſhe utter'd appear'd to be nothing but *Cant*. At length the lady on the bench plac'd DEVOTION on a ſtool next to ORTHODOXY. Her retinue were order'd to follow her, when to my moſt agreeable ſurprize I ſaw each venerable divine rob'd with lawn. After they were all ſeated in order, ORTHODOXY ſtood up to read a decree, but at that inſtant the college bell rung for prayers: the ſound of it awaken'd me: I aroſe from my bed, went to the chapel, and addreſs'd my creator in a *Form of Prayer*, one tittle of which not the utmoſt machinations of the deceitful, nay not even the powers of darkneſs will ever be able to alter.

PHILO-CHRISTUS.

Oxford, Sept. 22. 1750.

A notable CRITICISM

On a ſpecial piece of MORALITY.

Amoto quæramus ſeria ludo.

LET US MORALIZE.

MANY wiſe philoſophers have learnedly ſpinned out their voluminous tracts in pathetically complaining of the curtailed brevity of human life; and have elegantly illuſtrated its miſery by many juſt ſimilitudes. Some of them have compared it to a ſhadow, others to a dream, and others again to a miſt on the mountain top.——But none of them all have ſo emphatically diſplay'd its tranſitory ſtate as the learned and ingenious author of the following diſtich

OH MAN! OH MAN! THY LIFE IS LIKE
A CANDLE IN A CANDLE-STEICK——

Let us take a ſmall view of the beauty of the whole ſimile. And firſt here is a doubling or iteration of the *oh* and *man*. Oh man! oh man! a ſort of reverberation (*ſi ita loqui liceat*) very expreſſive in ejaculation, exclamation, lamentation, &c. borrowed from the moſt celebrated authors of all languages.—The *Greeks* have their Φευ, Φευ;—the *Latins* have *hei* and *væ*; and we often cry out alas! alas! exactly parallel to oh! oh; and the *Arabians*, *Chaldeans*, *Syrians*, and *Chineſe* have their ℭ ℭ 𝔛 𝔛 𝔓 𝔓 ń ń.

But to go on, in the next place we have *life* and *like*, two L's together, which make a moſt beantiful alliteration,

ation, a figure in rhetoric the moſt engaging, and which wonderfully promotes the pathos.———The laſt line, *A Candle, &c.* is inconceivably elegant; which it would be throwing away time, words, and ink, to take notice of,——only we'll juſt remark the poetick licence ſplendidly refulgent in the laſt word CANDLE-STEICK; how happily has the author ſegregated the letters in the laſt ſyllable, by the figure *diæreſis*—*Steick* for *ſtick*, harmonious turn ineffable! So OVID *evoluiſſe*——for which HOMER, the prince of poets, is ſo deſervedly celebrated by the critics in the firſt verſe of the *Iliad* Πηληιαδεω Αχιλης—Him no doubt our author had in his eye.——Upon the whole, there is an extraordinary neatneſs in the ſimile.—We have an idea of the clean mould candle in a ſilver candle-ſtick, gently waſting away its tallowy ſubſtance, and mildly decaying its wooly wick; this the other ſimilitudes above-cited fall far ſhort of, therefore we conclude that ours exceeds them all, and ſhines and glitters amongſt them——*velut inter ignes*

Luna minores

Q. E. D. *Vale & fruere!*

An

An EPISTLE *to Mr.* ROBERT LOWTH.

In imitation of HORACE, Book ii. Epiſt. 19.

By the late Mr. CHRISTOPHER PITT.

'TIS ſaid, dear ſir, no poets pleaſe the town,
Who drink mere water, tho' from *Helicon:*
For in cold blood they ſeldom boldly think;
Their rhymes are more inſipid than their drink.
Not great APOLLO could the train inſpire,
'Till generous BACCHUS help'd to fan the fire.
Warm'd by two Gods at once, they drink and write,
Rhyme all the day, and fuddle all the night.
HOMER, ſays HORACE, nods in many a place,
But hints, he nodded oftner o'er the glaſs.
Inſpir'd with wine old ENNIUS ſung and thought
With the ſame ſpirit, that his heroes fought:
And we from JOHNSON's tavern-laws divine,
That bard was no great enemy to wine.
'Twas from the bottle KING deriv'd his wit,
Drank till he could not talk, and then he writ.
Let no coif'd ſerjeant touch the ſacred juice,
But leave it to the bards for better uſe:
Let the grave judges too the glaſs forbear,
Who never ſing and dance but once a year.
This truth once known, our poets take the hint,
Get drunk or mad, and then get into print:
To raiſe their flames indulge the mellow fit,
And loſe their ſenſes in the ſearch of wit:
And when with claret fir'd they take the pen,
Swear they can write, becauſe they drink, like BEN.
Such mimick SWIFT or PRIOR to their coſt,
For in the raſh attempt the fools are loſt.
When once a genius breaks thro' common rules,
He leads an herd of imitating fools.

If POPE, the prince of poets, ſick a-bed,
O'er ſteaming coffee bends his aching head,
The fools in public o'er the fragrant draught
Incline thoſe heads, that never ach'd or thought.
This muſt provoke his mirth or his diſdain,
Cure his complaint,—or make him ſick again.
I too, like them, the poet's path purſue,
And keep great FLACCUS ever in my view;
But in a diſtant view—yet what I write,
In theſe looſe ſheets, muſt never ſee the light;
Epiſtles, odes, and twenty trifles more,
Things that are born and die in half an hour.
What! you muſt dedicate, ſays ſneering SPENCE,
This year ſome new performance to the prince:
Tho' money is your ſcorn, no doubt in time,
You hope to gain ſome vacant ſtall by rhyme;
Like other poets, were the truth but known,
You too admire whatever is your own.
Theſe wiſe remarks my modeſty confound,
While the laugh riſes, and the mirth goes round;
Vext at the jeſt, yet glad to ſhun a fray,
I whiſk into my coach, and drive away.

O D E.

The Author apologizes to a Lady, for his being a little man.

Natura nuſquam magis, quam in minimis tota eſt. PLINY.

By Mr. L U N.

I.

YES, contumelious fair, you ſcorn
The amorous dwarf, that courts you to his arms,
But ere you leave him quite forlorn,
And to ſome youth gigantic yield your charms,
Hear him—oh! hear him, if you will not try,
And let your judgment check th' ambition of your eye.

Say,

II.

Say, is it carnage makes the man?
Is to be monſtrous really to be great?
Say, is it wiſe or juſt to ſcan
Your lover's worth by quantity, or weight?
Aſk your mamma, and nurſe, if it be ſo;
Nurſe and mamma, I ween, ſhall jointly anſwer, no.

III.

The leſs the body to the view,
The ſoul (like ſprings in cloſer durance pent)
Is all exertion, ever new,
Unceaſing, unextinguiſh'd, and unſpent;
Still pouring forth executive deſire,
As bright, as briſk, as laſting, as the veſtal fire.

IV.

Does thy young boſom pant for fame;
Woud'ſt thou be of poſterity the toaſt?
The poets ſhall enſure thy name,
Who magnitude of *mind*, not *body* boaſt.
Laurels on bulky bards as rarely grow,
As on the ſturdy oak the virtuous miſletoe.

V.

Look in the glaſs, ſurvey that cheek———
Where FLORA has with all her roſes bluſh'd;
The ſhape ſo tender,——looks ſo meek,———
The breaſts made to be preſs'd, not to be cruſh'd——
Then turn to me,—turn with obliging eyes,
Nor longer nature's works, in miniature, deſpiſe.

VI.

Young AMMON did the world ſubdue,
Yet had not more external man than I;
Ah! charmer, ſhould I conquer you,
With him in fame, as well as ſize, I'll vie.
Then, ſcornful nymph, come forth to yonder grove,
Where I defy, and challenge, all thy utmoſt love.

The DECISION.

By the ſame.

I.

MY FLORIO, wildeſt of his ſex,
(Which ſure the verieſt ſaint wou'd vex)
From beauty roves to beauty;
Yet tho' abroad the wanton roam,
Whene'er he deigns to ſtay at home,
He always minds his duty.

II.

Something to every charming ſhe,
In thoughtleſs prodigality,
He's granting ſtill and granting;
To PHYLLIS that, to CHLOE this,
And every madam, every miſs,
Yet I find nothing wanting.

III.

If haply I his will diſpleaſe,
Tempeſtuous as th' autumnal ſeas,
He foams and rages ever:
But when he ceaſes from his ire;
I cry, ſuch ſpirit, and ſuch fire,
Is, ſurely, wondrous clever.

I ne'er

IV.

I ne'er want reaſon to complain,
But ſweet is pleaſure after pain,
And ev'ry joy grows greater;
Then truſt me, damſels, whilſt I tell,
I ſhou'd not like him half ſo well,
If I cou'd make him better.

An EXTEMPORE EPIGRAM.

On CLARISSA.

IN ſoft CLARISSA's form united ſhine
Such female eaſe and majeſty divine,
That each beholder muſt with awe declare
APELLES' VENUS was not half ſo fair;
But when the ſtores of judgment, wit and ſenſe
Her lips with graceful diffidence diſpenſe,
Each hearer owns, with pleaſure and ſurpriſe,
That HOMER's PALLAS was not half ſo wiſe:
Theſe diff'rent charms ſuch different paſſions move,
Who ſees muſt reverence, but who hears muſt love.

GRANTICOLA.

An Epiſtle from Mr. ALSOP *to Dr.* KEIL,

On his MARRIAGE.

I.

DEAR JOHN, if you are not bely'd,
You've chang'd your courſe of life;
You that ſo many nymphs have try'd,
To take, good Gods, a wife!

Of

II.

Of all the numerous female ſcum,
What jade, the devil take her,
Could thus bewitch thee to become
Cuckold, from cuckold-maker.

III.

Since thou art in-for't now, old friend,
And fetter'd paſt retreating;
Give me, a huſband, leave to ſend
To thee, a huſband, greeting.

IV.

I who, hard fate! am forc'd to rove,
True to my nuptial vows,
And leave my country out of love,
An exile for my ſpouſe.

V.

But I, by heav'ns decree, remain
Bleſt on a foreign ſhore;
And hourly ſuch delights obtain,
I need not wiſh for more.

VI.

Me a kind wife's embraces chear,
A lovely creature ſhe;
Nor can the ſun find out a pair
More hap'ly join'd than we.

VII.

Fain would I hear the jeſts that paſs,
The mirth that's made on me;
Fain would partake the circling glaſs,
And vent my wit on thee.

My

VIII.

My motives ſure no man can blame,
So many charms I wed;
Thee ſomething I forbear to name
Drew to the nuptial bed.

IX.

O KEIL, in algebra and ſtatics
Who has not heard thy fame,
Thou conſtant friend to mathematics,
Thou lover of that ſame.

X.

No mortal can like thee decide
The motions of the ſphere,
What planets at our birth preſide,
What good or ill draws near.

XI.

You know the mighty pow'rs, the ſway
They bear on human paſſion;
And if your wife ſhould go aſtray,
Don't blame her inclination.

XII.

But MARS and VENUS you will ſay
Favour'd this new alliance,
And, whoring in an honeſt way,
To horns you bid defiance.

XIII.

Thy front requires no foreign aid,
In native braſs ſecure;
Sure as you found your wife a maid,
She will continue pure.

XIV.

No rakes, by wanton glance allur'd,
Will e'er attempt thy bed;
Thy wond'rous knowledge hath ſecur'd
Thy aſtronomic head.

XV.

No man can now with juſtice blame
The heat of your complexion;
Quench then at home thy lawful flame,
'Tis conjugal affection.

XVI.

Where e'er you go a thouſand cares
Are by this means allay'd;
No mother for her daughter fears,
No miſtreſs for her maid.

XVII.

You need not ſeek or hedge or grove,
Or thickets out of ſhame;
Or on the hay-cock, bed of love!
Careſs the ſun-burnt dame.

XVIII.

Careleſs of what the world may ſay,
Indulge it with thy dear;
Revel it all the live-long day,
And damn the wits that ſneer.

XIX.

But ſhould thy ſtars, exceeding croſs,
Bereave this ſpouſe of life;
Bear with philoſophy thy loſs,
And take a ſecond wife.

ASTREA

XX.

ASTREA with refulgent grace,
For ought I know a maid,
May meet thy ſtrenuous embrace,
Troth ſhe's an able jade:

XXI.

I once had thought the girl to wed,
Struck with a fond deſire,
Till heav'n had otherways decreed,
And cool'd the youthful fire.

XXII.

Take her, and with her as I live
An ample portion take;
But 'tis, if any thing I give,
Believe me, for thy ſake.

The Song of DEBORAH *paraphraſed.*

TO God, who in the ſouls of chiefs hath breath'd
Heroic ardour, and his right hand rais'd
With vengeance terrible, to foil th' attempts
Of hoſtile rage, ye ſons of Iſrael ſing.
Ye kings, ye princes, potentates, give ear
To ſongs of triumph, and to ſongs of praiſe;
I'll wake the merry tabret's chearful note,
And boldly ſtrike the ſweetly-ſounding lyre.
When thou, O God! from top of flaming Seir
On ſpires moſt radiant didſt ride ſublime,
In dreadful glory, and thro' Edom lead'ſt
Thy troops ſeraphick, heav'ns high vault did bow
Obſequious, earth to her centre ſhook
Reluctant at the ſight; the fearful clouds
Shed tears of reverence, from mountains high,
Erſt ſnow-clad, iſſued ſmoak in duſky wreaths,

And Sinai ſhrunk, and melted at thy voice.
When mighty SHAMGAR rul'd the choſen race,
And ſince in JAEL's time, each baneful weed
(Spontaneous product of untrodden ground)
And bramble rough perplext th' unequal ways,
Diſmal reſort of murderers and thieves;
Whoſe horrid deeds forc'd paſſengers to ſhun
Th' inhoſpitable roads. 'Twas then, alas!
'Twas then thoſe baleful meſſengers of night,
Sad execrable birds, thro' faireſt towns,
(The ſeats of deſolation, void and wild)
Sat brooding melancholy; till I, till I
Aroſe with mother's fondneſs, to protect
My darling Iſreal from oppreſſive wrong.
They choſe, (O choice accurſt!) they choſe to kneel
In dark idolatries; then peace no more
In oliv'd portals ſmil'd, but diſcord wak'd
And kindled up the blaze of war: then ſay,
(If ſhame forbid it not) O Iſrael, ſay
Was there in forty thouſand choſen hands
Or martial ſpear, or ſelf-defending ſheild?
My zealous ſoul with holy ardour burns;
Hail, chiefs, in courage matchleſs, hail!
Whoſe ſwords undaunted durſt defy the hoſt
Of Canaan, enemies of God: ariſe
With loud Hoſannas fill th' eternal throne.
Speak, who on milky ſteeds triumphant ride,
Token of honour, ye on whoſe ſtern brows
Old age in venerable order ſits,
And ſpeaks a comely ſapience, praiſe the lord.
Let them, deliver'd from the diſmal hiſs
Of vaulting arrows, join the ſolemn hymn;
With choral ſymphonies each feſtal gate
Shall ſound, for God's the theme; him ſhall they ſing
In ſtrength, in power, in mercy infinite.
When God's the theme, why ſtays my hand ingrate,

And

And ſlowly ſtrikes the ſtring? awake, awake,
A louder, and a louder ſtrain: ariſe
Thou dread of JABIN's hoſt, in triumph lead
Thy captive bands, whoſe chains thou erſt endur'd,
With grievance unredreſs'd. Lo, heaven commands!
To our ſurviving troops, with bended heads,
The haughty vanquiſh'd nobles ſtand,
To me they bow obedient. Bleſt, for ever bleſt
Be EPHRAIM's name, from whoſe prolific root
A branch, the ſcourge of AMALEK aroſe;
Nor leaſt, tho' little, in the rolls of fame
Be BENJAMIN inſcrib'd, for thee he fought,
For thee, O God, with MACHIR and the ſcribes
Of ZEBULON he came; and ISSACHAR
Leſs noble joined th' embattl'd powers
Of BARAK, who in dreadful deeds ſupreme
Forſook the inacceſſible aſcent,
And thro' the humble verdant valley wheel'd
His gallant infantry. But REUBEN, pleas'd
In eaſy vaſſalage, with counſel bland,
Infectious poiſon, tainted half our tribes,
Preferring ſervile and ignoble peace
To liberty, reward of honeſt toil.
Ah! could the lulling ſound of bleating flocks
Pleaſe more than breath of martial inſtruments?
Ev'n GILEAD too by JORDAN's pleaſing ſtreams
Baſk'd in inglorious eaſe: ah! why did DAN
Prefer the ſervile oar, or ASHER ſtand
Regardleſs alſo of his contry's fate?
Brave ZEBULUN and NAPHTHALI diſdain'd
A faint retreat, but fearleſs ſtood and view'd
Conſpicuous far, from lofty Tabor's height,
The dreadful hoſt with haughty front advance.
'Twas on the banks of fair MEGIDDO's brook
The thick-embattl'd ſquadrons ſtood, and ſeem'd
Indiſſolubly firm, for mighty kings

Confederate join'd, puiſſant voluntiers.
But little, little 'vail'd their might when heav'n
Was their antagoniſt: lo, widely glow'd
The Empyrean, and in bright array,
And comely diſcipline the ſtarry hoſt,
Heavn's grand militia, appear'd; they fought,
And foil'd the threat'ning war. Old KISHON ſaw,
Old KISHON from his ouzy channel rear'd
His head, and rallying his waves, he ruſh'd
With glad precipitance on all the hoſt.
O ſtrength, thou art no more! rejoice my ſoul,
For ſtrength beneath thee lies.
Then might you ſee the prancing ſteeds recoil
Promiſcuous; o'er the flinty field they fled,
And foam'd for anguiſh of their ſhatter'd hoofs.
Curſe MEROZ (ſaid ſome power immortal) curſe
The ſons of MEROZ, daſtard ſouls, who could
Supinely view their country's wrong; nor durſt,
With honeſt rage or filial pity mov'd,
Avenge the cauſe of heaven and Iſrael.
With ſignal honours be the Kenite bleſt,
Of all her ſex ſupreme; he thirſty aſk'd
Her water, ſhe to palliate her intent,
With hand unſparing temper'd dulcet creams,
And brought forth butter in a lordly diſh;
She forg'd a ſmile, upon her graceful brow
Sate love and friendſhip (in the cauſe of truth
Elſe undiſſembl'd) while with ſecret hand
The nail ſhe took, her right the hammer graſp'd,
With cautious ſteps ſhe ſilently advanc'd,
And fix'd the inſtruments of fate; ſhe ſmote,
And pierc'd his temples thro', a ghaſtly wound!
He bow'd, he ſunk, he fell; his quivering limbs
No more ſuſtain'd the lifeleſs load; he bow'd,
Beneath her feet he fell: his carcaſs huge
The hideous ruin witneſſed.

Meanwhile

Meanwhile, impatient of her ſon's delay,
The mother from her lofty turrets look'd,
With diſtant ken the ample plains ſurvey'd,
A proſpect wide, but miſt the object ſought:
Within her troubl'd breaſt a conflict held
Deſpair and hope: why ſtays my SISERA?
Why loiter thus his chariot's tardy wheels?
She paus'd awhile, her ladies would have ſpoke,
But confidence ſuggeſted a reply.
I ſee (or ſure my fancy mocks my ſight)
I ſee each ſon in dalliance ſweet careſs
His captive Hebrew maid; look there,
I ken before his vaunting ſquadrons march
My conquering SISERA, his ſtately neck
With martial trophies hung, and rich brocades
Of crurious texture, and promiſcuous die.
Thus, great creator, let unpity'd fall
Who dare with thee contend, and ſtill like her
Themſelves with fond imaginary hopes
Mock and delude, but may the happy they
Who love thy ſacred and eternal name,
Shine like the ſun aſpiring to his noon,
And from their bleſt meridian ne'er decline.

CLERICUS.

A HYMN. *By Mr.* CHARLES HOPKINS,

About an hour before his death, when in great pain.

TO thee, my God, tho' late, at laſt I turn;
Not for my ſuff'rings, but my ſins I mourn.
For all my crimes thy mercy I implore,
And to thoſe mercies thou haſt ſhown before,
Add, Lord, thy grace, that I may ſin no more.

I beg

I beg thy goodneſs to prolong my breath,
And give me life, but to prepare for death.
Pardon, O pardon my tranſgreſſions paſt;
Lord, I repent; let my repentance laſt:—
Let me again this mortal race begin,
Let me live on, but not live on to ſin:—
Which if thy heavenly wiſdom find unfit,
Thy will be done, I humbly do ſubmit.
But let thy ſov'reign mercy bear the ſway,
Let juſtice throw the flaming ſword away,
Or man can ne'er abide the dreadful day.
O by the croſs and paſſion of thy ſon,
Whoſe ſacred death the life of man begun,
By that dear blood which our redemption coſt,
And by the coming of the holy ghoſt;
Deliver us amidſt the life to come,
In the laſt hour, and at the day of doom.

X.

VERSES *from a* GENTLEMAN *to a* LADY,

When both his EYES were hurt by a TENNIS-BALL.

I.

HOW vain are all the joys of man,
By nature born to certain ſorrow!
Since none, not e'en the wiſeſt, can
Be ſure of pleaſure for to-morrow.

II.

Theſe eyes, of late my envy'd boaſt,
By CELIA priz'd above all other,
See, one, alaſs! for ever loſt,
Its fellow weeping for his brother.

Yet

III.

Yet ſtill I'm bleſt, while one remains
To view my CELIA's matchleſs beauty;
Her looks ſtill eaſe my ſharpeſt pains,
With tender love and chearful duty.

IV.

Had I for her in battle ſtrove,
The fatal blow I'd born with pleaſure;
And ſtill, my conſtant love to prove,
With joy I'd loſe this ſingle treaſure.

V.

E'en then the beauties of her mind
Would amply bleſs her fruitful lover;
He muſt be deaf as well as blind,
Who can't my CELIA's charms diſcover.

VI.

Then too I'd find one ſolid bliſs,
Which heaven alone to me dipenſes;
Tho' deaf and blind, her balmy kiſs
Wou'd raviſh the remaining ſenſes.

Tranſlation of HUDIBRASS

Continued from Number IX.

PRæterea Græcè benè ſcivit,
Sed nemo eum erudivit:
Sic facultate naturali
Grunitum faciunt porcelli.
Latinè nemo ſcivit meliùs
Vix aves concinunt faciliùs:
Utroque dives, cuique egeno
Diffudit copiam cornu pleno.

Hebræas

Hebræas etiam radices
In ſolo ſterili felices,
Tot habuit ut plerique eum
Curtum crediderint Judæum,
Et forſan fuit, Veneris ergô,
Judæus factus à chirurgo.
In logicâ emunctæ naris
In analytica præclarus,
Ingenio fuit tam ſubtili
Diſcerneret ut ſitum pili,
Et ſi qua horâ diſputaret,
Cui parti magis inclinaret;
Utramque tueretur, quæque
Affirmat, mox infirmat æquê.
Oſtendit, cum ſuſcepit litem,
Quod vir & equus non ſint idem.
Avem non eſſe buteonem,
Et eſſe ſatrapam bubonem,
Et anſeres juſticiarios,
Cornices fidei commiſſarios,
Deberet diſputatione,
Et ſolveret——ſolutione——
Hæc omnia faceret, & plurâ,
Perfecto modo & figurâ.

[*To be continued occaſionally.*]

END of the firſt number.

THE STUDENT, OR THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

CALLIOPE.

A new SYSTEM *of* CASTLE-BUILDING.

CHAP. VI.

In which the readers will find an eſſay on the pleaſure *of being* impoſed *upon, with ſome other very curious particulars.*

THERE is a word very much in vogue with the people of *taſte* and *faſhion*, which, though it has not even the *penumbra* of a meaning, yet makes up the ſum total of the wit, ſenſe, and judgment of the aforeſaid people of *taſte* and *faſhion*. This word is HUMBUG. "D—mn it, "JACK, did you obſerve how the Colonel HUMBUG'D "his Grace laſt night?——This peace will prove a con- "founded HUMBUG upon the nation.——Theſe theatri- cal managers HUMBUG the town damnably."——Theſe ſentences and the like you hear every night in all *polite*

company; and no body is fit for the ſociety of perſons of rank, who has not been HUMBUG'D DAMNABLY.

After a man has been ſome ten or a dozen years of the Univerſity, he has at leaſt a *chance* of underſtanding the *vernacular*; for tho' we have no profeſſors of the Engliſh language at any of our academies, yet I am apt to think, our own tongue is in general as well underſtood by the *natives*, as the Greek or Latin, or in ſhort any other tongue, the FRENCH only excepted. Upon the preſumption therefore of having a little ſmattering of Engliſh, from the advantage of a liberal education, I will venture to affirm that this HUMBUG is neither an Engliſh word, nor a derivative from any other language.———It is indeed a *black-guard* ſound, made uſe of by moſt people of *diſtinction*.——It is a fine make-weight in converſation, and ſome *great* men deceive themſelves ſo egregiouſly as to *think* they *mean* ſomething by it.——

" Doubtleſs the pleaſure is as great
" In being cheated as to cheat,

ſays an inimitable brother Caſtle-builder.—Yes—and, he might have ſaid, a much greater. For 'tis ſo exquiſite a joy to the mind of man to be impoſed upon—that if he cannot get ſome kind juggler to do the work for him, he is never more happily imployed than when he is impoſing upon himſelf.——One of the greateſt motives of our affection to the charming and ſofter ſex, is becauſe they cheat us ſo dexterouſly.——" A man of your ſenſe, Mr. " JENKINSON—to be ſo fooliſh, Mr. JENKINSON—you " know there is nothing in nature that I hate ſo much, as " being kiſs'd and pull'd and haull'd about ſo."——We cannot but perceive the impoſition,—we do,—and rejoice in the perception.——

Never was there any age when the appetite of being cheated was more fully ſatisfied than in this.—One univerſal,

verſal HUMBUG prevails at all the points of the compaſs.—In one place you ſhall ſee a patriot ſinging of liberty to the muſick of his own chains.—In another an illiterate impious great man ſupporting and improving religion and learning. Yonder goes Mr. CHISSLE the ſtatuary,—he thinks himſelf a poet,—and a little farther on proceeds Mrs PRISCILLA PUFF-WELL, a * plumper to an undertaker.—She practices phyſic, and often makes the very corpſes ſhe adorns. Step along till you come a ſhop or two lower, there lives Mrs. TWEEDLE, the child's-fiddle-maker.—She is an architect, talks of all the orders, will ſhew you the entablature of a tobacco-ſtopper, and like that old French-woman, the Abbe ——— plague take his name, finds fault with St. Paul's, and abuſes Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN.———A thouſand inſtances of a ſimilar nature are in my mind.—But I hear St. Mary's bell ringing, and I dare not keep the young gentlemen of our Univerſity up any longer. To bed—to bed—to treat you like *ſchool-boys* is an infallible way to make *men* of you.——Away, leſt you interrupt your worthy paſtors and maſters, ſome of whom love the theme of diſcipline ſo well, that I'll anſwer for't they'll talk of it till four o'clock in the morning.

CHIMÆRICUS CANTABRIGIENSIS.

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* *The buſineſs of a plumper is to bedizen a dead body, and make what the ladies call* " a charming corps."

On the REALITY *of* RELIGION.

LETTER II.

HAVING diſcovered in nature's works the will of its great author, and what homage and obedience he expects from all ſuch as by ſenſe and reaſon are qualified to find it out, we now paſs on to enquire into the nature of the human frame, and the obligation every individual is under to act agreeably. Now ſince men are dependent, they can only derive their happineſs from the ſame ſource that they do their exiſtence, their faculties, powers of action, and the like. Their intellectual powers therefore, if they conſult them, will tell them, that in order to be ultimately happy, they muſt diligently advert to, and as faithfully obſerve and practice, his will, in all its parts. This they are to do out of a ſenſe of his authority over them and their dependence upon him. Becauſe if the will be abſolutely unconcerned, there is no merit at all in the action; nor is the man accountable for what follows; that is, he is no ſubject of rewards and puniſhments, but ſtrictly and literally on the ſame footing, and to be ranged under the ſame claſs, with neceſſary and mechanical cauſes.

Or the thing may be placed and viewed in this light; A, for inſtance, goes to church, or performs ſome religious act in order to avoid certain penalties, which otherwiſe would have reached him, in this world or the next; ſince therefore the eſcaping thoſe penalties is the ſole excitement to ſuch particular act, it will ſecure him againſt the infliction of them. Becauſe every purſuit deſerves that for the ſake of which it was principally, if not entirely, undertaken. But tho' what was done to procure happineſs, or avert miſery, gives a right to the means, yet has it no concern with what will happen in time to come; ſince the obtaining or avoiding preſent, and not future, happineſs or miſery, was what

A deſign'd by it. And whoever attains the end of any action, has nothing more to expect from it.

Hence it is man's intention, or views of acting, which gives his performance all its worth and credit with others. Therefore if we look not up to God, and propoſe his acceptance as the main end of our acting, however agreeable the matter of ſuch act may be, ſtill have we done nothing that will recommend us to his favour, and make us ſuitable objects of that beneficence which he denies to none who are in a proper plight and diſpoſition for receiving the effects of it; ſince whatever in reaſon entitles to one or to the other muſt be done out of ſincere obedience to his will, and in humble confidence of pleaſing him. From the above I would obſerve,

1ſt, That divine acceptance only follows thoſe actions which were begun, continued, and finally completed and perfected on the Deity's account, or are the reſult of certain habits formed with a view to it, which in ſuch a caſe have all the merit with the principle they are built on.

2. That liberty is ſo neceſſary in the great affair of ſalvation, that without it no individual has the leaſt ground to expect his ſervices ſhall be received; that is, religious obſervances or acts of worſhip are regarded by the author of our beings no otherwiſe than as they flow from full conviction and a free choice.

3. That tho' coactive power may oblige to outward conformity, yet as it is not fitted to produce inward correſponding diſpoſitions, every biaſs of this kind clapped on the will is both unneceſſary and improper; becauſe ſuch means can never obtain the end they drive at. Whence, all coercion and reſtraint in matters reſpecting God's favour and diſpleaſure cannot be right; therefore, by the terms, they muſt be wrong. Whence,

4thly, The unalienable right of worſhipping God according to conſcience, or in ſuch manner, and by ſuch forms, as each one thinks will be moſt agreeable to him. And

every

every attempt in any Church to bring others into its communion otherwiſe than by ſetting the apparent evidences of its ſuperior acceptableneſs plainly and movingly before them, is what the divine doctrine of toleration highly diſapproves, and peremptorily forbids.

Religion, in its moſt extenſive acceptation, denotes a voluntary concurrence on our part with the creator's purpoſes; or it is an intentional co-operating with him in forwarding ſuch deſigns and carrying them into act. The queſtion which immediately offers is, what are thoſe ends? I anſwer, the common happineſs of all his creatures, principally of thoſe who are endow'd with reaſon and agency. To promote this in their particular allotments, and as they are in ability to do it, is the whole ſum and ſubſtance of the duty of a rational dependent being, looking up to God, and propoſing his favour, or, more properly, their own happineſs (which is the effect of it) as the ultimate end of each religious act. But the impreſſions of religion can no more be excited, than they can be preſerved in full force and vigour, excepting by a church; that is, nothing tends more than worſhip to engage men to an even and uniform diſcharge of all thoſe duties flowing from the relation they ſtand in to their maker and to one another; which was the reaſon of his conſtituting it a duty.

Or thus; man's happineſs on the whole is the product of, and will be exactly proportion'd to the correſpondency of his acts with the will of the Supreme Being; this correſpondency ever varies with the views from whence he conforms; which again are ſuited to the ſtrength and juſtneſs of his ſenſe of the divine adminiſtration. But this ſenſe can only riſe to ſuch a degree as to become a directive influencing principle by religion. Worſhip therefore, as a means of happineſs, muſt be a charge he cannot be releaſed from, during his whole conſcious ſtate of exiſtence.

R——*.

[*To be continued.*]

To the STUDENT.

Mr. STUDENT,

IT would have been a generous and more manly part, had you touch'd upon the foibles of your own ſex with regard to dreſs, before you attack'd, what you are pleas'd to call (contrary to your own good ſenſe and experience) the weaker veſſels. Reformation, like charity, ought to begin at home, and we with patience hear that preacher, who is himſelf the great example that he draws. I humbly beg therefore that we may be entertained on the following topics in your next numbers.

I. The enormous abomination of the PIG-TAIL WIG.

II. Some conſiderations on the MUFF, or the beaux invaſion on the female prerogative of ſoftneſs and effeminacy.

III. The affectation of fine gentlemen's wearing NO BEARD.

IV. On the abſurdity of ſome *pretty fellows* wearing their OWN FACE, and of others wearing NO FACE AT ALL.

If I am not ſatisfied concerning theſe, and ten thouſand other abſurdities of the like nature, by you, I am determined to do my ſelf and my own ſex juſtice.

Farewell, and (as the ghoſt in *Hamlet* ſays) REMEMBER ME.

ANNE L***.

AND SO I WILL, OLD TRUE-PENNY.

The STUDENT.

AS the following original letter of the Lord High-Chancellor BACON has never yet been publiſhed, and does honour to the memory of that great man, by ſhewing his regard for the Univerſity of OXFORD, tho' he had his education in the other Univerſity, it cannot be deemed unworthy of a place in this collection.

An ORIGINAL LETTER,

From Sir FRANCIS BACON (Lord VERULAM) Lord High-Chancellor of England.

To the the Reverend UNIVERSITIE of OXFORD.

AMongſt the gratulations I have received, none are more welcome and agreeable to me than your letters, wherein the leſs I acknowledg of thoſe attributes you give me, the more I muſt acknowledg of your affection, which bindeth me no leſs to you, that are profeſſors of learning, than mine own dedication doth to learning itſelf. And therefore you have no need to doubt but I will emulate (as much as in me is) towards you the merits of him that is gone, by how much the more I take myſelf to have more propriety in the principal motive thereof. And for the equality you write of, I ſhall by the grace of God (far as may concern me) hold the ballance as equally between the two Univerſities, as I ſhall hold the ballance of other juſtice between party and party. And yet in both caſes I muſt meet with ſome inclinations of affection, which nevertheleſs ſhall not carry me aſide. And ſoe I commend you to God's goodneſs.

Your moſt loving

GORHAMBURY,
April 12. 1617.

And aſſured friend,

FR. BACON.

To the STUDENT, *at* OXFORD.

My dear BROTHER,

I Am a woman.—But let it not ſurprize you that one of my ſex ſhould pretend to claim affinity with the STUDENT. My birth, my education, the whole tenour of my life, and my preſent ſituation, entitle me, I preſume, to the familiarity of a ſiſter. I too am a STUDENT: I am miſtreſs of the Latin language, I have ſounded the depths of philoſophy, and perhaps have made much greater progreſs in academical erudition, than many of your matriculated dons, whoſe profound knowledge ſolely conſiſts in a little cap with a ſhort tuft, and a large pompous grizzle wig.

Cambridge for theſe forty years has been the place of my reſidence, as it was of my nativity. When I was four years old, I was removed from a neighbouring village, where I had been nurſed, to a reputable tonſors in this town, whoſe daughter was my aunt, and took the care of my education upon her. As I grew up I ſhew'd a great propenſity to learning: every ſcrap of writing that came in my way was ſure to be narrowly inſpected; the wig-boxes were my perpetual ſtudy; and even the curling-papers were twiſted off the pipes, to be ſcrutiniz'd by my inſatiable curioſity. My aunt was ſo exceſſively fond of me, that ſhe ſuffer'd me to give a looſe to my paſſion for literature; and in proceſs of time books became my conſtant employ, and my pen was much oftener uſed than my needle. In the courſe of my ſtudies I was directed by a grave fellow of a college, who uſed to come conſtantly to our houſe, and with whom I became ſo great a favourite, that he was continually careſſing me, and would often call me his child. From him I received my firſt rudiments of knowledge, and by him I was gradually led from one ſcience to another, till I had made a conſiderable progreſs through the whole circle.

I was ſcarce ſeventeen when my kind tutor died of a ſurfeit, occaſioned by feeding too freely at a gaudy. My aunt was inconſolable for his loſs, and ſaid, we were ruin'd: at length a marriage-ſettlement was produc'd, which intitled her to his fortune; and then it was firſt known to me and the world, that myſelf was no other than the fruits of an union, which had ſecretly connected them for near twenty years. My mother (for ſo I muſt call her) took poſſeſſion of his effects, which amounted to a ſum ſcarce ſufficient to maintain us. However, ſhe reſolved to continue at *Cambridge* on my account, and we lived together in a manner much genteeler than our fortune would afford. My perſon (which, by the bye, I took as much pains to cultivate as my mind) now began to be cried up as much as my parts. I was a charming, clever, ſweet, ſmart, witty, pretty creature: in ſhort, I was as much feared for my wit, as ador'd for my beauty. From hence I had the vanity to fancy I could have any body I pleaſed, and had therefore reſolved within myſelf to be run away with by a nobleman, or a baronet at leaſt.

Ten years rolled away in a perpetual round of gaiety and pleaſure. During this time, I ſaw myſelf ſollicited by a various ſucceſſion of dignified humble ſervants; for I was inacceſſible to the approaches of any below the degree of fellow-commoner. From theſe, you may ſuppoſe, I had ſeveral advantageous propoſals, which my vanity prompted me to reject: ſome ſuitors I diſcarded, becauſe a better match had offered; others, becauſe a better might offer; ſome, becauſe they had too much ſenſe; others, becauſe they had too little; this was too old, that too young: in ſhort, tho' I had reſolved to make one of them happy, I could not pitch upon any who I thought had ſufficient merit or fortune to purchaſe ſo ineſtimable a favour.

I was full twenty eight before I could perceive, that my lovers were leſs numerous, leſs aſſiduous, and leſs opulent. My golden dream was in ſome ſort diſturbed, but not vaniſhed,

niſhed; and my hopes were yet kept alive by my vanity. Some few freſhmen of fortune ſtill diſtantly admired me acroſs a tea-table: a gold tuft would ſtill deign to hand me to the concert; and a new group of ſlaves, tho' of an inferior order, were now permitted to wear my chains, and adorn my triumph. As the charms of my perſon decreaſed, I redoubled my diligence to improve thoſe of my mind. I ſpread my ſnares for the underſtandings more than the ſenſes of my followers. But alas! I ſoon found, that where fortune is moſt beneficent, nature is generally the leaſt. A very few years convinced me, that I had out-run my game in the purſuit, and was reduced to the neceſſity of ſtarting freſh. The young fellows now abandoned me: 'twas no longer the faſhion to ſtare at me: if I went to any publick place, I either went alone, or was ſquir'd by a couſin; and my name was never mention'd without the odious reproach of "*ſhe has been*" added to it.

Time at length inured me to my misfortunes; and as I had little more to hope from my outward accompliſhments, I devoted myſelf to the perfecting my inward. This procured me the addreſſes of ſeveral of the ſeniors in the Univerſity. Tutors, deans, profeſſors, and even heads of houſes made me their tenders of affection. Inſtead of my complexion, my ſhape, my air, I was complimented on my good ſenſe, my judgment, my learning. But I have yet had no better ſucceſs from this quarter: for as I found my young admirers were generous and impatient, my old ones, on the contrary, were cloſe and deliberate; they wiſh'd, yet were afraid; and tho' warm in profeſſing, yet their pride, or their avarice, when it came to a teſt, always prov'd ſtronger than their love. I muſt therefore be contented to die, what the world contemptuouſly ſtyles, an old maid; for I have long ſince deſpair'd of the gown, and if I could have deſcended ſo low, what ſhopkeeper or mechanic would be burthen'd with a learned help-mate?

Indeed, Mr. STUDENT, I am reduced by my vanity to a very aukward ſituation. My mother is ſtill living, and the ſmall pittance left us by my father has been gone long ago. We are now maintain'd chiefly by the induſtry of honeſt tonſor, my grandfather; and I am now forc'd to employ my pen, as others of my ſex do their needle,—to get bread. I have written ſeveral poems, novels, &c. and at preſent am engaged in compoſing ſermons for a bookſeller, which he deſigns to ſell for the MS. Sermons of an eminent divine lately deceaſed, warranted originals. And to tell you a ſecret, I am that very ſame MIDWIFE, who publiſhes the *Old Woman's Magazine*, which makes ſo much noiſe in the world. To conclude,——I am a perfect *Swiſs* in writing; if therefore you think fit to take me into your ſervice, I am ready, and you may henceforward enrol me in your liſt of auxiliaries under the name of

The FEMALE STUDENT.

Critical Obſervations upon the Song of DEBORAH.

——— *Res antiquæ laudis & artis*
Ingredior, ſanctos auſus recludere fontes.

JUDGES, Chap. V.

2. *Praiſe ye the* LORD *for the avenging of Iſrael, when the people willingly offered themſelves.*

3. *Hear, O ye kings, give ear, O ye princes; I,* even *I will ſing unto the* LORD, *I will ſing* praiſe *to the* LORD *God of Iſrael.*

THE firſt part of this Exordium is the ſimple propoſition of the whole piece. We may obſerve, how finely the ſacred author advances from this ſimple beginning to the end of the fifth verſe. She firſt exhorts the people of *Iſrael* to gratitude, then demands the attention of foreign nations.

Hear,

Hear, &c.——*I*, even *I will ſing unto the Lord, I will ſing praiſe to the Lord God of Iſrael.* Here is one grand ſtep. This repetition is ſtrong and emphatical, and moſt proper to expreſs a lively ſenſe of gratitude. *I will ſing unto the Lord* would have been weak and languid. This is not a bare repetition, but an improvement on the former words, *the Lord God of Iſrael.* I ſing not of an unknown God, not a God of the heathen, but one who has ſo often and ſo ſignally diſplay'd his miracles, for the preſervation of his choſen people *Iſrael.* Thus MOSES in his Song ſays, *He is my God, and I will prepare Him an habitation, my father's God, and I will exalt Him.* The next ſtep the author advances is, to a moſt exalted and ſublime deſcription of the appearance of God. The art, by which this is introduc'd, is inexpreſſible. What greater incitement to gratitude could there be, than this inſtance of God's former kindneſs and condeſcenſion, in making a covenant with his people? what more effectual to engage God in the cauſe of *Iſrael*, than reciting the affection he had formerly ſhewn?

4. LORD, *when thou wenteſt out of Seir, when thou marchedſt out of the field of Edom, the earth trembled, and the heavens dropped, the clouds alſo dropped water.*

5. *The mountains melted from before the* LORD, even *that Sinai from before the* LORD *God of Iſrael.*

MAY we not juſtly cry out with LONGINUS, *what a proſpect is here!* here are the mountains, the earth, the clouds, the heavens, all as it were in confuſion before their ſoveraign. What a dreadful image is here of God in all his majeſty! A conſuming fire goes before the Lord, ſo that *mountains melt like wax, even* Sinai *before the Lord God of Iſarel.* We may obſerve here, how ſhe inſiſts on this repetition, *the Lord God of Iſrael.* If we thoroughly examine this paſſage, we ſhall find every element combining to make up the dreadful apparatus of God. The majeſtic motion, by which JUPITER makes the heavens tremble, is very noble; but the image is trifling, when compared to this.

this. The much-applauded deſcription of NEPTUNE is full of grandeur; the nodding-foreſt, the mountain trembling, the ſportive gambols of that wonder of the creation, the whale, are circumſtances which ennoble and enliven the deſcription to a high degree. But what are all theſe to the univerſe, which is here all in commotion? What is the image of a whale ſporting in the ſea to a mountain melting like wax?

FROM hence the ſacred writer proceeds in a narration, the conduct of which is admirably fine. An enumeration of the former kindneſſes of God was not a ſufficient incitement to gratitude; but, to inſpire a livelier ſenſe, the ſacred writer draws a parallel between the former unhappy ſituation of their affairs and their preſent deliverance. Could the writer better enhance the eſteem of liberty, than by repreſenting the inconveniencies which attended the want of it? Such was relapſing into idolatry. Could ſhe render the praiſe more acceptable to God, than by magnifying this mighty act of deliverance?

6. *In the days of Shamgar the ſon of Anath, in the days of Jael, the high-ways were unoccupied, and the travellers walked through by-ways.*

7. The inhabitants *of the villages ceaſed, they ceaſed in Iſrael, until that I Deborah aroſe, that I aroſe a mother in Iſrael.*

8. *They choſe new gods; then was war in the gates: was there a ſhield or ſpear ſeen among forty thouſand in Iſrael?*

IT would be endleſs to remark every thing here. The narration is enliven'd with repetitions and interrogations, which are proper to give ſpirit to diſcourſe. We muſt not eſteem DEBORAH's ſpeaking of herſelf as any vain boaſting, or claiming any ſhare in this victory to herſelf. It all redounds to the glory of God, who endued her with the ſpirit of prophecy, and made her have dominion over the people. The narration breaking off ſo abruptly conveys to us the ſtrongeſt pathos, and is the exacteſt reſemblance of

nature.

nature. Inſtead of that calm and eaſy air, which is proper to narration, we are left in ſuſpenſe by a queſtion unanſwer'd. What is the reaſon of this? why, nature will not be conceal'd. That gratitude to God and love to thoſe, who were his happy inſtruments in avenging the people of *Iſrael*, ruſh ſuddenly on the mind of the divine writer, and exclude every other thought. Can any thing be more natural than to hear her cry out in the higheſt tranſports of paſſion?

9. *My heart is toward the governors of Iſrael, that offered themſelves willingly among the people: Bleſs ye the* LORD.

10. *Speak ye that ride on white aſſes, ye that ſit in judgment, and walk by the way.*

11. They that are delivered *from the noiſe of archers in the places of drawing water; there ſhall they rehearſe the righteous acts of the* LORD, even *the righteous acts* towards the inhabitants *of his villages in Iſrael: then ſhall the people of the* LORD *go down to the gates.*

12. *Awake, awake Deborah: awake, awake, utter a ſong: ariſe Barak, and lead thy captivity captive, thou ſon of Abinoam.*

IF we nicely examine this piece, we ſhall find the ſtricteſt rules of rhetoric kept up. This part of the ſong is a great inſtance: of it.

The ſacred writer, in order to inſpire the officers of the army with the love of God and joy for the victory, firſt of all demonſtrates herſelf to be animated by thoſe paſſions. Then by a moſt beautiful apoſtrophe ſhe addreſſes them. The tranſitions from one perſon to another, which we ſee in theſe verſes, are moſt perfect beauties. LONGINUS ſays, Sect. 22. *When men are actuated by any of thoſe numberleſs paſſions which are incident to the mind, they fluctuate here and there and every where; and by that flux and reflux of paſſion they alter their thoughts, their language, and their expreſſion a thouſand times.* And, in the next ſection, he ſays, *Changes of perſon are very fit to diverſify expreſſion.* In the twelfth verſe,

we

we read the true language of joy. Here the thought ſeems to outſtrip the writer.

That paſſion, which the ſacred writer ſaid ſhe felt inwardly before, now breaks forth in the moſt ardent expreſſions. That ſudden tranſition to herſelf, and that hurry, which appears in the words, gives us the trueſt ſenſations of the tranſports of her ſoul. In the midſt of this, ſhe thinks all expreſſions are too weak to teſtify her gratitude; ſhe ſounds as it were an alarm to BARAK to complete the victory, and give a freſh inſtance of gratitude to God by deſtroying all his enemies. [*To be continued.*]

An Original LETTER *from* CLEAVELAND, *the Poet, to* OLIVER CROMWELL.

Communicated by Dr. RAWLINSON.

May it pleaſe your Highnes,

RULERS, within the circle of theire government, have a claim to that which is ſaid of the deitie: they have their center every where, and their circumference noe where. It is in this confidence that I addreſſe my ſelf to your highnes, as knowing no place in the nation is ſo remote as not to ſhare in the ubiquitie of your care; nor priſon ſo cloſe as to ſhut me up from the partakeing of your influence. My Lord, it is my misfortune, that after ten years of retyrement, from being engaged in the differences of the ſtate, haveing wound my ſelfe up in a privatt receſſe, and my comporture to the publique being ſoe inoffenſive, that in all theſe times, neither feares nor jealouſies have ſcrupled at my actions, being about three monthes ſince at *Newarke*, I was fetch'd with a guard before the commiſſioners, and ſent priſoner to *Yarmouth*. And, if it be not a new offence to make enquirye wherein I offended, (for hitherto my faults are kept as cloſe as my perſon) I am induced to believe, that next to my adherence to the

royall

royall partye, the cauſe of my confinement is the narrowneſs of my eſtate; for none ſtands committed whoſe eſtate can baile them: I onely am the priſoner who have no acres to be my hoſtages. Now if my povertie be criminal, (with reverence be it ſpoken) I muſt impleade your highnes, whoſe victorious armes have reduced me to it, as acceſſary to my guilt. Let it ſuffice, my lord, that the calamitie of the war hath made us poore; do not puniſh us for it. Who ever did * * * * * * for being raviſht? Is it not enough wee are ſtript ſoe bare, but it muſt be made criminal, in order to a ſeverer laſh? Muſt our ſcarres be engraven with new wounds? Muſt we firſt be made cripples, and then beaten with our own crutches? Povertie (if it be a fault) is its own puniſhment: who ſuffers for it more, payes uſe upon uſe. I beſeech your highnes, put ſome bounds to our overthrow, and doe not perſue the charge to the other world. Can the thunder be levelled ſoe low as our crawling condition? Can that towering ſpirit that quarried on kingdoms make a ſtoop at us, who are but the rubbiſh of thoſe ruines? Methinks I hear your former atchievements interceding with you not to ſully your glory with the trampleing on the proſtrate, nor clog the wheels of your chariot with ſo degenerous a triumph. The moſt renowned heroes have ever with ſuch tenderneſs cheriſhed their captaines, that theire ſwords did but cut out worke for theire curteſie. Thoſe that fell by theire proweſſe ſprang up by theire favors, as if they had ſtruck them down only to make them rebound the higher. I hope your highnes, as you are the ryvall of theire favors, will be noe leſſe of theire virtues. The nobleſt trophy, which you can erect to your honour, is to raiſe the afflicted; and ſince you have ſubdued all oppoſitions, it now remaines that you ſubdue your ſelfe, and with acts of mildneſs vanquiſh your victories. It is not long ſince, my lord, that you knockt off the ſhackles from moſt of our partie, and by a grand releaſe did ſpreade your clemencie as large as your territories. Let not new proſcriptions interrupt our jubilee. Let not that your lenitie be ſlandered as the am-

buſh of your future rigor. For the ſervice of his majeſtie, (if it be objected) I am ſoe farr from excuſeing it, that I am ready to alledge it in my vindication. I cannot conceive that my fidelitye to my prince ſhould ever taint me in your opinion; I ſhould rather expect it ſhould recommend me to your favors. Had we not been faithfull to our king, wee could have given our ſelves noe ſecurities to be ſoe to your highnes: you had then truſted us gratis; whereas wee have nowe our former loyaltie to vouch us. You ſee, my lord, how much I preſume on the greatnes of your ſpirit, that dare reſent my indictments with ſoe franke a confeſſion; eſpecially in this which I may ſoe juſtly deny, that it is almoſt arrogancye in me to owne it: for the truth is, I was not quallified enough to ſerve him. All that I could doe was but to beare a part in his ſufferings, and give myſelfe upp to be cruſht by his fall. Thus my charge is double, my obedience to my ſovereign, and, what is the reſult of that, my want of a fortune. Now whatever reflections I have of the former, I am a true penitent for the latter. My lord, you ſee my crimes: as to my defence, you beare it about you; for I ſhall pleade nothing as to my juſtification, but your highnes. Which, as it is the conſtant inmate of a valiant breaſt, if you graciouſly pleaſe to extend to your ſupplicant, in taking me out of this withering durance; your highnes will finde mercy will eſtabliſh you more than power, though all the daies of your life were as pregnant with victories as your twice auſpicious third of *September*.

Your highnes honeſt, humble, and ſubmiſſive priſoner,

JOHN CLEAVELAND.

FREE REMARKS *on the* TRAGEDY *of* ROMEO *and* JULIET.

MY deſign being chiefly to conſider whether SHAKESPEARE has been improved by the alterations lately made in this play, I ſhall wave the diſpute about the excellencies

cellencies of this or that actor, *the little or the tall.* In my opinion neither of them are fitted for the characters, as drawn by the poet, but particularly the hero and heroine of *Covent-Garden.* They all ſeem to want, what no actor can truly feign, no ſpectator can thoroughly be deceived in; I mean that degree of puberty, which is but juſt to be diſtinguiſhed from childhood. That JULIET is no older than fourteen, we are told by her nurſe in the firſt act: "*Of all the days in the year, come Lammas-eve at night ſhall ſhe be fourteen.*" The age of ROMEO, tho' not expreſsly marked by our poet, we may ſuppoſe to be the ſame as repreſented in the original novel of BANDELLO, on which this tragedy is founded, and which, as I remember, is eighteen. Indeed allowances ſhould be made, by conſidering that the ſcene is laid in *Italy*, a warm country, where the people arrive at maturity much ſooner than in a colder northern climate: and let me add, that in SHAKESPEARE's time luxury, debauchery and effeminacy had not yet ſtinted the growth, and retarded the maturity of our robuſt ENGLISH anceſtors. However ſuch artleſs ſimplicity and innocence are ſo ſtrongly characterized in our two lovers, as plainly determine their age to be about the time beforemention'd. Who therefore can help laughing to ſee a mother of children endeavouring to impoſe herſelf upon us for a raw girl juſt in her teens, and to hear her whining in this ſtrain:

Give me my ROMEO, *night, and when he dies,*
Take him and cut him into little ſtars, &c.

or a great huge tall creature about ſix foot high, and big in proportion, wiſhing,

O that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek.——

with a thouſand other inſtances of a like nature.—But in this I may perhaps ſeem hyper-critical.

And here I could ſhew the impropriety of the actors in ſome other characters of this play. Particularly the gentleman, the wit,

That gallant ſpirit, brave MERCUTIO,

in one houſe is an arch buffoon, and in the other a noiſy impudent coxcomb. Thus many of SHAKESPEARE's characters have ſuffer'd from the ignorance of the players. BENEDICT is a mere woman-hater, HARRY *the eighth* a bluff bully; OTHELLO too was an unfeeling brute till lately, and POLONIUS is ſtill a ſilly doating old idiot. Indeed it is a ſhame to common ſenſe to ſuffer that ſenſible, tho' officious, old courtier to be ſo miſerably burleſqued: ſenſible I call him on account of the whole tenour of his ſpeeches, but particularly that in which he adviſes his ſon on his ſetting out to travel, and which is judiciouſly omitted in the acting; for ſuch elegant ſentiments would ſound very aukwardly from the mouth of a MACKLIN or a TASWELL.

SHAKESPEARE has always ſuffered from unſkilful alterations, as is plainly prov'd from many vain attempts which are buried in oblivion. But our theatre ſtill furniſhes us every ſeaſon with a ſad inſtance of this truth in *King Lear*:—And I queſtion whether ROMEO and JULIET has gain'd much by the late amendments. 'Tis true, ſome ſuperfluous ſapleſs branches have been lopt off; but then the trunk itſelf has been wounded, and the root almoſt deſtroy'd.

The firſt and moſt palpable alteration *(as it was repreſented)* is of the very foundation of the plot. As the play is now acted, ROMEO, as ſoon as he appears, lets us know that he is deeply ſmitten with the love of JULIET; but *when*, *where*, *or how* he came to be ſo, we are left to gueſs as we can. This is ſtriking at the very eſſence of the ſtory. SHAKESPEARE had repreſented his young hero entirely devoted to ROSALINE, who returned not his paſſion; but after having ſeen JULIET at a feaſt of her father's, he became as deeply enamour'd of her; and

——— ——— ——— *She, whom now he loves,*
Doth give him grace for grace, and love for love,
The other did not ſo.———

From this change of his affection ariſes the diſtreſs which continues to the cataſtrophe.

" *Many*

" *Many people* (ſays the editor in his preface to the laſt " edition of this play) *have imagined that the ſudden change* " *of* ROMEO's *love from* ROSALINE *to* JULIET *was a* " *blemiſh in his character: but* SHAKESPEARE *has dwelt* " *particularly on it, and ſo great a judge of human nature* " *knew that to be young and inconſtant was extremely natural.*"

But how ever the *judgment* of SHAKESPEARE may be impeached by ſmall criticks, his *invention* ſtands acquitted: for, if this change be a fault, he was led into it by BANDELLO, from whom he borrowed his ſtory, and who dwells much more on it than our author. But " *ſo great* " *a judge of human nature*" knew that this was not only a *natural*, but a *neceſſary* incident. He knew, indeed, " *to be* " *young and inconſtant was extremely natural*;" but he knew too, that the fire of love muſt be extinguiſhed, except it be fed with freſh fuel, and that the cruelty of one miſtreſs is a foil to the fondneſs of another. Nor in reality is there any *inconſtancy* in forſaking one who ſlights your paſſion, and fixing it on another who returns it; for conſtancy muſt of neceſſity be mutual. With reſpect to the *ſuddeneſs* of the change, if any change is wrought, it muſt, at the moment it is wrought, be inſtantaneous; for in ſo violent a paſſion as ROMEO's love for JULIET, and where their ſouls ſo entirely ſymphathized, there was no room for cool deliberation and doubtful demur.

And that this is a *neceſſary* incident, appears from the abſurdity which ariſes from the alteration in queſtion. ROMEO, we find as ſoon as he enters, is in love with JULIET. But how came he to be ſo? He had *ſeen* her perhaps; but that he had never *talked* to her till the feaſt of the CAPULETS, at the end of the firſt act, appears from what ſhe ſays in the garden-ſcene afterwards:

My ears have not yet drunk an hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the ſound.

And yet have the players repreſented him in the very firſt act ſo deeply ſmitten, as to *ſteal into the covert of a wood, ſhut up his windows, lock fair day light out, &c.*

Again,

Again, by repreſenting ROMEO ſo much enamour'd of JULIET before they actually meet on the ſtage, half the *pathos* is loſt, and we are but half prepared for the conſequent diſtreſs. We are eaſy on ROMEO's account, we know he is already wounded, *captus eſt*, *habet*, and we only feel for JULIET: whereas, according to SHAKESPEARE's original, we are in pain for both the young lovers, watch every motion of their ſouls, and partake in every turn of their paſſions. By being the confidents of their love from the very beginning, we are intereſted in the unhappy iſſue of it; and as we knew how much he had ſuffer'd before from ROSALINE's diſdain, we are now tranſported with his paſſion for JULIET, rejoice with him in a return of her affection, and lament with him in being ſeperated from her.

I ſhall now proceed to point out a few miſtakes (as they appear to me) in the other alterations, as well as in the performance of this play, without entering into a particular examen of the whole.

The next material objection I have to offer is, with regard to the conduct of the actors in that ſcene wherein ROMEO takes his leave of JULIET. They are brought in *tète à tète* on the platform of the ſtage; whereas in SHAKESPEARE they are ſuppoſed to converſe together from a window. I cannot conceive but that this is as convenient a ſituation for both of them *now*, as it was for JULIET in the *garden-ſcene*, where they firſt met. In SHAKESPEARE's original, ROMEO deſcends from his miſtreſs's window by a ladder of ropes: but by the preſent management, as he is made to walk off the ſtage coolly, a circumſtance is deſtroyed, which (in our author) is noble, ſublime, truly tragical, and the ſpirit of the ancients; a circumſtance, which muſt have had the fineſt effect imaginable on the audience, and have prepared them for the cataſtrophe. It is as follows: while ROMEO is deſcending, JULIET cries,

O heav'n! I have an ill-divining ſoul;
Methinks I ſee thee, now thou'rt parting from me,
AS ONE DEAD IN THE BOTTOM OF A TOMB.

I now

I now come to the grand raree-ſhow, at the end of the fourth act.——But before I take notice of that ridiculous piece of pageantry, let me obſere that the players have omitted one of the grandeſt thoughts, perhaps, which an inſpired genius could conceive. This, forſooth, is removed for a common-place ſentiment and hackney'd exclamation. Old CAPULET finding his daughter dead, (as he believ'd) addreſſes himſelf to Count PARIS, who was that very morning to have married her, in this ſpeech, as it ſtands alter'd from the original:

O ſon, the night before thy wedding-day,
Death has embrac'd *thy wife: ſhe, there ſhe lies,*
Flower as ſhe was, nipp'd in the bud by him!
O JULIET, oh my child, my child!

Now the misfortune is, that the old father had uſed almoſt the ſame expreſſion not three lines before.

Death lies on her, like an untimely froſt
Upon the ſweeteſt flower of the field.

But in SHAKESPEARE the lines ſtand thus:

O ſon, the night before thy wedding-day
Has death lain with thy wife: ſee, there ſhe lies
(Flower as ſhe was) deflower'd now by him!
DEATH IS MY SON-IN-LAW.———

Can any thing be grander than this laſt hemiſtich? There is a thought in one of SAPPHO's epigrams exactly parallel to this.

Τιμάδος ἅδε κόνις, τὰν δὴ ΠΡΟ ΓΑΜΟΙΟ ΘΑΝΟΥΣΑΝ
Δέξαλο ΠΕΡΣΕΦΟΝΑΣ *κυάνεος* ΘΑΛΑΜΟΣ.

Our poet is particularly fond of theſe figurative expreſſions. In this play we may find ſeveral images ſimilar to that of *death is my ſon-in-law*. As for inſtance,

Affliction *is* enamour'd *of thy parts*,——
And thou art wedded *to* calamity.——
Happineſs courts *thee in her beſt array*.———

ſo when ROMEO ſees JULIET lying (as he thought dead) in the tomb, he expreſſes his ſurprize at ſeeing her ſo beautiful, in the following bold but juſt ſpeech, which is omitted at our playhouſes:

Why

Why art thou yet ſo fair?—ſhall I believe
That unſubſtantial death *is* amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monſter keeps
Thee here in dark, to be his paramour?

I now proceed to conſider the grand funeral dirge, which is introduced in both houſes with a rival magnificence and oſtentation, of which I dont doubt but the managers took the hint from the concluding lines of the fourth act. Accordingly a long proceſſion of monks, friers, &c. &c. &c. accompanied with muſick, is made to paſs over the ſtage. But, what end is all this farce and ſhew to anſwer? If it be calculated to pleaſe the eye and ear only, and not deſigned to have a proper tragical effect on the mind of the audience, nor contributes to the carrying on or denouement of the plot, it is abſurd, and ridiculous. This is really the caſe: for inſtead of being affected with that ſerioufneſs, which a *real* funeral might produce, we muſt rather laugh at ſo much pomp and expence beſtowed on JULIET, whom *we* know is not dead, the frier and the audience being the only perſons in the ſecret. In ſhort, if there is any diſtreſs ſtirring, the candle-ſnuffers and ſcene-ſhifters, who aſſiſted as chief mourners, have it all to themſelves.

Before I conclude theſe remarks, I muſt confeſs that the additional ſcene in the laſt act, between the two lovers at the tomb is very happily imagined, and excites both pity and terrour, the two principal objects of tragedy. But the merit of it is chiefly due to OTWAY, who in his *Caius Marius* (founded on this drama) firſt gave the hint of it, and from whom the moſt ſtriking paſſages are directly borrowed. This the *Editor* might have had the honeſty to own: for tho' he is pleaſed to ſay "*the favourable reception it* "*had met with from the publick induced the* writer *to print it*," any one who conſults the abovementioned tragedy will ſee he is little more than a bare tranſcriber.

London, Oct. 20. 1750. THEATRICUS.

To Miſs *****, *one of the* Chicheſter *Graces.*

Written in *Good-Wood* gardens, in *September*, 1750.

By Mr. LUN.

I.

" YE hills that overlook the plains,
" Where Wealth and Gothic Greatneſs reigns;
" Where Nature's hand by Art is check'd,
" And Taſte herſelf is architect;
" Ye fallows grey, ye foreſts brown,
" And ſeas that the vaſt proſpect crown;
" Ye freight the ſoul with fancy's ſtore,
" Nor can ſhe one idea more!"

II.

I ſaid—when deareſt of her kind
(Her form the picture of her mind)
CHLORIS approach'd—the landſkip flew,
All nature vaniſh'd from my view.
She ſeem'd all nature to comprize;
Her lips—her beauteous breaſts—her eyes,
That rous'd, and yet abaſh'd deſire,
With liquid, languid, living fire!

III.

But then—her voice—how fram'd t' endear!
The muſick of the Gods to hear!
Wit that ſo pierc'd without offence!
So brac'd by the ſtrong nerves of ſenſe!
PALLAS with VENUS play'd her part,
To rob me of an honeſt heart;
Prudence and paſſion jointly ſtrove,
And reaſon was th' ally of love.

IV.

Ah me! thou ſweet delicious maid,
From whence ſhall I ſollicit aid?
Hope and deſpair alike deſtroy,
One kills with grief, and one with joy.
Celeſtial CHLORIS, nymph divine,
To ſave me the dear taſk be thine:
Tho' conqueſt be the woman's care,
The angel's glory is to ſpare.

A DIALOGUE between the POET and his SERVANT.

In imitation of HORACE, Sat. ix. Book ii.

By the late Mr. CHRISTOPHER PITT.

SERVANT.

SIR,——I've long waited in my turn to have
A word with you—but I'm your humble ſlave.

POET.

What knave is that? My raſcal!

SERVANT. Sir, 'tis I,
No knave, nor raſcal, but your truſty GUY.

POET.

Well, as your wages ſtill are due, I'll bear
Your damn'd impertinence, this time of year.

SERVANT.

Some folks are drunk one day, and ſome for ever,
And ſome, like W*****, but twelve years together.
Old EVREMOND renown'd for wit and dirt,
Would change his living oft'ner than his ſhirt;
Roar with the rakes of ſtate a month, and come
To ſtarve another in his hole at home.
So rov'd wild BUCKINGHAM, the publick jeſt,
Now ſome inn-holder's, now a monarch's gueſt;

His

His life and politicks of ev'ry ſhape,
This hour a *Roman*, and the next an ape.
The gout in ev'ry limb from ev'ry vice,
Poor N**** hir'd a boy to throw the dice.
Some wench forever ;—and their ſins in thoſe
By cuſtom ſit as eaſy as their clothes.
Some fly like pendulums from good to evil,
And in that point are madder than the devil :
For they———

POET.

To what will theſe wiſe maxims tend ?
And where, ſweet ſir, will your reflections end ?

SERVANT.

In you.

POET.

In me, you knave ? make out your charge.

SERVANT.

You praiſe low living, but you live at large.
Perhaps you ſcarce believe the rules you teach,
Or find it hard to practice what you preach.
Scarce have you paid one idle journey down,
But without buſineſs you're again in town.
If none invite you, ſir, abroad to roam,
Then—Lord, what pleaſure 'tis to read at home !
And ſip your two half-pints with great delight
Of beer at noon, and muddled port at night.
From *Encombe* JOHN comes thund'ring at the door,
With—Sir, my maſter begs you to come o'er,
To paſs theſe tedious hours, theſe winter nights ;
Not that he dreads invaſions, rogues, or ſprites.——
Strait for your two beſt wigs aloud you call,
This ſtiff in buckle, that not curl'd at all.
And where the devil are the ſpurs ? you cry,
And pox ! what blockhead laid the buſkins by ?
On your old batter'd mare you'll needs be gone,
(No matter whether on four legs or none)

Splaſh, plunge, and ſtumble, as you ſcour the heath,
All ſwear at *Morden* 'tis on life and death:
As fierce thro' *Wareham* ſtreets you ſcamper on,
Raiſe all the dogs and voters in the town;
Then fly for ſix long dirty miles as bad,
That *Corfe* and *Kingſton* gentry think you mad.
And all this furious riding is to prove
Your high reſpect, it ſeems, and eager love:
And yet that mighty honour to obtain,
BANKS, SHAFTSBURY, DODINGTON may ſend in vain.
Before you go, we curſe the noiſe you make,
And bleſs the moment that you turn your back.
Meantime your flock depriv'd of heav'nly food,
As we of carnal, ſtarve and ſtray abroad:
Left to your care by providence in vain,
You leave them all to providence again.
As for myſelf, I own it to your face,
I love good eating,——and I take my glaſs:
But ſure 'tis ſtrange, dear ſir, that one ſhould be
In you amuſement, but a crime in me.
All this is bare refining on a name,
To make a difference where the fault's the ſame.
My father ſold me to your ſervice here,
For this fine livery and four pounds a year.
A livery you ſhould wear as well as I,
And this I'll prove,——but lay your cudgel by.
You ſerve your paſſions. Thus without a jeſt
Both are but fellow-ſervants at the beſt.
Yourſelf, good ſir, are play'd by your deſires,
A meer tall puppet dancing on the wires.

POET.

Who at this rate of talking can be free?

SERVANT.

The brave, wiſe, honeſt man, and only he.
All elſe are ſlaves alike, the world around,
Kings on the throne, and beggars on the ground.

He

He, ſir, is proof to grandeur, pride, or pelf,
And (greater ſtill) is maſter of himſelf;
Not to and fro by fears and factions hurl'd,
But looſe to all the intereſts of the world:
And while the world turns round, entire and whole
He keeps the ſacred tenour of his ſoul;
In every turn of fortune ſtill the ſame,
As gold unchang'd, or brighter from the flame:
Collected in himſelf, with godlike pride,
He ſees the darts of envy glance aſide;
And fix'd like *Atlas*, while the tempeſts blow,
Smiles at the idle ſtorms that roar below.
One ſuch you know, a layman to your ſhame,
And yet the honour of your blood and name.
If you can ſuch a character maintain,
You too are free,—and I'm your ſlave again.
But when in BRUN's feign'd battles you delight
More than myſelf to ſee two drunkards fight,
Fool, rogue, ſot, blockhead, or ſuch names are mine,
Yours are a connoiſſeur, or deep divine.
I'm chid for loving a luxurious bit,
The ſacred prize of learning, worth, and wit:
And yet ſome ſell their lands theſe bits to buy;
Then pray who ſuffers moſt from luxury?
I'm chid, 'tis true; but then I pawn no plate,
I ſeal no bonds, I mortgage no eſtate.
Beſides high living, ſir, muſt wear you out
With ſurfeits, qualms, a fever, or the gout.
By ſome new pleaſures are you ſtill engroſs'd,
And when you ſave an hour you think it loſt.
To ſports, plays, races, from your books you run,
And like all company except your own.
You hunt, drink, ſleep, or (idler ſtill) you rhyme:
Why?—but to baniſh thought, and murder time,
And yet that thought which you diſcharge in vain,
Like a foul loaded piece, recoils again.

POET.

TOM, fetch a cane, a whip, a club, a ſtone,—

SERVANT.

For what?

POET.

A ſword, a piſtol, or a gun:
I'll ſhoot the dog.

SERVANT.

Lord, who would be a wit?
He's in a mad, or in a rhyming fit.

POET.

Fly, fly, you raſcal, for your ſpade and fork;
For once I'll ſet your lazy bones to work.
Fly, or I'll ſend you back without a groat
To the bleak mountains where you firſt were caught.

The TRIAL *of* CHAUCER'S GHOST.

Sung at *Vaux-Hall* immediately after the * RECANTATION; by Mr. LOWE, Miſs NORRIS, and Miſs STEPHENSON.

By the Author of the RECANTATION.

Miſs NORRIS.

THOU traitor, who with the fair-ſex haſt made war,
Come forward, and hold up your hand at the bar;
By a jury of damſels you now muſt be try'd,
For having your betters traduc'd and bely'd.

Miſs STEPHENSON.

How could'ſt thou ſuch baſe defamation deviſe,
And not have the fear of our ſex in your eyes!
Is all decency gone——all good breeding forgot?
Speak, varlet, and plead——Art thou guilty or not?

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* *See Number* VI. *Vol.* I. *page* 131.

Mr.

Mr. LOWE.

Not guilty I plead—but ſubmit to the laws,
And with pleaſure I yield to theſe fair ones my cauſe;
But ſtill, that my trial more juſt may appear,
Speak *louder* and *faſter*, or how ſhould I hear?

Miſs NORRIS.

Haſt thou not preſum'd to alarm each bright toaſt,
By the conjuring up of an old Engliſh ghoſt;
And made fuſty CHAUCER, without a pretext,
Snarl poſthumous nonſenſe againſt the fair-ſex?

Miſs STEPHENSON.

Haſt thou not preſum'd to alarm each bright maid,
With that common-place traſh, that each virgin muſt fade;
And, without fear or wit, moſt aſſuming and bold,
Haſt dar'd to ſuggeſt that we paint and we ſcold?

Mr. LOWE.

For want of experience, when I was but young,
Perhaps, ſuch *ſtrange falſhoods* might drop from my tongue;
But when I *recanted* for all my ſins paſt,
I thought I had made you *amends* at the laſt.

Miſs NORRIS.

I'll promiſe you, friend, you ſhall duly be paid
For the ample amends that you lately have made;
I find by your ſhuffling the whole charge is true,
So I bring you in guilty without more ado.

Miſs STEPHENSON.

Ironical wits, like deſtroyers of game,
When they hide in a buſh, 'tis to take ſurer aim—
By his ſhuffling I find too the whole charge is true,
So I bring him in guilty as willing as you.

Mr. LOWE.

Convicted I ſtand, and ſubmit to my fate;
And fain would repent, but I find it too late;
If death then, alas! is to be my reward,
Why, then I muſt die—but, by JOVE, I'll die hard.

Miſs

Miſs STEPHENSON.

Since to lengths ſo unbounded his malice he carried,
To hang him were kindneſs—

Miſs NORRIS.

No, let, let him be married,
To ſome muſty old maid, that's the dee'l of a ſhrew,
That will ſcold him—

Miſs STEPHENSON.

And beat him,

Miſs NORRIS.

And cuckold him too.

Both together.

To ſome muſty old maid, that's the dev'l of a ſhrew,
That will ſcold him, and beat him, and cuckold him too.

A LETTER *to a* FRIEND,

On his ſending to borrow a GOUTY SHOE.

By Mr. S. P. *of* Guilford.

I Had indeed three years ago
An eaſy ſhoe, and painful toe;
Ah fool, I cry'd, ſhall I endure
A grief, ſo well I know to cure?
When gravy meats, and wine's exceſs
Shall fullneſs on the nerves impreſs,
Sure diet ſpare and water gruel
Muſt 'bate the flame, by 'bating fuel.
I vow'd to abſtinence the ſway,
And gave the uſeleſs ſhoe away.
The ſecret in this ſentence lies,
Would you be happy? firſt be wiſe.
I put the recipe to teſt,
And find it ſtand——*probatum eſt.*

Would

Would the wiſe thing call'd man beware,
He'd ſhun the bait, and 'ſcape the ſnare.
Perhaps you'll ſay, that's taking flight,
Before the enemy's in ſight:
Not ſo; by cutting off ſupplies,
Without a blow an army dies.
But if he'll chuſe the road to pain,
Nor wanton appetite reſtrain,
He muſt upon the bed he made
In ſorrow certainly be laid.
Reſolv'd, I found I could abſtain,
And guide my brute with ſingle rein.
Thus prudent conduct ſet me free,
What more you'd know, come learn of me.
If once again you're bleſt with eaſe,
You may enjoy it whilſt you pleaſe;
If to the vomit you return,
Too late for pity you may mourn.
The ſhoe, the ſubject of requeſt,
I've no ſuch thing. But, ſir, I reſt

Yours, &c.

An ODE *on* PUBLICK SPIRIT.

To the Honourable — — — —

I.

CAN you be obſtinately juſt,
Whether by friends careſs'd or curs'd,
Unfaſhionably true?
Though fool's ſhould ſcorn you, wits ſhould ſneer,
Neither their ſcorn, nor laughter fear,
Whate'er they ſay or do?

II.

When falſhood comes with ſpecious lies,
Can you ſee thro' the cloſe diſguiſe,
And bare the ſhameleſs face?
When hypocrites with ſly deceit,
Can you expoſe the latent cheat,
And drag them to diſgrace?

III.

Wiſh you the patriot-ſoul, which ſtrung
DEMOSTHENES' or TULLY's tongue,
Proclaiming virtue's cauſe?
And would you for our freedom roar,
Should thund'ring PHILIP ſhake the door,
Or CATALINE oppoſe?

IV.

But no authority deſpiſe,
Merely becauſe you cannot riſe
A miniſter of ſtate:
Nor out of wantonneſs, or ſpite,
Vote every thing as wrong, or right,
As ſuits yonr love, or hate?

V.

Can you defert in others ſee,
Though, in ſome points, you don't agree,
And take a different turn?
Does no affection warp your mind,
To none, but your own follies, blind,
With love alone to burn?

Still

VI.

Still can your heart with virtue glow,
And ſtill benevolent o'erflow
With pity to mankind;
And can it feel for deep diſtreſs,
Still burn with zeal to make it leſs,
Not once to SELF confin'd?

VII.

Can you a gen'rous foe forgive,
Pardon the crime, and bid him live,
Regarding ſtill his youth;
And not your deareſt friend diſown,
For principles unlike your own,
Only a friend to truth?

VIII.

Can you from others rights refrain,
Nor fix on innocence a ſtain,
Though none your acts regard;
Can you the helpleſs happy make,
Do good alone for virtue's ſake,
Should none that good reward?

IX.

Can you with decency ſubmit
To what the Deity thinks fit,
In mercy, to impart?
Can you, whate'er he tenders, like
Even to kiſs the hands that ſtrike,
Improving from the ſmart?

X.

Con you, in native virtue wrapt,
From earth to heav'nly regions rapt,
A frowning world defy;
Without a ſtruggle of remorſe,
Behind you leave a uſeleſs corſe,
And truſt poſterity?

XI.

Say that you can——be bold, ſhine forth
A ſpirit of ſuperior worth,
To no one vice inclin'd!
In *Britiſh* annals you will ſtand
A pattern to a vicious land,
A ſatire on mankind.

E. C. Nov. 8. 1750. J. F.

The SPEECH *of* PAUL *the Apoſtle to the* Athenians.

ACTS, Chap. xvii. Ver. 22. Paraphraſed.

ATTEND, ye men of *Athens*, to the words
Of artleſs truth, and oh! with patience hear
A ſtranger's voice. Too prone your genius ſeems
To ſervile dread of numerous Deities,
Though unexplored their nature and their powers.
Around this city while I curious ſtray'd,
Your temples marking, and your coſtly ſhrines
And various rites, an altar I beheld
With verdant wreaths and votive offerings crown'd,
The vain inſcription bore to GOD UNKNOWN.
That GOD, whom ye, from reaſon long eſtrang'd,
In unavailing ignorance adore,
Him I to all proclaim.——Th' ETERNAL ONE

Who

Who bade this goodly frame exiſt, who fix'd
The glorious ever burning lamps on high,
Dwells not in temples rear'd by mortal hands
With majeſty diminiſh'd: him the earth
And utmoſt heavens acknowledge LORD OF ALL.
Nought all the pompous waſte of ſacrifice,
Vain pageantry! that being can avail,
Whoſe happineſs beyond the fartheſt ken
Of time endures, from whom our vital breath,
And every good dependent man enjoys.
HE from one family, one parent ſtock,
Wide o'er this earth the ſons of men diffus'd;
HE to their diſtant habitations gave
Th' appointed limits, while at his command,
Or nations periſh, or new empires riſe.
To know their maker, to explore the ways
Of matchleſs goodneſs, ſuch the pleaſing taſk
To men aſſign'd, nor far from human ſearch
Is plac'd the GODHEAD; felt within each breaſt
Is GOD's exiſtence, for in him our life,
And powers of motion, and our being are:
WE ARE HIS OFFSPRING, ſo your far-fam'd bard
ARATUS ſung; if we, 'tho mortal, boaſt
Lineage Celeſtial, how vain the thought,
By man's device, or ſculpture's mimic art,
To frame the likeneſs of DIVINITY.
While ignorance prevail'd, while o'er the world
Its darkneſs intellectual error ſpread,
Our gracious father view'd with pitying eye
Bewilder'd mortals, nor each failing mark'd,
In chaſtiſement inexorably juſt:
Now to religion's long-neglected paths
Man he recalls, and wills that all repent.
The day he has ordain'd, the ſolemn day
Of retribution; JESUS, choſen judge,
Shall every virtue, every crime unfold,

Our

Our actions ponder, and pronounce our doom.
From heaven this JESUS, mighty ſtranger came,
His nature glorious and ineffable
In human ſemblance veil'd, he dwelt on earth
Lowly in goodneſs, yet his wond'rous deeds
Aloud his great original proclaimed:
And when by rulers cruel and unjuſt
Condemn'd, unheard, the patient victim fell,
As GOD had promis'd, as of old the voice
Of preſcient ſages ſpake, he death o'ercame,
Burſt his ſepulchral bands and roſe to life.

2606.

The CARNATION *and* SLUG.

On an old lady's telling DELIA ſhe look'd ill after a cold.

SOME men there are with moderate wealth content,
Who aſk no more than what's for comfort meant;
Such, e'er old age, dare wiſely to retreat,
And ſeek amuſements in a country ſeat.
One of this ſort, a floriſt, once I knew,
Whoſe pleaſures daily with his flowers grew:
Above the reſt, a fair Carnation ſhone,
Stream'd with gay colours, beautifully blown;
This was ſo much his pride, ſo much his care,
One would have thought—he too was rooted there.
At length an eaſt-wind blew: the barb'rous wind
Salutes the fair, but ruin leaves behind;
Like rotten beaus moſt cruel when moſt kind.
It ſicken'd ſoon: ah! ſoon its hue was gone;
It's beauties faded in the morning ſun:
The inſects too, devouring filthy race,
Carp'd at the ruins of it's lovely face.

An

An ancient Slug firſt ſeiz'd the tender plant,
(Envious of charms, of which ſhe felt the want)
And thus ſhe ſpoke——" Vain glory of the ſpring,
" Where's thy vermilion now, thou tawdry thing?
" Where's the gay red, which made the roſe look pale?
" And white more fair than lillies of the vale?"
More ſhe'd have ſaid, but that the floriſt came
With eager haſte to ſave his garden's fame.
At his approach the buſy inſects fled,
The Slug too ſtrove to hide her ugly head.
By care reſtor'd, the flower reviv'd again,
And crowns, unrivall'd yet, th' enamell'd plain.

TWICKENHAM.

To CHLOE.

I.

BElieve me CHLOE, and attend,
(My tale may make you more my friend:)
Laſt night, when ſleep had ſet me free,
From every other care but thee;
Methought at morning's dawn you came,
Your dreſs, your air the very ſame;
Surpriz'd, I had not what to ſay;
But words at laſt thus found their way.

II.

What means this viſit, lovely gueſt,
Say am I happy or unbleſt?
An hour of joy I ne'er can find,
While you're relentleſs and unkind;
Where e'er the injur'd STREPHON flies,
Your much lov'd image meets my eyes;
You haunt the grove and cryſtal ſtream,
My thought by day, by night my dream.

Long

III.

Long time my faithful vows I made,
No kiſſes ſince thoſe vows repaid,
And yet I fondly held my chain,
With ſcarce a ſmile to ſooth my pain.
Juſt as you look ſevere or gay,
I hope or languiſh all the day;
But fix a period to my care,
And take the ſoft complying air.

IV.

I come, the generous fair reply'd,
To crown with love the truth I try'd;
I ſcorned your vows, and ſeem'd unkind,
For falſe are men, and vows are wind;
Yet dare believe a ſhepherd true,
Who loves, who promiſes like you:
My heart ſhall now your pains repay,
And hymen bind the knot to day.

T. T.

END of the ſecond number.

THE STUDENT, OR THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

MELPOMENE.

A new SYSTEM *of* CASTLE-BUILDING.

CHAP. VII.

The perfection of CASTLE-BUILDING *is to aim at every thing; this illuſtrated in the character of Mr.* ALL-SPICE, *the univerſal ſcholar.*

MR. ALL-SPICE was admitted of * * * * college in the Univerſity of *Cambridge*, in the year 17**; he lived chiefly upon flummery, was a ſmock-faced fellow, and tied up his hair with a pack-thread. Never was there a young man of ſuch a character; he was eſteem'd eminent in every thing, and it was generally thought, that he was more likely to bring improvement to *Alma Mater*, than to receive any from her. He was educated from his tendereſt years under the wings of a moſt indulgent mother, aſſiſted by

the ſtudies of Mr. PLAUSIBLE, the parſon of the pariſh. Mr. PLAUSIBLE, tho' he was without exception the moſt illiterate man of his profeſſion in the whole dioceſe, had created himſelf the reputation of a man of learning and genius. His knowledge of title-pages, his technical terms, his cunning and addreſs, but above all his invincible effrontery effected this miracle. There is a great deal in the *conduct* of the underſtanding. Some men will make a ſmattering of a tenth part of a ſcience go farther, than others will a very good notion of the ſeven. Mr. PLAUSIBLE was a perfect gold-beater in learning, he would work half a guinea ſterling into a ſurface equivalent to all *Potoſi.*—— This was his capital excellence, and this he communicated to Mr. ALL-SPICE. This remarkable perſonage had not been in college a month, before he was viſited by moſt people of diſtinction; they all came away extremely ſatisfied, aſtoniſhed at the modeſty of ſuch ſhining merit—ſo diffident of himſelf! ſo ſcrupulous of giving his opinion! and when he was prevailed upon to give it—with what candour and impartiality did he do it!——The truth of the matter was, that in every thing Mr. ALL-SPICE was dubious about (which by the bye, was almoſt every thing in nature) he was exceedingly cautious of giving his ſuffrage.— "He very well knew what he thought of the matter him- "ſelf, but 'twould but ill become a perſon of his deſpica- "ble capacity to preſume to decide in the preſence of "gentlemen that—hem—were ſo much his ſuperiors"— But if he was puſh'd home to determine a controverſy, he did it in ſuch an ambiguous manner as to diſpleaſe neither party, and leave the matter dormant in *ſtatu quo.*——Mr. ALL-SPICE had at one time twenty five maſters in different ſciences, faculties, and accompliſhments to attend him—not to teach—but to keep alive in his memory and practice—his manifold excellencies. He play'd upon ſeven muſical inſtruments, and the ſeven gentlemen that aſſiſted him ſwore he play'd upon each better than any other man in the

the world—and they ſwore, like honeſt men, for they were handſomely paid for their trouble—yet maugre all this marvellous ſkill, he never cou'd be induced to play upon any one before his moſt intimate acquaintance—"Nothwithſtanding (wou'd he ſay) I ſtop perfectly in tune, and have perhaps ſome little taſte and judgment, yet I fall ſo far ſhort of my own ideas of muſick, ev'n in my luckieſt hits—that were I to perform before any of you I ſhould be in exquiſite pain—and that I am ſure none of you deſire, nay I cou'd not bear my own company with a fiddle in my hand, were it not for the benefit, I receive from the exerciſe." This ſufficed—and after every man (according to cuſtom) had eat his biſcuit and drank his whip-ſyllabub, they took their leave muttering, as they went down ſtairs—vaſt fellow!—ſingular modeſty! ſurprizing genious! and ſo they went home to their colleges.———

Mr. ALL-SPICE had a library of well-choſe-books, which were left him by an uncle, the title pages of which he was very intimate with,—he knew all the names and ſome few circumſtances in the lives of the moſt eminent printers.—He had read all CHAMBERS's dictionary from A to Z, which gave him great weight with the philoſophical part of the academic youth.—He had JOE MILLER, and ſome other of the moſt noted jeſt-books by rote, which were of prime ſervice to him in converſation, for he had a particular knack, a *curioſa felicitas*, by changing circumſtances and the names of perſons and places, to make many a *bon mot* appear his own—ſometimes indeed an impertinent fellow wou'd thunder out "I think, Mr. ALL-SPICE, I have "read ſomething like that in JOE MILLER."—"That "may be (he wou'd reply) I may ſtumble upon a thing, "which has *been* ſaid by a better man, but as for the book, "you mention, I never ſo much as ſaw it"—This was enough again—and was attended with the old chorus—vaſt fellow! ſurprizing genius, &c. &c. &c.

Among the innumerable things our hero underſtood there was nothing on which he valued himſelf more, than his ſkill in agriculture.——One day a very ſenſible farmer came to college to pay him ſome rents. He made the countryman dine in his chamber with him, and after a ſlight repaſt, (for heartineſs and generoſity were by no means among the virtues of the univerſally accompliſhed Mr. ALL-SPICE) he deſired a particular account of the ſtate of the farm, why this cloſe was fallow, and another was ſown with wheat? The old man gave him a very intelligible, tho' unornamented, account of every thing; explained why this was done, and why that omitted, by arguments drawn from the uncorrupted fountains of truth and nature, and confirmed by the experience of upwards of fifty years.—Mr. ALL-SPICE took every thing minutely down in his pocket-book—for he was determined to ſhow away with his ſkill in agriculture on the morrow, which was to be a feaſt day, and on which a great deal of company was expected. Accordingly, next day after the removal of the cloath, and the gueſts were pretty well ſettled at their glaſſes, he broke out in the following words, "I have long "ſtudied the works of CATO, COLUMELLA, VARRO, and "VIRGIL, on that moſt amiable, ancient, pleaſant and "profitable ſtudy of agriculture.—Yeſterday I was determin-"ed to try an experiment with myſelf, whether I could "reduce my theory to any ſort of practice.—An honeſt fel-"low came to pay me a year's rent.—I examined into the "particular condition of the ſoil of all his fields—he an-"ſwered me very exactly.—Why then (ſays I) if circum-"ſtances are as you tell me, ſuch a field muſt be plowed "and limed, another lie fallow two years, in a third you "had better cut turf, and a fourth muſt be ſown with tur-"nips.——The farmer jumpt out of his chair, and after "having made ſome *dumb ſhews* of amazement,—Z—ds, "ſays he, maſter, thoſe are the very things I have done "to them."———

Here

Here ended he, and here (for this bout) end I; imagining my reader is by this time heartily ſick of Mr. ALL-SPICE, if he is not, I am,

Witneſs my hand,

CHIMÆRICUS CANTABRIGIENSIS.

The DYING ADVICE *of a* GREAT MAN,

The late Lord Preſident of SCOTLAND.

I WILL conclude with that, which is the moſt important of all other things, and which alone will carry every thing elſe along with it; which is to recommend, in the moſt ſolemn and ſerious manner, the ſtudy and practice of religion to all ſorts of men, as that which is both the light of the world and the ſalt of the earth. Nothing does ſo open our faculties, and compoſe and direct the whole man, as an inward ſenſe of God, of his authority over us, of the laws he has ſet us, of his eye ever upon us, of his hearing our prayers, aſſiſting our endeavours, watching over our concerns, and of his being to judge and reward or puniſh us in another ſtate, according to what we do in this. Nothing will give a man ſuch a deteſtation of ſin, and ſuch a ſenſe of the goodneſs of God, and of our obligations to holineſs, as a right underſtanding, and a firm belief of the chriſtian religion; nothing can give a man ſo calm a peace within, and ſuch a firm ſecurity againſt all fears and dangers without, as the belief of a kind and wiſe providence, and of a future ſtate. An integrity of heart gives a man courage, and a confidence that cannot be ſhaken. A man is ſure that by living according to the rules of religion he becomes the wiſeſt, the beſt, and happieſt creature that he is capable of being. Honeſt induſtry, the employing his time well, and a conſtant ſobriety, an undefiled purity and chaſtity, with a quiet ſere-

nity,

nity, are the beſt preſervers of life and health; ſo that take a man as a ſingle individual, religion is his guard, his perfection, his beauty and his glory; this will make him the light of the world, ſhining brightly, and enlightning many round about him.

Thus religion, if truly received, and ſincerely adhered to, would prove the greateſt of all bleſſings to a nation. But by religion I underſtand ſomething more, than the receiving ſome doctrines, tho' ever ſo true, or the profeſſing them, and engaging to ſupport them, not without zeal and eagerneſs. What ſignify the beſt doctrines, if men do not live ſuitably to them; if they have not a due influence upon their thoughts, their principles, and their lives? Men of bad lives with ſound opinions are ſelf condemned, and lie under a highly aggravated guilt; nor will the heat of any party, ariſing out of intereſt, and managed with fury and violence, compenſate for the ill lives of ſuch falſe pretenders to zeal, while they are a diſgrace to that which they profeſs, and ſeem ſo hot for. By religion I do not mean an outward compliance with forms and cuſtoms, in going to church, to prayers, to ſermons, and to ſacraments, with an external ſhew of devotion; or, which is more, with ſome inward forced good thoughts, in which many ſatisfy themſelves, while this has no viſible effect on their lives, nor any inward force to ſubdue and rectify their appetites, paſſions, and ſecret deſigns. Thoſe cuſtomary performances, how good and uſeful ſoever, when well underſtood and rightly directed, are of little value, when men reſt on them, and think that becauſe they do them, they have therefore acquitted themſelves of their duty, tho' they continue ſtill proud, covetous, full of deceit, envy, and malice: even ſecret prayer, the moſt effectual means, is deſigned for a higher end, which is to poſſeſs our minds with ſuch a conſtant and preſent ſenſe of divine truths, as may make theſe live in us, and govern us; and to draw down ſuch aſſiſtances, as may exalt and ſanctify our natures.

So

So that by religion I mean ſuch a ſenſe of divine truth, as enters into a man, and becomes a ſpring of a new nature within him; reforming his thoughts and deſigns, purifying his heart, ſanctifying him, and governing his whole deportment, his words as well as his actions; convincing him, that it is not enough not to be ſcandalouſly vicious, or to be innocent in his converſation, but that he muſt be entirely, uniformly, and conſtantly pure and virtuous; animating him with zeal to be ſtill better and better, more eminently good, and exemplary, uſing prayers and all outward devotions as ſolemn acts, teſtifying what he is inwardly and at the heart, and as methods inſtituted by God, to be ſtill advancing in the uſe of them further and further into a more refined and ſpiritual ſenſe of divine matters. This is true religion, which is the perfection of human nature, and the joy and delight of every one, that feels it active and ſtrong within him. 'Tis true, this is not arrived at all at once; and it will have an unhappy allay, hanging long even about a good man. But as thoſe ill mixtures are the perpetual grief of his ſoul, ſo it is his chief care to watch over and to mortify them. He will be in a continual progreſs ſtill gaining ground upon himſelf; and as he attains to a degree of purity, he will find a flame of life and joy growing upon him. Of this I write with the greater concern and emotion, becauſe I have felt this the true and indeed the only joy, which runs thro' a man's heart and life: it is that which has been for many years my greateſt ſupport; I rejoice daily in it; I feel from it the earneſt of that ſupreme joy which I pant and long for: I am ſure there is nothing elſe can afford any true and complete happineſs. I have, conſidering my ſphere, ſeen a great deal of all that is ſhining or tempting in this world; the pleaſures of ſenſe I did ſoon nauſeate; intrigues of ſtate and the conduct of affairs have ſomething in them that is more ſpecious; and I was for ſome years deeply immerſed in theſe, but ſtill with hopes of reforming the world, and of making mankind

mankind wiſer and better: but I have found, that what is crooked cannot be made ſtrait: I acquainted myſelf with knowledge and learning, and that in a great variety, and with more compaſs than depth: but tho' wiſdom excelleth folly as much as light does darkneſs, yet as it is a ſore travel, it is ſo very defective, that what is wanting to complete it can never be acquired. I have ſeen that two are better then one, and that a threefold cord is not eaſily broken, and have therefore cultivated friendſhip with much zeal and diſintereſted tenderneſs; but I have found this alſo vanity and vexation of ſpirit, tho' it be of the beſt and nobleſt ſort.

So that, upon great and long experience, I could enlarge upon the preachers text, *vanity of vanities, all is vanity*; but I muſt conclude with him, *fear* GOD *and keep his commandments*, for this is the all of man, the whole both of his duty, and of his happineſs. I do therefore end all in the words of DAVID, of the truth of which, upon great experience and long obſervation, I am ſo fully aſſured, that I leave theſe as my laſt words to poſterity: *Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord. What man is he that deſireth life, and loveth many days, that he may ſee good? Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from ſpeaking guile. Depart from evil, and do good; ſeek peace, and purſue it. The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open to their cry. The face of the Lord is againſt them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth. The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles. The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and ſaveth ſuch as are of a contrite ſpirit.*

The following letter was wrote by Mr. ADDISON, probably at *Rome*, to ——— MONTAGUE, Eſq; member of parliament for *Peterborough* in *Northamptonſhire*. The original is now in the hands of Mr. GEORGE BALLARD, of *Magd.* Coll. *Oxon.*

Dear Sir,

I Hope this will find you ſafe at *Geneva*; and that the adventure of the rivulet, which you have ſo well celebrated in your laſt, has bin the worſt you have met with in your journey thither. I can't but envy your being among the *Alps*, where you may ſee froſt and ſnow in the dog-days. We are here quite burnt up, and are at leaſt ten degrees nearer the ſun than when you left us. I am very well ſatisfied 'twas in *Auguſt*, that VIRGIL wrote his *O quis me gelidis ſub montibus Hæmi* &c. Our days at preſent, like thoſe in the firſt chapter of *Geneſis*, conſiſt only of the evening and the morning; for the *Roman* noons are as ſilent as the mid-nights of other countrys. But among all theſe inconveniencys, the greateſt I ſuffer is from your departure, which is more afflicting to me than the Canicule. I am forc'd, for want of better company, to converſe moſtly with pictures, ſtatues, and medals: for, you muſt know, I deal very much in ancient coins; and can count out a ſum in ſeſterces, with as much eaſe as in pounds ſterling. I am a great critic in ruſt, and can tell you the age of it at firſt ſight. I am only in ſome danger of loſing my acquaintance with our *Engliſh* money; for at preſent I am much more uſed to the *Roman*. If you glean up any of our country news, be ſo kind as forward it this way. Pray give Mr. DASHWOOD's and my very humble ſervice to Sir THOMAS ALSTON, and accept of the ſame your ſelf from,

Dear Sir,

Aug. 7. Your moſt affectionate humble ſervant,

J. ADDISON.

My Lord BERNARD, &c. give their humble ſervice.

The CONFESSION *of Mr.* HAMBDEN.

Communicated by a Gentleman of All-Souls *Coll.* Oxon.

HAVING been long under God's afflicting hand, in a moſt eminent manner, I think myſelf obliged to examine my conſcience, concerning the cauſes for which it has pleaſed his divine wiſdom to inflict ſo many ſignal judgments upon me, for ſome years laſt paſt. And I do freely confeſs, that among many other heinous ſins, whereof I am guilty, there is one eſpecially, which cauſes me great trouble, and to which I was principally drawn by that vanity and deſire of vain glory, which is ſo natural to the corrupt hearts of men.

The particular is this;—that notwithſtanding my education, which was very pious and religious, and the knowledge I had of the certainty of the truths of the chriſtian religion, yet to obtain the reputation of wit and learning, which are ſo much eſteemed in the world, I was ſo unhappy as to engage my ſelf in the ſentiments and principles of the author of the Critical Hiſtory of the Old Teſtament; which yet I plainly perceived did directly tend to overthrow all the belief which chriſtians have of the truth and authority of the Holy Scriptures, under pretence of giving a great authority to tradition; which afterwards is eaſily turned and accommodated, as beſt ſuits the intereſt of thoſe who take upon them to cry it up.

I do likewiſe acknowledge, that tho' I had but very weak arguments to ſupport my libertine opinions, and ſuch as I believe I could have eaſily anſwered, and as could not make any impreſſion but upon thoſe who are willing to caſt off the yoke of their duty, and the obligations we are all under to live in the fear of God; yet I was ſo raſh and fooliſh as to pretend I thought there was great ſtrength in them, when I inſinuated, rather than opened them to ſome of my familiar acquaintance. And I am afraid I have contributed

buted thereby to caſt ſome of them into opinions, and perhaps practices, contrary both to the truth and commandments of the chriſtian religion.

I do acknowledge, that having diſcourſed freely with the author of the Critical Hiſtory, and having heard from his own mouth, that he allowed yet leſs *(encore moins)* the authority of the New Teſtament, than that of the Old, which ſhould naturally have obliged me to avoid all communication with him, yet I furniſhed him with money to execute a deſign which he had framed of a Critical Polyglot Bible; which, after the declaration he had made to me, I think I ought to have conſidered as a deſign which tended to deſtroy the certainty of the books of the New Teſtament as well as the Old. I believe this project of a Polyglot Bible, was innocent enough in itſelf, and might have been likewiſe conſiderably uſeful, in the manner agreed between Father SIMON, a friend of mine, and my ſelf. But however that may be, I cannot forgive my ſelf, after what I knew of that Father's opinion, concerning the authority of the Scripture, for embarking my ſelf with a man who had ſo plainly declared his thoughts to me in that matter. And ſo much the rather, becauſe, upon conſideration, I ſee well enough how the execution of this deſign would have increaſed in me thoſe looſe principles, which I had already received from reading the Critical Hiſtory.

This confeſſion I make with all poſſible ſincerity, and with much grief for having offended God by ſo great a ſin, for which I heartily beg pardon of him; and I do earneſtly beſeech all thoſe that may, to any degree, have been ſeduced either by my diſcourſes or example, that they would ſeriouſly reflect upon the danger they are in, that they may be delivered from it in time, and from ſuch judgments of God as he has been pleas'd to lay upon me.

This confeſſion I have written and ſigned with my own hand, to the end, that if I ſhould die before I can ſpeak with thoſe whom I have perverted by my example, they

may return to themſelves and to God, as I do by this ſolemn proteſtation, which I make to them, that the opinions which I have taught them, were nothing but the effect of my pride and vanity, which I unfeignedly condemn, deſigning to live and die in thoſe laid down in the Scriptures.

April 5. 1688. J. HAMBDEN.

This paper was incloſed in another, on the back ſide whereof was written as follows.

There is a paper herein incloſed, which Mr. ALLIX brought me, *April* 25. 1688. from Mr. J. HAMBDEN; which, if I die, I deſire and charge my executors to deliver, as it is thus ſealed up, without looking into it, unto the ſaid Mr. J. HAMBDEN, or his father, if alive, or to ſome of his neareſt and beſt relations and friends.

SIMON PATRICK, *Bp. Ely.*

Which wrapper was incloſed in another, upon which was written,

This paper was left in my hands by Dr. ALLIX, *Sept.* 21. 1690. If I die, this is to charge my executors to deliver it as it is, into the hands of the ſaid Dr. ALLIX, or to ſuch perſon as he ſhall appoint, under his hand, and by no means to open the ſame.

RICH. KIDDER.

To the STUDENT.

SIR, —— Coll. *Cam. Nov.* 24. 1750.

I Am a new correſpondent: if you approve of the underwritten, be ſo good as to inſert it in your next number. I am, ſir,

Your humble ſervrant, and admirer.

ESSAY I.

—— —— —— *Somnia narras,*
Quæ moveant animum. MART. Lib. vii. Ep. 53.

AS I was ſet in my great chair the other night after reading LUCIAN's *Auction of Lives*, with the wit of which I was not a little diverted, in the midſt of a train of thought I inſenſibly fell aſleep, when fancy preſented to me the following viſion.

Methought there was a *general auction* proclaim'd, a large room choſen, and an *aerial auctioneer* preſented himſelf to ſell furniture for the *mind* of every ſort.

The firſt thing he expos'd to ſale was *vice*, but the company being *well furniſh'd* with that commodity, *none* was bought.

He then put up *virtue*; and, after having according to cuſtom enlarg'd upon its excellencies, immediately a confus'd murmur ran thro' the room. Every one admir'd the beauties of it, and *recommended* it to his friend, as exceeding uſeful and neceſſary; but ſtill I was ſurpriz'd, that, amidſt ſuch general admiration, no body bid for it. At laſt a *feeble ſqueaking voice* offer'd a large price; I enquir'd who it was, and found it to be an *old ſinner of fourſcore*. As nobody bid more, he carry'd it off; but as he was ſo exceeding ill and weak, it was not likely *he liv'd to make uſe of it*.

Good ſenſe was the next expos'd to ſale. I expected that would have been immediately contended for, as I knew it

was

was *ſcarce*; but I was miſtaken.——While I was wondering at this univerſal ſilence (—my candid reader knows what he muſt attribute it to—) I ſaw a *certain author*, ſurrounded by his friends, who were perſuading him to get it; he look'd angry at their ſollicitations, but to get rid of 'em offer'd a ſum for it, with ſuch an air however, as ſhew'd he thought his money thrown away in a needleſs purchaſe.——It was his without contention; but I was extremely delighted (nor was I the only one) with the conſequence: for he had no ſooner got *good ſenſe* into his poſſeſſion, than he look'd like one amaz'd, and immediately running up to a fire that was in the room, pull'd out a large bundle of papers, and threw them into it. As they lay there, I cou'd plainly ſee what they were, but I beg to be excus'd diſcovering any more of 'em than that in one leaf I ſaw the words GRUBSTREET CRITIC, in capitals. When they were conſumed, he look'd very well pleas'd, and vow'd he wou'd never ſet pen to paper again.

Modeſty came next, and I was pleas'd to ſee a *young officer* purchaſe it, and immediately retire with a becoming bluſh upon his countenance.

An *atheiſt* ſet up a loud laugh at *religion* appearing next; but bid for it, becauſe, as he ſaid, he was reſolved to expoſe the phantom to the world. As the auctioneer deliver'd her to him, ſeeing him ſurpriz'd at her extraordinary beauty, he aſſur'd him, that a few hours ſerious converſation and intimate acquaintance with her, wou'd make him relinquiſh his ill opinion, and fix him one of her great admirers.

At ſight of *heathen morality*, which was next put up, all the company ſeem'd to admire her ſize, her majeſtic port, and an air of ſolemn grandeur, that ſeem'd ſettled in her countenance; ſhe look'd with great dignity, and appear'd to view the world with a *contempt*, which yet methought, did not appear *real*. However ſo generally was ſhe admir'd, that many bid largely for her; but one man I obſerv'd ſeem'd reſolv'd upon the purchaſe. Upon enquiry who he was, I was inform'd he went by the name of *Philoſopher Square*; he at

laſt

laſt obtain'd her, and went eagerly to graſp his prize, as he thought, when, behold!——*Fruſtra comprenſa manus effugit imago*, ſhe eluded his graſp and diſcover'd herſelf to be nothing but an *airy phantom.*

Our auctioneer immediately produc'd *chriſtian morality*, and if the company was delighted with the ſight of the above-mention'd phantom, with this angelic appearance they were raviſh'd; love, compaſſion, mercy, and a thouſand beauties bloom'd on her looks, and beam'd from every heaven-form'd feature.——While we were taken up in admiring this heavenly maid, the auctioneer preſented her to the company voluntarily, with an aſſurance that the great God of heaven and earth had ſent that glorious Being, to inform our minds, to rectify our paſſions, and to make us capable of an eternity of happineſs.

After many more which I have forgot, *philoſophy* was propos'd to ſale; ſhe had an agreeable aſpect and ſeem'd worth obtaining. A ſerious grave man bought her, and went to take her, when, to the great ſurprize of us all, ſhe *ſlipt from him*, and *fled with incredible ſwiftneſs.* The purchaſer, unwilling to loſe his prize, purſued, and we ſoon loſt ſight of'em; but the auctioneer aſſur'd us 'twou'd be impoſſible for *him to overtake*, or even long to *keep her in ſight.*

Upon this he offer'd *real wiſdom.* A *modeſt-looking youth* ſeem'd greatly enamour'd of her, and obtain'd her; upon his receiving her, ſhe preſented him with a label, on which was this inſcription.

— — — not to know at large of things remote
From uſe, obſcure and ſubtile; but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wiſdom, what is more is fume,
Or emptineſs, or fond impertinence;
And renders us in things that more concern
Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, and ſtill to ſeek.

Many

Many other things of this ſort were diſpos'd of, when on a ſudden a *little* caſe was diſcover'd, which when open'd prov'd to be a *library* conſiſting of but *few* books, at the head of which was the *Bible*.—I am before a chriſtian company ſays the auctioneer, ſo I need not recommend this divine book.—Here are ſome treatiſes of morality too, ſelected from the multitude that are written more to ſhew the parts of the author, than to inform the mind of the reader. For books of entertainment and improvement united, continues he, the *Spectators* are firſt to be recommended, here they are,—and lifted 'em to view.—Here too is the beautiful *Clariſſa*, and the almoſt equally agreeable *Foundling*; I add beſides, ſays he, a little monthly performance, entituled, *The* STUDENT.

I cou'd with pleaſure have ſeen his further furniture for the mind produc'd; but here unluckily I nodded, and dropt my *Lucian* out of my hand, and the fall of it awoke me.

An Eſſay on CONTENTMENT *in* PROSPERITY.

——— *Laudet diverſa ſequentes.*

THERE are very few queſtions which have more puzzled philoſophers, than one in particular relating to the regimen of ourſelves in proſperity and adverſity. The conteſt was never finally determined, whether it was the greater bravery to moderate ourſelves in plenty, or to bear up with conſtancy under the preſſure of want. The diſpute, I think, is not very material; but the neceſſity of contentment appears manifeſtly from both ſides, in order to enjoy any felicity in either condition.

Murmuring and complaint generally proceed from the difference of mens ſituation in life. The *ſordid* are apprehenſive they ſhall never have enough; and the *profuſe* want more to animate their extravagance. They who have but ſmall fortunes can't reliſh the ſcantineſs of moderation; grandeur

grandeur and gaiety don't always ſit eaſy on the wealthy, and the neceſſitous are diſſatisfy'd that they are expoſed to the ſeverity of *nothing*.

A ſtrange variety of paſſions thus daily diſtract the human mind, and for want of knowing how to be eaſy, too many make themſelves miſerable. But all theſe repinings are in reality criminal: man is properly his own tormenter; he diſquiets himſelf in vain, and by neglecting the obſervation of one eaſy virtue he, never taſtes the fruit of genuine contentment.—To regulate our deſires and limit our pleaſures is what I mean by contentment in a plentiful condition. A ſtate which requires great circumſpection to keep the paſſions from running into exceſs!

Proſperity is a trying and dangerous ſtate, in which, as we exerciſe our judgment, we ſhall diſplay either the greateſt folly, or the moſt exemplary wiſdom. Good fortune is apt to delude us with its ſmiles, and ſtrangle us in its embraces. It unbends the mind, and ſlackens the powers of it; and, by a fradulent gratification of ſenſe, it inſenſibly ſteals away the uſe of our reaſon. Many have ſtood inflexible under the ſhock of poverty, who have afterwards fell a ſacrifice in a plentiful fortune.

Flattery frequently prevails, when blows are ineffectual; and temptations to a fatal ſecurity are too prevalent, when the mind is lull'd into careleſneſs and neglect. We apprehend no difficulty, becauſe we feel none; and we promiſe ourſelves ſafety, becauſe a treacherous confidence blinds us to our danger.

But when fortune ſmiles, let us rouze up our circumſpection. Our paſſions then require a tight rein, leaſt our actions ſhould hurry us into inſolence and preſumption. Confidence in our poſſeſſions is too apt to obliterate the remembrance of duty, and too great an opinion of our own merit ſometimes creates a forgetfulneſs of our dependence on God.

The deſires, it is plain, have a tendency to violence; and an eaſy affluence, inſtead of ſatisfying, puſhes them on

further gratification. When the heart is thus enlarged, and the ſpirits too volatile, we are naturally inclined to embark in new undertakings: we are inſenſible of any difficulties which ſhould ſtop us in our career, and, for want of proper reſtraint, our deſires hurry us into extravagance, which ſeldom ends in any thing but ruin.

Thus fallen from the ſummit of grandeur, we ſhall become the objects of ſcorn and contempt. Whilſt our fields ſtood thick with corn, and our garners abounded with all manner of ſtore, the ſycophants were ready to attend our tables, din our ears with compliment, and try to perſuade us that we were more than men: but no ſooner is the ſcene changed, and a ſad alteration appears in our circumſtances, than theſe infamous animals all vaniſh, and (like vermin which fly from a tottering houſe) forſake and vilify us in our misfortunes.

The virtue of contentment in the midſt of proſperity ſeems in this point very neceſſary, as it tends to preſerve a good fortune in hand, and to prevent a ſhame which muſt be grating on the loſs of it. A ſtrict vigilance would keep paſſion within due bounds. Our fall from an elevated ſtation might be prevented by an evenneſs of temper, and a proper circumſpection; but for want of it our misfortune will be reflected on with remorſe, and the invidious will rejoice, and perſecute us with ſeverity. In ſhort, let us embrace contentment, as a moſt amiable virtue; and reſtrain our paſſions, as moſt conducive to our temporal as well as our eternal welfare. Then we ſhall reliſh our enjoyments without ſurfeiting, and have a true taſte of the delights of life, without neglecting the duties of chriſtianity.

[*To be continued under* Adverſity]

Critical

Critical Obſervations upon the Song of DEBORAH.

——— *Res antiquæ laudis & artis*
Ingredior ſanctos auſus recludere fontes.

(Continued from Number II.)

THE divine writer, in the four preceding verſes, (being interrupted by admiration and gratitude) had, by a beautiful irregularity, fled from her ſubject, and ſeem'd in a manner to have loſt ſight of it. She now returns to the narration, in which ſhe commends thoſe tribes who aſſiſted in the cauſe of ISRAEL, and rebukes thoſe who thro' deſpair of ſucceſs ſat idly at home.

13. *Then he made him that remaineth have dominion over the nobles among the people: the* LORD *made me have dominion over the mighty.*

14. *Out of Ephraim* was there *a root of them againſt Amalek; after thee, Benjamin, among thy people: out of Machir came down governours, and out of Zebulun they that handle the pen of the writer.*

15. *And the princes of Iſſachar* were *with Deborah: even Iſſachar, and alſo Barak, he was ſent on foot into the valley: for the diviſions of Reuben* there were *great thoughts of heart.*

16. *Why abodeſt thou among the ſheepfolds, to hear the bleatings of the flocks? for the diviſions of Reuben* there were *great ſearchings of heart.*

17. *Gilead abode beyond Jordan: and why did Dan remain in ſhips? Aſher continued on the ſea-ſhore, and abode in his breaches.*

18. *Zebulun and Naphthali* were *a people* that *jeoparded their lives unto the death, in the high places of the field.*

The ſacred author, in order to give greater ſpirit and paſſion to this narration, employs the livelieſt tropes and figures,

and moſt affecting turns. LONGINUS ſays, *There is nothing moves ſo effectually as an aſſemblage of figures*; and Mr. SMITH, in his notes to his ingenious traſlation, obſerves, that the ſong of DEBORAH is an inſtance of this. There is ſcarce a thought that is not figur'd, ſcarce a figure that is not beautiful. In theſe verſes we have the metaphor, the apoſtrophe, the interrogation and repetition. The apoſtrophe to God in the 14th verſe is a moſt delicate and affecting turn, to engage God in the cauſe of ISRAEL; and the more beautiful in ſpeaking of the tribe of BENJAMIN, which was the leaſt of all: *after thee, Benjamin, among thy people.* The tribe of BENJAMIN, inconſiderable as it was, was not afraid to endanger itſelf for thee, O God, and the people which thou haſt choſen to ſerve thee. By this way of ſpeaking, ſhe very artfully makes the cauſe of ISRAEL the cauſe of religion, and God himſelf. The latter part of the next verſe ſeems ſomewhat obſcure; the meaning of which is, the tribes there mentioned were in deſpair; for many when they heard that JABIN had 900 armed chariots, were ſo terrified, that, they, thro' deſpair of relief, were preparing to tranſport themſelves into another country, and neglected to defend their own. From this DEBORAH takes occaſion, by a beautiful apoſtrophe, to rebuke ISSACHAR among the reſt for his idleneſs. This anſwers to the character given of him in *Geneſis* xlix verſe 14, *Iſſachar* is *a ſtrong aſs, couching down between two burdens.* She rebukes ſome other tribes, and paſſes an encomium on ZEBULUN and NAPHTHALI. Then ſhe confirms the juſtneſs of her praiſe, by ſhewing the approbation of God, ſo plainly ſignified by his miraculous mercies to them, and his curſe on thoſe who aſſiſted not their brethren.

[*To be continued.*]

On

On MATRIMONIAL QUARRELS.

Felices ter & ampliùs,
Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis
Divulsos querimoniis
Supremâ citiùs ſolvet amor die. HOR.

FAmily diviſions frequently ſpring from very immaterial accidents, which gather ſtrength by repetition, till they are augmented in ſo formidable a manner, as to ſweep before them all the domeſtic virtues, and aboliſh all the amiable tenderneſs, for which woman was originally intended by the divine creator. I have been a frequent ſpectator of ſuch ſcenes of infelicity. Where I was in moſt expectation of finding the celeſtial ſeeds of connubial happineſs flouriſhing in exquiſite beauty, there have I been the moſt diſappointed. Inſtead of beholding a paradiſe, I have found nothing but a garden of noxious weeds; which occaſions me to publiſh the following obſervations. For theſe may be of utility to ſociety, as, by holding up the mirrour to the view of *inadvertency*, they may affright her with her own deformity.

LORENZO and VIOLETTA have been married upwards of three years: they were equally matched, both in reſpect of fortune and age; the one being ſufficiently affluent for the purchaſe, and the other for the enjoyment of the pleaſures of life. For ſome time, after the celebration of their nuptials, they entertained a reciprocal affection. She was all fondneſs, he all indulgence. But their intimacy, inſtead of increaſing, diminiſhed their mutual regard. Her beauty, the more it was familiar to his eye, grew the leſs attractive to his heart; and his converſation grew leſs engaging, the more ſhe partook of the natural levity of her ſex. He renewed his bacchanalian acquaintance; ſhe found more pleaſure in diſcharging her viſits, than her domeſtic offices:

offices. In fine, both became diſintentionally indifferent: their meals were irregular; their converſation little; till, at laſt, their affection ſeem'd dwindled away to nothing but a ceremonial complaiſance.

Nature was ſoon more predominant than the ties of gentility, or the rules of decency. Their tempers were perpetually burſting from the formality of reſerve: trivial accidents gave alternate uneaſineſs to one or the other; which were productive of ſuch diſputes as often terminated in a ſhyneſs for two or three days together. Tho' they were both ſo far eſtranged from the lambent flame of love, yet their diſagreement frequently exhibited a conviction of their honeſty, by a reconciliation which juſt ſerv'd to blow up the dormant embers of affection; tho' ſtill they were continually manifeſting the difference of their tempers. They were both haſtily paſſionate; he was ſometimes ſurlily ill-natured, while ſhe was too apt to conceive what he never intended. They were both ſenſible of their folly, yet they ſtill perſiſted in their obſtinacy: if he ſpoke warm, ſhe reddened with the glow of anger; if he was deſirous of tranquility, ſhe grew turbulent. The vanity of pedigree and the oſtentation of fortune were often bandied backwards and forwards; this uſhered in indecency from him, and left her abandoned to a miſguided paſſion.

Reiterated quarrels aggravated their imprudence: he frequently ſwore, ſhe railed; and blows enſued. She felt the effects of his violence, he bore the marks of her fury. When their paſſion abated, ſhe ſat penſively venting the guſhing ſorrows from her eyes; he grew mollified, and, after innumerable careſſes, re-compoſed her agitated ſpirits. The quarrel renewed their tenderneſs; they gently upbraided themſelves, confeſſed their folly, reſolved to oppoſe the excurſions of paſſion, and for ſome time lived with all the appearance of a durable felicity. But when paſſion has once got the head, reaſon vainly attempts to guide the rein,

rein. Tho' LORENZO and VIOLEETA, on the repetition of every quarrel, became ſenſible of their ſmothered affection, yet they never endeavoured to light up the extinguiſh'd lamp of Hymen. They continued their intemperate ſallies, and were at laſt ſo habituated to ſuch an ignominious cuſtom, as to give an unbounded looſe to their paſſion before company, till they are now become the deriſion of all their acquaintance.

As I have a regard for LORENZO, I have taken an opportunity of expatiating with him upon his indiſcretion: he acknowledges his imprudence, profeſſes the ſtrongeſt affection for his wife, and ſolemnly avows his fidelity to the nuptial bed. VIOLETRA is alſo ſenſible of her erroneous behaviour, eſteems her huſband, and wears the throne of chaſtity on her brow. They are equally conſcious of their fault, are equally ſorry for it, and ſeem equally deſirous of of correcting it: but they are ſo abſolutely devoted to the ſtorms of paſſion, as to be equally incapable of executing thoſe ſalutary reſolutions, which they are thoroughly ſenſible can alone give pleaſure to the bridal bed, happineſs to the prime of life, and comfort to the declenſion of age.

What a melancholy reflection is this! That two perſons, once united by the ſilken band of love, ſhould ſo diſown its empire, for the gratification of ſome ridiculous humour, is moſt aſtoniſhing! That two perſons, who could ſo eaſily enjoy the beatitudes of life, ſhould ſo voluntarily baniſh themſelves from the flowery road of happineſs, is amazing! But their conduct ſerves only to evince this golden maxim, "*That reaſon is the beſt gift of nature*;" for without her ſacred influence, monarchs in their palaces are leſs happy than peaſants in their cottages.

On ACADEMICAL GALLANTRY.

HAVING receiv'd a commiſſion from my brother, to act in the capacity of a FEMALE STUDENT, I ſhall from time to time take notice of thoſe things which properly fall under my cognizance. I muſt therefore admoniſh the STREPHONS and the CHLOES of both Univerſities, to be very circumſpect in their behaviour; having ſtation'd a ſubaltern at *Oxford*, to give me intelligence of what paſſes there, whilſt thoſe of *Cambridge* are under my immediate inſpection.

As CUPID is a deity who is worſhiped in all places, we muſt not be ſurpriz'd to find his temples even in the ſeat of the MUSES, where PALLAS forbids HYMEN to kindle his torch. Our venerable CAM can boaſt many altars, on which his votaries ſacrifice; and on the banks of ISIS, a ſuperb dome has lately been erected *ſacred to harmony and love.* Nor is he here acknowledg'd only by gay youth, wilful ignorance, and giddy licentiouſneſs, but even by proud pedantry and formal diſcipline: nay, he can ſometimes bend the ſtubborn tempers of *ſtrict age, and ſour ſeverity.*

During my reſidence in this Univerſity, I have experienc'd almoſt every ſcene of *academical gallantry.* Indeed, the little deity I am ſpeaking of prevails rather over the eyes than the hearts of his worſhippers, and receives more external and publick, than ſecret internal adoration. (As to the ſhameleſs rites which *luſt* adminiſters, far be it from me ever to aſſiſt at them: and let the veil of *ſlyneſs* ever hide them from the prying eyes of *Proctor* CURIOSITY.) A walk, a concert, or a tea-table are almoſt the only places conſcious to their vows: happy is the ſwain, if he can be ſeen with his miſtreſs at a window, if he can have but a diſtant ſeat by her at a muſick-meeting; but he arrives at the ſummit of felicity, if he be admitted to dangle at her ſide like a ſhadow, and follow her about, like a tantany-

pig,

pig, wherever ſhe goes. I cannot perhaps give a better deſcription of theſe gallants, than by exhibiting the portraits of ſome of my own humble ſervants; which, during my long reign of beauty, were perhaps as remarkable for their variety as their number.

The firſt, whoſe regard I attracted, (as ſoon as I commenc'd a toaſt, and had the honour to have my name tortur'd in acroſtics, and inſcrib'd on benches, window-panes, and drinking-glaſſes,) was the delicate Beau BLOSSOM. He was the neateſt, the genteeleſt, or (in the mordern dialect) the *jemmieſt* of all our fellow-commoners. He was the very pink of courteſy, and the quinteſſence of the mode: his dreſs was ſingularly nice, even to the plaiting of his ſilk gown, and cut of his band: then he had the *prettieſt* way of ſpeaking, accompanied with the moſt engaging *je ne ſçai quoi* between a ſmile and a ſimper, *he, he.* In one word, to ſum up all his perfections, he was the beſt fiddle in the whole Univerſity. This indeed was his darling paſſion: nature ſeem'd to have form'd him for the gratification of this one ſenſe only: he was the ſoul of our muſick-meetings, and the glory of our organiſts, choriſters, crotchet-mongers, and catgut-retailers. Such was my lover; and, as I had a natural good ear, he undertook to inſtruct me on the ſpinnet, which ſoon produc'd a concord in our affections. During our acquaintance, his chief buſineſs and delight was to rectify the diſorder'd ſtrings, to direct my artleſs fingers to their proper keys, and to initiate me in the noble myſtery of the gamut. As I had a ſmattering in poetry, I would frequently write amorettes, chanſonnettes, and ſonatas in praiſe of myſelf, which my young ORPHEUS would ſet to muſick, and hand about as his own. O with what raptures has he ſung and play'd love to me! how often has he languiſh'd in a ſymphony, and dy'd away in a quaver! Indeed, I believe, I ſhould certainly have been his EURYDICE, if I had not had two potent rivals—in himſelf and his fiddle-ſtick. The firſt he ador'd even to idolatry, the latter was his inſeparable companion; ſo that one would imagine he found a

miſtreſs in his mirrour, and that catgut were his dear heart-ſtrings. However, an accident put an end to all my hopes; for this ſon of CORELLI broke his arm by a fall from his horſe, as he was riding poſt merely to preſide at a petty concert of ſcraping juſtices and piping parſons. After this I never ſaw him more, but was inform'd, that his arm being oblig'd to be cut off, he ſoon after died of the mortification,——I mean the extreme mortification to think that the fineſt hand in *England* was ſpoil'd by it.

I next form'd an intimacy with honeſt TOM MEGGOT. TOM had good parts, a ready wit, and ſound judgment: but he affected the character of an humouriſt. To this he thought the beſt qualification was aſſurance, and the firſt ſtep towards it ſingularity. Concluding that dirt was a ſign of wit, TOM took as much pains to be ſlovenly, as my fiddling fellow-commoner did to be neat. He never wore garters, greas'd his cloaths on purpoſe, tore his gown to to make it ragged, broke the board of his cap, and very often had but one lappet to his band. He ſeldom allow'd his hair to be comb'd, or his ſhoes to be japann'd. He would put his ſhirt on at bed time, becauſe he was aſham'd to be caught in a clean one; and on ſundays he was ſure to be in a diſhabille, becauſe every body elſe was dreſt. Tho' it was not then the faſhion (as it is now) to be blind, TOM conſtantly wore ſpectacles, ſtar'd at every girl he met, and did a thouſand ſtrange things to appear particular; in all which he was protected by his *very ſingular modeſty*, or (in other words) his invincible front of ever-durable braſs. He was hail fellow well met with all the townſmen in general, would ſwig ale in a penny-pot-houſe with the loweſt of the mob, and commit the moſt extravagant actions under the notion of humour. If he got drunk, broke windows, laugh'd at the mayor, ridicul'd the aldermen, humbug'd the proctors, 'twould be often paſs'd over; 'twas his humour, and TOM was a well meaning good natur'd fellow. In a word, his whole behaviour was ſuch, that many who knew him not, imagin'd he was touch'd; and among the women

he

he was frequently mention'd by the name of *mad* MEGGOT. One would indeed think he did not much ſtudy to pleaſe the ladies: yet TOM was a man of univerſal gallantry; and even in this he affected humour. 'Twas the ſame thing to TOM, whom he convers'd with; which ever came firſt in his way, he paid his devoirs to; whether ſhe happen'd to be a firſt-rate beauty, or the homelieſt dowdy; a coffee-houſe girl, or his bookſeller's maid; a cook's or a painter's daughter: nay, I have heard him ſay, there was *nature* in a cinder-wench. This odd compoſition of a mortal, I muſt confeſs, I really lov'd; and, as he had no contemptible fortune, I cou'd have been contented to have ſpent my days with him: for, notwithſtanding his queer appearance and behaviour, he was by nature ſenſible, witty, generous, and polite; and had many good qualities, which he would exert at proper times. But poor TOM! his propenſity to humour at laſt led him (contrary to his inclinations) to engage in a party affair, which oblig'd him to leave college, and conſequently made room in my affections for,

The rich, the noble, the polite Lord VAINLY.——He was the grandſon of a new-fangled peer, and inherited all the ſenſe, all the taſte, all the virtue of his upſtart anceſtors. His lordſhip was too conſcious of the intrinſick merit of his title, not to be ſurrounded by thoſe vile academical paraſites, call'd *tuft-hunters*: the young ones would drink, game, intrigue, take ſchemes, or do any thing with my Lord——at his Lordſhip's expence: even the old ſenior fellows (who, forgetting their muſhroom riſe and native dunghills, lord it ſo imperiouſly over their juniors) would cringe, and fawn, and ſtoop to the meaneſt offices, for the ſake of a preſent dinner, or the proſpect of future preferment. Nothing was heard but my Lord, and your Lordſhip: my Lord had the beſt apartments, my Lord gave the beſt entertainments, my Lord drank the beſt claret, my Lord rode the beſt horſe, my Lord had the beſt taſte, the beſt breeding, the beſt every thing: for, within the Univerſity all excellencies are implied in the very name of Lord. As I was the reigning toaſt when his

Lordſhip came to college, a perſon of his Lordſhip's gallantry, to be ſure, could not fail becoming my admirer: not that he was really capable of paſſion, but as it ſoothed his vanity to be acquainted with the prettieſt girl in *Cambridge*. Pride I found was his foible, and therefore took care to feed it with the moſt fulſome flattery. If his Lordſhip condeſcended to appear with me in the walks, I was proud of his company; if his Lordſhip would at any time lay aſide his high dignity to viſit our humble roof, it was too great an honour; and my mother (who has ſome art) was inceſſantly preaching up the advantages of birth and quality and noble blood. Thus did I vainly imagine, that keeping at a diſtance was the ſure way to come to cloſer terms with his Lordſhip. But my young nobleman was too violent to admit of delays; and before he had been a twelvemonth with us, through the inſtigation and contrivance of a boſom friend, who was under ſome engagements with the girl, my Lord ſhew'd his taſte and deſire to mend the breed, by marrying——an innkeeper's daughter at *New-market*.

Juſt at this juncture arrived to my relief the illuſtrious Count BAGATELLE. He was the ſon of a *Spittal-Fields* weaver; who, deſigning to make a biſhop of him, had ſent him to ſtudy for two years at *Geneva*, from whence he had made the tour of *France* and *Italy*, and return'd home to finiſh his education at *Cambridge*. The Count was tall, handſome, and—well limb'd; active, vigorous, and couragious: he had a ſoul as great as his body; and, 'tis thought, had ſome reaſon to brag of his parts, tho' his underſtanding was of the moderate ſize. As to his education in our foreign ſiſter-univerſity, he ow'd little to that, except a thorough contempt of his own country, and a noble diſregard for religion. He had improv'd in no ſcience but impudence, and was readier at a compliment than a ſyllogiſm: he knew very little of the *Greek* or *Latin* languages,—but he could talk *French*: he was a ſtranger to *Rome* and *Athens*,--but he had ſeen *Paris*: hiſtory he never pretended to,—but he could tell you the ſecret

amours

amours of ſuch a *Marquis*, ſuch a *Comteſſe*: he ſcarce underſtood his mother-tongue,—but he could ſhew you *billet-doux*, in broken *Engliſh*, from the moſt brilliant belles in the court of *Verſailles*. His library was ſmall, and contain'd only a few *tomes* of *memoirs*, *romances*, *routes*, and *guides des etrangers*;—but what he moſt valu'd was a manuſcript book of cookery, in Madame MAINTENON's own hand, with the original receipt for *Selon-mon goût*, (Anglicè *Salomon-gundy*) and the ſame that the Count himſelf has ſince communicated to Monſieur CLOE. His wardrobe was elegantly furniſh'd, and could boaſt a curioſity that might challenge a birth-day;——a ſuit made by Monſieur PETENLAIR, taylor to his moſt Chriſtian Majeſty. His armoury conſiſted of an *Italian* ſtilletto, two *Dutch* ſnicker-ſnees, a *Turkiſh* carbine, a piſtol tinder-box, and a *Paris*-hilted ſword with a right *Spaniſh* blade. That blade, he has often aſſur'd us, was ſtain'd with the blood of a *German* prince, kill'd in a *fracas* concerning a *Venetian Bona Roba*. The Count, you muſt believe, was a profeſs'd admirer of the fair-ſex; and his *bel eſprit*, his *air degageé*, his *politeſſe* endear'd him to us girls. The velvet-cap, the gold tuft, the damaſk gown, all gave place to the Count's humbler habit of a penſioner. I had the glory to be his favourite *Cicisbei*,—and might have been his *Femme*,—but alas! among all his accompliſhments he wanted—he wanted—the one thing neceſſary. Nature indeed had furniſh'd him with talents to adorn an eſtate; but fortune, being blind, had not beſtow'd one. This at laſt oblig'd him with reluctance to ſubmit to a metamorphoſis, which at once cut him off from his darling *divertiſſements*: his light frock and ſhort bob were exchang'd for a grey coat and grizzle; the polite count was ſunk in the grave divine; and that tongue, which before entertain'd us at the tea-table, now inſtructed us from the pulpit. By an eaſy addreſs, and ready elocution, he ſoon became the oracle of the *canaille*; by his ſly hypocritical demeanour, and well-tim'd pliability of tongue, he at length work'd his way through a ſucceſſion of preferments; and now fills, *with all*

the

the dignity of paunch, the firſt ſtall in * * * * * * Cathedral.

Having been particular in my deſcriptions hitherto, I ſhall paſs over the reſt of my gallants;——the careleſs Sir CHARLES EASY, who play'd with a fan, took ſnuff, and ſipp'd tea with the beſt grace imaginable; the prim Mr. STARCH, who ſtuck to me like a ſnail to a honey-ſuckle, and watch'd me like the dragon guardiug the *Heſperian* fruit;—and many others; together with all the inferiour inſects, who buzz'd about, and wanton'd for a while in the ſun-ſhine of my favours, then flew off, and a freſh ſwarm ſucceeded. At length, perceiving my admirers to decreaſe, I began to fear I had miſs'd my market. I therefore determin'd to lay hold of the firſt opportunity that offer'd, and accordingly ſeiz'd a young freſhman, not ſixteen, juſt come out of the country, the hopeful heir of a ſtingy old baronet. The aukward boy bumkin had ſcarce ever ſeen a woman, except his mother, the maids, an old aunt or ſo, and the curate his ſchool-maſter's wife. He therefore fell readily into my ſnares: and, in leſs than a term after his matriculation, we ſet out in a chaiſe together, in order to be privately married; but, thro' the treachery of a ſcout, were overtaken on the road by his tutor. I return'd in confuſion to *Cambridge*; but my amorous booby was remanded to his native hills, there to follow foxes, and never more vex his brains with your logicks, your heathen lingo, and your pot-hooks and hangers.

It is then from this period, that I date my firſt æra of gallantry. As the affair got wind, and my charms grew every day leſs attracting, my young admirers fell off inſenſibly, and a new ſcene of love ſoon commenc'd;—of which I muſt defer the relation till the next opportunity.

Cambridge, Dec. 3. 1750. *The* FEMALE STUDENT.

P. S. By advices juſt receiv'd from our Adjutant quarter'd at Oxford *we learn, that there was an exceeding ſplendid ſhew of* Conſtellations *at the laſt choral-night; that the* Star-gazers *were obſerv'd to ply their* Teleſcopes *much leſs ſince the diſappearing of the two* Blazing-Comets; *that* VENUS *then appear'd ſomewhat dim; but that all the other* Planets *were obſerv'd to ſhine with more than uſual luſtre.*

ODE

To the Reverend and Learned Dr. WEBSTER.

Occaſioned by his *Dialogues* on ANGER and FORGIVENESS.

By Mr. SMART.

I.

'TWAS when th' omniſcient creative pow'r
Diſplay'd his wonders by a mortal's hand,
And, delegated at th' appointed hour,
Great MOSES led away his choſen band;
When ISRAEL's hoſt, with all their ſtores,
Paſt thro' the ruby-tinctur'd cryſtal ſhores,
The wilderneſs of waters and of land:
Then perſecution rag'd in heav'ns own cauſe,
And right on neighbouring kingdoms to infringe,
Strict juſtice for the breach of nature's laws,
Strict juſtice, who's full-ſiſter to revenge:
The legiſlator held the ſcythe of fate,
Where'er his legions chanc'd to ſtray,
Death and deſtruction mark'd their bloody way;
Immoderate was their rage, for mortal was their hate.

II.

But when the king of righteouſneſs aroſe,
And on th' illumin'd Eaſt ſerenely ſmil'd,
He ſhone with meekeſt mercy on his foes
Bright as the ſun, but as the moon-beams mild;
From anger, fell revenge, and diſcord free,
He bad war's helliſh clangor ceaſe,
In paſtoral ſimplicity and peace,
And ſhew'd to men that face, which MOSES could not ſee.

Well

III.

Well haſt thou, WEBSTER, pictur'd chriſtian love,
And copied our great maſter's fair deſign,
But livid Envy would the light remove,
Or croud thy portrait in a nook malign——
The Muſe ſhall hold it up to popular view——
Where the more candid and judicious few
Shall think the bright original they ſee,
The likeneſs nobly loſt in the identity.

IV.

Oh hadſt thou liv'd in better days than theſe,
E'er to excel by all was deem'd a ſhame!
Alas! thou haſt no modern arts to pleaſe,
And to deſerve is all thy empty claim.
Elſe thou'dſt been plac'd, by learning, and by wit,
There, where thy dignify'd inferiours ſit——
Oh *they* are in their generation wiſe,
Each path of intereſt *they* have ſagely trod,——
To live—to thrive—to riſe—and ſtill to riſe——
Better to bow to men, than kneel to God.

V.

Behold!——where poor unmanſion'd Merit ſtands,
All cold, and crampt with penury and pain;
Speechleſs thro' want, ſhe rears th' imploring hands,
And begs a little bread, but begs in vain;
While Bribery and Dulneſs, paſſing by,
Bid her, in ſounds barbarian, ſtarve and die.
" Away, (they cry) we never ſaw thy name,
" Or in Preferment's liſt, or that of Fame;
" Away—nor here the fate thou'ſt earn'd bewail,
" Who canſt not buy a vote, nor haſt a ſoul for ſale.

Oh

VI.

Oh Indignation, wherefore wert thou given,
If drowſy Patience deaden all thy rage?——
Yet we muſt *bear*——ſuch is the will of heaven;
And, WEBSTER, ſo preſcribes thy candid page.
Then let us hear thee preach ſeraphic love,
Guide our diſguſted thoughts to things above;
So our free ſouls, fed with divine repaſt,
(Unmindful of low mortals mean employ)
Shall taſte the preſent, recollect the paſt,
And ſtrongly hope for every future joy.

To a LADY *on the loſs of a* RELATION.

——— ——— *Præcipi lugubres*
Cantus MELPOMENE——

WHY ſhould we bluſh to pour the tender tear,
In ſtreams unceaſing o'er her ſacred bier?
Why not permit the ſwelling ſigh to riſe,
When loſt to us! the matchleſs creature dies?
Oh, where ſhall piety, celeſtial maid?
Or truth in natures artleſs garb array'd,
Where now ſhall charity a dwelling find?
Since ſhe is gone in whom they all combin'd.
For her the good, for her the virtuous mourn,
And drop their melting ſorrows on her urn,
But thou the chief of all the mourning train,
Permit the muſe to join thee in thy pain,
Permit the muſe her matchleſs worth to tell,
To weep that e'er ſuch matchleſs virtue fell.
Tho' from life's dawn with racking pains oppreſt;
Tho' conſtant tortures, labour'd in her breaſt,
She bore each ſuff'ring, with a ſoul ſo great,
No pain could force one murmur at her fate,

But ever to the ſkies, her voice ſhe'd raiſe,
In glorious tributes of exalted praiſe.
Mute is that tongue whence ſacred wiſdom flow'd,
Whoſe pleaſing ſtrains with pious ardour glow'd;
Her eaſy eloquence, from earlieſt youth,
Was ſtill kept ſacred to the cauſe of truth;
Still fond to praiſe, wherever praiſe was due,
To meritorious deeds her laud was true:
She knew not, to deſtroy another's fame,
And tho' deſerv'd, unwilling was her blame.
From her the afflicted widow found relief;
She kindly ſooth'd the ſorrowing orphan's grief;
Nor e'er her charitable help denied,
But to the poor their ev'ry want ſupplied:
Like heav'ns her bounty ſtill flow'd unconfin'd!
Unlimited! embracing all mankind;
Yet in ſuch ſecrecy her works ſhe hid,
Her left hand knew not what her right hand did;
That had not loud-tongu'd gratitude reveal'd
Her generous acts, they ſtill had been conceal'd.
Thus fertile ſtreams in ſolemn ſilence flow,
While trickling riv'lets murmur as they go.
Who then forbids the ſwelling ſigh to riſe?
Loſt to the world, when the lov'd woman dies?
Yet not too far, indulge the tender tear,
When midſt our griefs leſs mournful ſcenes appear;
" By friendly hands her dying eyes were clos'd,
" By friendly hands her decent limbs compos'd,"
Amidſt her friends, her ſacred reliques laid,
And the laſt tribute by a friend was paid.
What tho' to life's decline, ſhe not attain'd,
Yet virtue's loftieſt ſummit ſoon ſhe gain'd,
Thence took her flight to her celeſtial ſeat,
Her circle ſmall, yet perfectly compleat.
(Who but prefers the ſparkling diamonds blaze,
To the faint cryſtal's *more extended* rays?)

She

She left this world, with no deſire denied,
Her lateſt wiſh compleated when ſhe died,
With calmneſs heav'n-infus'd ſhe met her fate,
Her peaceful ſoul with joys ſerene elate.
Oh! may the bard when his laſt hour ſhall come
When age or ſickneſs beckon to the tomb,
Unmov'd, like her he ſings, reſign his breath,
And ſink as eaſy to th' embrace of death.
With raptures mild ſhe ſought the bleſt abodes,
Where no tormenting pain her bliſs corrodes;
But where ſhe ſings in never-ceaſing day,
His praiſe, who freed her from terreſtrial clay;
While angels charm'd are ſtruck with glad ſurprize,
To find from earth ſo pure a ſoul ariſe.
Why then indulge the melancholy ſigh?
Why ſtill ſhould tears o'erflow each weeping eye?
Since now from ev'ry mortal ill remov'd,
"By angels honour'd, and by angels lov'd,"
In heaven's bleſt realms where all her ſorrows ceaſe,
Her hallelujahs hail the prince of peace.

F. G. H.

HERCULES *Banter'd.*

WHEN HERCULES, by OMPHALE ſubdu'd,
Or held the diſtaff, or with needle ſew'd;
The vanquiſh'd lions ſkin he wiſely wore,
To ſhew what mighty feats he'd done before.
Once a pert taſk-mate of the female train
Her ſpleen no longer, mirthful, could reſtrain:
His metamorphoſes ſhe turn'd to joke,
And thus ſhe jeer'd th' immortal hero's cloak.
Dread Sir, (quoth ſhe) methinks this ſhaggy ſkin
Is but an odd dreſs to ſit ſpinning in.

You overcame a lion, ſay you did,
And ſtript, his coat, the worthy victor's meed:
Alas! ſir, ſhould my miſtreſs flea the corſe
Of all ſhe conquer'd, yours would fare the worſe.

T. P.

CHLOE *the* MISANTHROPE.

I.

LOST to the pleaſures of the Day,
Loſt to the nights repoſe,
Joyleſs I wear the hours away,
CHLOE and love my foes.

II.

To charm my too capricious fair,
My all in vain employ'd,
Mean animals her only care,
Her ſmiles to man denied.

III.

In dreams I ſeek the *Perſian*'s * arts,
High born on fancy's wings,
The pitying ſage his ſkill imparts,
Tho' oft refus'd to kings.

IV.

Soon as the myſtick phraſe reveal'd,
Poor POLL my rival dies,
In the gay form I lie conceal'd,
And bleſs my CHLOE's eyes.

V.

The lively linnet's warbling throat,
With rapture ſhe'd approve,
But PHILOMELA's ſofter note,
Diſſolves the nymph in love.

* *See Perſian Tales by* Phillips, *Vol.* I. *page* 356.

VI.

In little *Cæſar*'s † form reclin'd,
Or on her lap, or breaſt,
Eaſe to my ev'ry care I find,
With kiſſes lull'd to reſt.

VII.

In the wild ſquirrel's ſhape I rove,
O'er ev'ry charming part,
Beauties which frozen age might move,
And warm a ſtoick's heart.

VIII.

But chiefly jackoes wiles have pow'r,
New tricks and ſports t' apply,
The morning, noon and ev'ning hour,
To catch her raviſh'd eye.

IX.

Too ſoon the love-built viſion flies,
And truth reſumes her throne,
Me tho' in borrow'd ſhapes ſhe prize,
She ſlights me in my own.

P. P.

EPITAPH

On Mr. THOMAS READ, ſon of the Rev. Mr. READ of *Tenbury*, in *Worceſterſhire*.

By Mr. TOLDERVY.

WHEN vice, with ſyren charms, corrupts the age,
Enſnares the youthful, and allures the ſage;
How great that ſoul, who cou'd each charm defy!
Too good to live, and, Oh! too great to die!

† *Lap dog.* Such

Such were his times, and ſuch, alas! was he;
A great example for poſterity.
If where kind nature laviſh, yields her part,
To pleaſe the eye and captivate the heart,
Claims thy attention, oh! the guſhing tear
Muſt dew the turf of him, that ſlumbers here.
So mild his manners, ſo ſincere his tongue!
So gayly moral, and ſo ſagely young!
So firm his friendſhip, ſo compos'd a mind!
Where every grace, where every charm combin'd,
To form th' amazing whole!—O, gentle ſhade,
Thy blooming virtues time ſhall never fade:
This frail relief accept, my friendſhip pays;——
Thy fame muſt live, when this poor verſe decays.

EPITAPH

On Dr. KEIL, the late famous ASTRONOMER.

By the late Mr. CHRISTOPHER PITT.

BEneath this ſtone the world's juſt wonder lies,
Who while on earth had rang'd the ſpacious ſkies;
Around the ſtars his active ſoul had flown,
And ſeen their courſes finiſh'd e'er his own:
Now he enjoys thoſe realms he could explore,
And finds that heav'n he knew ſo well before.
He thro' more worlds his victory purſu'd,
Than the brave *Greek* could wiſh to have ſubdu'd;
In triumph ran one vaſt creation o'er,
Then ſtop'd,——for Nature could afford no more.
With CÆSAR's ſpeed, young AMMON's noble pride,
He came, ſaw, vanquiſh'd, wept, return'd, and dy'd.

A Reflection on seeing that excellent Picture of BELISARIUS *drawn by* Vandyke..

POOR, blind, and old, see! BELISARIUS led
An alms to ask of those, his bounty fed:
Whom he defended, by his lord beknav'd;
And circumvented by the wretch, he sav'd!
Do such things startle you?—rash thoughts suspend,
Judge not appearances, but mark the end.
What if the *present* is alone reveal'd,
And all beyond it prudently conceal'd;
What if the clue, when life's last thread is spun,
Should to a farther, more extensive, run;
If here varieties disorders seem,
Hereafter make a more consistent scheme;
Why inequalities confusion call?
'Tis *providence* in nature, GOD in all;
This * shews the value of all earthly things,
A great man's favours, or the smiles of kings;
On fortune's slipp'ry ground, who stand elate,
This day the marks of love, the next of hate.

* *The picture.* F.

Translation of HAMLET, *Act* I. Scene 2.

'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, &c.

QUOD mortuo solennes hos ritus patri
Persolvis, id quidem laudo, & honestum puto:
Unum tamen hoc cogites velim, ut pater tuus
Avum deflerit ereptum, ut ille proavum,
Quem filius superstes, pro suâ in patrem
Pietate, luctu plorare tenetur brevi.
Ast pervicacis qui tenax sententiæ,

Testatur

Teſtatur æternis dolorem fletibus,
Is, dum nefandâ peccat contumaciâ,
Muliebritèr tantùm luget. Mentem arguit
Perinìquam & fortunæ imparem, cor languidi
Expugnabile doloris vi, fractum malis
Animum, nullâque excultam ductrinâ indolem.
Quod lege certâ fert ſecum neceſſitas,
Quod non minùs frequentèr evenit, indiès
Quàm quæ ſpectantur oculis vulgatiſſima
Objecta, cur protervis id ululatibus
Audactèr obnitens quis deploraverit?
Proh! execrabile, in olympi rectores deos,
In mortuos, in ipſam naturam, ſcelus!
Quinetiam acerrimè rationi obſiſtitur,
De morte parentum quæ nunquam non diſſerit,
Cujus, primo ab hominum interitu uſque ad hunc diem,
Ea vox ſuit, "neceſſario ità res ſe habet."
Deſine tandèm vano indulgere luctui,
Et me patre utaris: ſciant omnes mei
Hæriditario te jure inſignia
Regni excèpturum, neque ſtudium ergâ te meum
Minus eſſe quàm quo filium indulgentiſſimus
Pater quiſque ſuum proſequitur. Quòd celeberrimam
Lencoriæ fert animus redire academiam,
Id nullus approbo; quin jam veſtram, obſecro,
Mentem in noſmet transfer, noſtræque particeps
Lætitiæ, perpetuam hîc tibi ſedem ſtatuito
Supremus aulicus, cognatus, filius.

END of the third number.

THE STUDENT, OR THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

THALIA.

ESSAY II.

Κ' ἢν ποτ' ἰδῃς κλαίοντα, φυλάσσεο μὴ σε πλανήσῃ.

Mosc. Idyll. 1. V. 25.

I Am afraid my readers (if indeed I have any) will hardly perceive, without this information, that I propose treading in the steps of the immortal ADDISON; and tho' I had not the vanity to call my papers by the names of SPECTATORS, yet the same shall be the end, and the subjects varied like his, as matter shall offer, or inclination prompt.

I am prepar'd for the witlings, who shall tell me that I ought to have been *well awake* e'er I had thought of this; and that it was very unlike ADDISON to begin with *talking in my sleep*.

If I can but follow him, tho' *with unequal ſteps*; if, like his, my papers may tend to promote the cauſes of religion, innocence and virtue; if I can blend (as he has beautifully done) the *uſeful* and *agreeable* together, I ſhall attain the end I aim at.

Tho' I am an enemy to egotiſm, thus much I thought neceſſary to ſay of myſelf and my deſign; but I ſhall now, without any more of this preface, which, like BAYS's prologue, might have ſerv'd for any other as well as this, fall into my ſubject at once, and direct my diſcourſe to the ladies, whom I have very much at heart, and whom I ſhall frequently make my care; *for* (to uſe the words of that villain LOVELACE, in the worthieſt ſenſe) moſt *dearly do I love the ſweet creatures.*

Tears, ſays a certain author, whom I have forgot, *are the blood of a love-wounded ſoul, the ſea in which love ſwims pleaſantly, and the food by which it is wonderfully nouriſh'd.*

Now, as odd and ſtrange as theſe expreſſions are, I would adviſe the ladies, as a friend, to conſider the weight of them. A lover, who, by all the rhetoric of *flames, darts, let-me-die's*, has not been able to make the leaſt impreſſion on his miſtreſs's heart, ſhall ſwim you in a flood of his tears into her good graces with the greateſt eaſe imaginable. Our youth know this to be an unfailing method; they think it therefore needleſs to ſay a word of ſincerity, but call up their tears, and their work is done.——One wou'd think they were in poſſeſſion of COWLEY's *receipt* to make *tears that ſpeak.*

If I were diſpos'd to ſhew my reading, I cou'd fortify myſelf with quotations on all ſides; OVID wou'd furniſh me with ſcraps without number from his *epiſtles* and *art of love*,

But all our young ladies, we've reaſon to hope,
Have read them tranſlated by DRYDEN or POPE,

ſo that I leave it to them to apply.

I doubt not but many a fair one's experience can witneſs the prevailing efficacy of tears; and as for the men, I am credibly

credibly inform'd, there are a ſet of young fellows that have met with ſuch ſucceſs by this means, that they call themſelves *the conquerors*.

It is a difficult matter to find what to attribute the good fortune of this weeping tribe to; whether it be that the tender-hearted creatures are overcome by a ſecret ſympathy, at ſight of a ſimilar ſoftneſs in the nature of man, which is ſo eminent in their own, or whether the view of the terrible effects their beauty has over the wretched lover,

——— ——— ——— *Who begs relief*
With tears, the dumb petitioners of grief,

may not excite their compaſſion, I will not take upon me to determine; but I think a man muſt make a deſpicable figure in the eyes of a woman of ſenſe, who takes this ridiculous method of perſuaſion.

It is not however to be imagin'd what ſucceſs in general theſe waterings have had in raiſing, inſtead of quenching a flame.

Sometimes, 'tis true, there may be ſincerity in tears, doubtleſs there is; but it is ſo ſeldom, that I think every lady ſhou'd keep a little thumb phial, that ſhe might put all that came from her lover's heart into it, and lay it up as a reſervoir for the inſpection of the curious; but I muſt confeſs I think if ſhe did not marry him till ſhe had it full, ſhe muſt live to an antediluvian age, or elſe run a great hazard of dying an old maid.——And who among you, ladies, would take ſo deſperate a chance?

If ever, therefore, when RANGER begins to weep, *miſs* MOLLY ſtays in the room, I immediately give her up for loſt. Since, take my word for it in *Latin*, (for I would not be underſtood when I ſpeak of a lady's weakneſs)

Tutatur favor Euryalum, lacrymæque decoræ.

On the REALITY *of* RELIGION.

LETTER III.

BY worſhip is generally underſtood a viſible profeſſion of men's belief of a firſt cauſe, the author of their Beings, and the diſpenſer of thoſe gifts and bleſſings by which they and all other creatures are ſupported in their exiſtence; requeſting of him, with a becoming ardour and importunity, but in the moſt dutiful and ſubmiſſive manner, whatever good things they are in want of, as alſo with joy and gladneſs of heart acknowledging the receipt of thoſe which he has ſo liberally and ſeaſonably dealt out to them, infinitely above their deſerts, and far exceeding their largeſt wiſhes. In a word, their making him ſuch tenders of ſervice and obedience, of praiſe and thankſgiving, as reaſon or revelation or both declare him to be moſt delighted with, and which proclaim and ſet forth his infinite wiſdom and philanthropy, in the fulleſt, the ſtrongeſt, and moſt expreſſive terms.

Some have founded the Creator's right of worſhip on his unlimited power and ſovereignty. But, not to inſiſt on arguments, which, ſtrictly ſpeaking, can be no proper foundation of a reaſonable ſervice, we ſhall deduce the neceſſity, and from thence the reality, of worſhip from theſe two particulars, 1ſt, becauſe the ſenſe of an omnipotent governour cannot be continued in full vigour and activity without it; and, 2dly, from the intereſting conſequences it is naturally teeming with, and immediately productive of. On both which accounts it neceſſarily becomes a duty. Firſt, worſhip is neceſſary to keep up in mens minds affecting practical ſentiments of their origination from a firſt great principle, and of the immenſe obligations they have to him thro' every period of their lives. One reaſon why men forget any particular thing is the not adverting ſeriouſly to it; bringing the ſame frequently into their minds, and taking

taking there a full view of it, and all its concomitant circumſtances, as likewiſe of the good or ill it is likely to entail on them in a long train of conſequences. Hence whatever creates attention, or encreaſes it, to any ſuppos'd object or event, cauſes the idea thereof to operate proportionally upon the will, the faculty which firſt chooſes and then determines to action. But cuſtom has ſurprizing effects in the *molding* and *faſhioning* of us. By repetition a particular character is formed, or the whole conſtitution of mens minds ſeems in a manner to ariſe out of it. And the perceptions ever grow more and more languid in proportion to their frequency (as reiterated impreſſions ever abate of their original force and vividneſs, the final cauſe of which I can plainly ſee, notwithſtanding it may be difficult to aſſign the efficient one) yet what they loſe in one reſpect they gain in another, or, the active habits founded on them keep continually riſing and advancing in ſtrength as the other decreaſe, i. e. are leſs and leſs ſenſibly felt. And in nothing does this hold more univerſally true, or appear ſo eminently, as in the caſe of religious worſhip: for unleſs, every now and then, we retire from the buſy cares and ſolicitudes of life, and openly own our belief of God's preſentiality both as to noticing and diſtinguiſhing our acts, and very intentions, by ſuitable marks of complacency or diſlike, the deſire of applying to him for what we have need of, as well as the ſenſe of benefits already receiv'd, would be imperceptibly declining, and in time loſe all its power over us. And men ever become more remiſs and non-obſervant of ſocial duties, in the degree that they fail in the practice of religious ones. Nothing more certain than this.

On the other hand, examples have not been wanting of perſons, who, by conſtantly attending upon God in thoſe places, which are more immediately appropriated to his honour and ſervice, have come to ſettle in their minds ſuch notions of the abſolute neceſſity of a holy life, as to be uniformly determin'd by them, even in inſtances where inclination

and

and duty have manifeſtly croſs'd each other, and drawn them different ways, according to their reſpective movements. And which have inviolably attach'd them to the cauſe of virtue, in ſpite of all temptations to draw them off, and give it up. So kind and favourable to publick happineſs is Religion! and yet (which excites both our ſurprize and grief) kind and benign as it is to man in all his valuable intereſts and engagements, it has been expos'd to banter and ridicule, and met with the moſt virulent and outrageous inſults, even from thoſe who would be thought the warmeſt and moſt ſtable friends to civil liberty and property. But nothing ſo well proves the expedience of divine worſhip, or ſets it in a ſtronger and more conſpicuous light, than thoſe happy and bliſsful effects which naturally flow from it. For when this duty is perform'd with a decency and gravity becoming that infinite and all-perfect Being which we addreſs, it tends to give us the moſt auguſt venerable conceptions of his excellencies, and, each time it is repeated, we find ourſelves more and more diſpoſed to yield him that obedience in actions which our tongues confeſs to be his due. In every act of adoration, whether in our cloſet or at his own houſe, we acknowledge him to be the creator, the preſerver and governor of the world. And what rational creature knows and can profeſs this and not be actuated by it? Religious exerciſes, if properly conducted, neceſſarily raiſe pious and devout emotions, which man ſhould improve into determin'd reſolutions, and a ſuitable conſequent practice. When no obſtruction lies in the way, thoſe effects, indeed, follow of courſe. The apprehenſion of God's being ever ſo preſent with us, as to have the moſt intimate knowledge of all our conceptions, words, and actions, makes us, with horror and diſdain, reject the thoughts of intending, declaring, or acting whatever may be juſt matter of offence to him. The ſenſe of his eternity and immenſity, of his infinite wiſdom and power, (which each act of worſhip is admirably fitted to produce) poſſeſſes us with juſt ſentiments of our own littleneſs

littleneſs and inſignificancy, which, by ſtifling all ſeeds of ſelf-confidence and preſumption in the heart, is an excellent means to beat down human pride.——His juſtice demands our fear and reverence—His veracity compels us to rely and confide in him. And infinite goodneſs fills our hearts with tranſports of love and gratitude. Thus ſhall we be diſpos'd and affected, whenever we view God in his natural and moral, or in his abſolute and relative capacity.

"There's ſomething, ſays *a fine writer*, in human "nature that's very hard to be quite ſuppreſſed, and "can't be reconciled to apparent baſeneſs. The ſight "of a friend, to whom we have been ungrateful, will give "us ſome uneaſineſs; how much more may be expected "from the preſence of the Almighty, when we have been "ſo to him? That preſence we are always in, but do not "always conſider it. Solemn applications to him make "us more immediately ſenſible of that preſence, and leave "ſuch impreſſions, as (if duly repeated) will keep us from "forgetting it." RYMER's *general repreſentation of revealed religion.*

If we conſider prayer as the humble ſuit of a creature to its all-wiſe and all-gracious Creator, it naturally tends to inſpire us with awful and reſpectful ſentiments of God's being and ſupremacy; of his ſuperintendence and direction of all events to his own ſpecial purpoſes; it reminds us of our obligation to him for whatever we enjoy, and how unable are we to make the proviſion overſelves; we neither come into being, nor can maintain ourſelves in it, without his co-operation. All we do, all we poſſeſs and hold, is by and from him; and as we know we cannot oblige the Deity to aid and aſſiſt us in our ſtreights, the ſenſe of ſuch inability and dependence will neceſſarily produce reſolutions of acting in a manner that will *incline* him to it, or, in other words, make us benevolent; the thing, which the Deity intended by this and every other ſpecies of worſhip. By praiſing and returning thanks (the only returns in our pow-

er

er to make) we confeſs ourſelves to have no right to the favours we receive, but that they wholly proceed from the good pleaſure of heaven; and ſince the infinite majeſty dwelling there is under the influence of no one thing in nature, he is perfectly free as to the time and manner of beſtowing them. The conſciouſneſs of which will neceſſarily excite deſires of rendering ourſelves proper objects of his paternal care and tenderneſs.

Faſts, humiliations, feſtivals in commemoration of benefits receiv'd, or dangers eſcap'd, confeſſions of our great unworthineſs, and the like, have all, and each of them, a direct tendency both to produce and enlarge a ſenſe of our dependency upon God; and having ſuch an effect, and thoſe tendencies, they thereupon commence neceſſary duties.

This alſo affords an anſwer to them who demand the end an all ſufficient Being can be ſuppoſed to have, in requiring ſuch ſervices at the hands of his creatures? Is he the better, or can he be rendered more glorious in being glorify'd, i. e. invok'd, ſupplicated, acknowledg'd, &c. or wants he the information of his creatures, in order to become acquainted with their neceſſities, and their intreaties, to be diſpoſed to relieve them? Did but thoſe, who aſk ſuch queſtions, ſeriouſly reflect how forcibly the humble exerciſe of this important duty draws the devout aſpirant to an imitation of the divine excellencies, they would readily perceive, and as frankly declare, who are the perſons, that talk thus fooliſhly and impertinently. Were they to attend publick worſhip more regularly, and carry themſelves decently and reverently thro' every part of it, their own experience, or the diſpoſition and frame of mind neceſſarily, tho' perhaps inſenſibly, growing out of acts of devotion, would be a living monument of the weakneſs of all ſuch ſort of objections. For in each ſucceſſive intercourſe that we hold with the Deity, we have freſh incitements to tranſcribe into our practice thoſe moral perfections in which he moſt deſires to be imitated, viz. to be tender-hearted and compaſſionate to

the diſtreſſed; kind and liberal to the poor; candid in our conſtructions of other mens words and actions; eaſy, humane, and affable to all. And when men live under theſe and the like impreſſions of God and religion, they will be afraid of offending him in the leaſt, as well as in the greateſt matters.

R——*.

[*To be continued.*]

To the STUDENT.

SIR, Cambridge, Dec. 15. 1750.

Ridiculum acri fortius ac melius.

HAVING concluded from the many excellent ſpecimens you have given the publick of your facetious talents, that you was a great friend to every liberal jocularity, and would of courſe patronize all thoſe pleaſant qualifications you are ſo eminently maſter of; I was no leſs aſtoniſhed than diſguſted, at the ignominious reflections you lately caſt on that exalted ſpecies of wit, which is now practiced by gentlemen of the brighteſt parts, under the elegant denomination of a HUMBUG. To maintain that a word ſo remarkably ſignificant as to comprehend infinitely more than can be expreſs'd has not even the *penumbra* of a meaning, is to charge the ſun himſelf with obſcurity, and to repreſent his meridian brightneſs as inferior to a vaniſhing and doubtful twilight.

But before I enter upon any vindication, either of the ſignificancy or practice of the *Humbug*, I muſt inform you, that my reſenting your contemptuous manner of treating it ariſes from the ſame motive that would excite my indignation, on having an opprobrious libel openly levell'd at my ſelf. For as I am a perſon of great diſtinction, and derive both the origin and ſupport of it from a peculiar

concinnity of addreſs, which I aſſume in conferring *Humbugs* on all the minor wits that come in my way; I cannot avoid conſidering all derogations from an art I am ſo ſkilful a proficient in as ſo many implicit ſtrokes of ſatire on my ſelf, and an indirect way of reviling my taſte and judgment.

I muſt obſerve moreover, that you have greatly aggravated my animoſity on this occaſion, and made your injurious defamations the more provoking, by publiſhing them juſt at a time when I was going to favour the world with a collection of ſome exemplary inſtances of my ſcommatical expertneſs. For as ſoon as your *penumbral* remark had invaded the eyes of my bookſeller, it immediately ſpread a total darkneſs over his intellects, and ſo entirely blinded him to the beauties and value of my productions, that he moſt vehemently declared againſt all commerce with me on any terms; notwithſtanding he had till then as obſequiouſly ſubmitted to every propoſal I made him. So that I have great reaſon to fear, (unleſs I can prevail on you to interpoſe in the behalf of my rejected work) that the raſcal will have the honour of putting a greater *Humbug* on me, than any I had deſigned, for the perpetuity of my preſent reputation, to compliment the publick with. And in order to induce you the more effectually to befriend my performance, I ſhall, by a ſhort account of it, convince you, that the whole literary republick muſt be greatly intereſted in its fate. It is then chiefly calculated for the edification of ſuch as are deſirous of making a ſhining figure in the beau-monde; and, for the more complete accompliſhment of this lauable purpoſe, I have ſubjoined to the beſt experimental illuſtrations of what is juſtly eſteemed good breeding a theoretic ſyſtem of maxims, inſtructing gentlemen of ſuperiour endowments, how to diſplay them on all occaſions, with the moſt conſummate grace and maſterly feſicity. I have likewiſe, for the entertainment and inſtruction of my more learned reader, compiled an hiſtorical

preface

preface to the whole; wherein I have inconteſtably proved, that the practice of the *Humbug* dates its commencement with the earlieſt tradition; that the moſt celebrated and renowned amongſt the ancients were all, in their ſeveral ways, great adepts in my profeſſion; and that they fathered ſuch a number of deluding exploits on their divinities, on purpoſe to give their own a ſanction, and render themſelves authentick precedents for the vindication of poſterity. I have beſides, in conſequence of theſe important diſcoveries, been enabled to give a clear and ſatisfactory explanation of whatever has been hitherto deemed obſcure or unintelligible in the heathen theology; and to throw ſuch a light on the mythological myſteries of the Egyptians, as muſt afford inexpreſſible pleaſure to all that have a true reliſh of, and veneration for antiquity.

It being then very apparent from the foregoing obſervations, that I am obliged, as through a principle of ſelf-defence, to exert my ſelf in ſupporting the dignity and credit of my office; I ſhall, without any further apology, proceed to expoſe the abſurdity of all objections againſt its uſe and appellation. And firſt it muſt be acknowledged, there has been great altercation amongſt our modern grammarians concerning the genealogy of the word *Humbug*. Some, rather thro' an affection for their own vernacular tongue than any critical conviction, affirm that it is pure Engliſh, and that no language beſides was ever enrich'd with ſo valuable a component. But ETYMOLOGICUS POLYGLOT, a learned acquaintance of mine, thinks the name of the *Humbug* to be at leaſt cotemporary with its uſe: in confirmation of which opinion, he has advanc'd many learned arguments, in a commentary, he is juſt going to publiſh, on the Orientals. By a natural tranſpoſition only of a few letters, and by making ſome reaſonable allowances for the corruption of time, he has made it appear more than probable, that it was derived from the Babylonians; who, he obſerves, were unavoidably

much addicted to the impoſing *Humbugs* on one another, during the confuſion of their language; which, he adds, was ſo general as to prevent an uniform acceptation of any ſingle word, excepting this ſuppos'd primitive of the *Humbug*, whereby they were all invariably accuſtomed to expreſs the conſtant deluſions they laboured under, from a miſapprehenſion of every one beſides. 'Tis aſtoniſhing, therefore, that a ſound which, thro' the great fitneſs of its application, and inherent ſignificancy, was univerſally made uſe of, and underſtood, even when anomalies were the only figures of ſpeech, and language conſiſted in nothing but a mere anarchy of voices, ſhould at length be ſentenced as unintelligible, when every tongue is governed by one common form of articulation. There is ſuch a ſtriking agreement betwixt the ſound and import of the *Humbug*, that it may properly be ſaid to beſpeak its own meaning, and to carry along with it a ſelf-interpretation. And I am ſatisfy'd if Biſhop WILKINS had but invented a complete language of ſuch words, that he would infallibly have ſucceeded in his ſcheme of promoting an univerſal one. How worthy an object then of the *Humbug* muſt that man render himſelf, who can be ſo egregious a *Humdrum* as to require any information about its meaning? It ought certainly to be explained to him in the moſt feeling and convincing manner: and as for my own part, ſince I think myſelf obliged in charity to embrace every opportunity of inſtructing the ignorant, I ſhould take an uncommon pleaſure in ſatisfying ſuch a perſon's curioſity, by giving him one of the beſt practical definitions my invention could ſupply me with.

As it would be quite ſupervacaneous, as well as tedious, to inſiſt on every argument that might be urged in the defence of a truth which ſhines ſufficiently clear with its own native light; I ſhall confine myſelf to a few extraneous illuſtrations of the propriety and advantage of affecting that droll and humourous caſt of behaviour, which conſtitutes the moſt eſſential part of my character. If it be granted,

(and

(and it certainly muſt be granted) that our ſuperior faculty ought not to lie neglected and unemployed, it muſt follow that every man is oblig'd, as far as his abilities and capacity will permit him, to practice the *Humbug*; ſince both that and all the ſiſterly tribe of witticiſms are the undoubted offspring of that ſuperior faculty: unleſs it can be queſtioned whether that be ſuperior, which actually exerts a ſovereign ſway and dominion over all the reſt. And to convince that this does, I atteſt all its invincible champions, from Lord SHAFTSBURY to Orator HENLY. I atteſt the final confuſion and ſilence of all its impotent oppoſers. And laſtly, I atteſt the open acknowledgment and conceſſion of its independency on reaſon, by perhaps the greateſt philoſopher, and the greateſt divine the world ever produced.* Whence then, may it be aſked, proceed ſuch frequent diſſentions about a principle and matter of fact ſo certain and notorious? The queſtion is eaſily anſwered. They reſult from the mortification and ſpleen of ſuch contemptible wretches as have a great deal of ambition, without the leaſt ability to gratify it. Who have purely out of envy and revenge endeavoured to degrade that urbanity of manners, they in vain aſpire after. And, thro' deſpair of being ever able to obtain the ſmiles of the charming and ſprightly Euphroſyne, have, with all the ridiculous inconſiſtency of extreme jealouſy, ſet up their reaſon in rivalſhip with the goddeſs they adored. To try the cauſe of wit by the laws of reaſon is altogether as prepoſterous as to make an appeal to our ſenſes, as the umpires by proper right and authority appointed to ratify or revoke the decrees of conſcience, or to ſubmit the plain deciſions of reaſon itſelf to the juriſdiction of our appetites, paſſions, and affections. In ſhort, 'tis to invert that harmonious ſubordi-

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* LOCKE's *eſſay on human underſtanding*. *B.* ii. *C.* 11. § 2. BUTLER's *analogy*. *p.* 422.

nation

nation of government which naturally prevails amongſt the active principles of our inward conſtitution, and to turn human nature topſy turvy. The province of reaſon is confined within certain precincts, and its operations are determined by eſtabliſhed rules; whereas the empire of the mercurial faculty is quite unlimited. It extends its dominions, without the leaſt reſtriction, as far as our imaginations can carry us; it exacts a ſubſerviency from every inferior power of the mind, and makes it miniſterial to the augmentation of its own authority and glory.

An ARISTIPPUS is no more a creature of art than an APELLES, and a ſervile obſerver of mere rational forms and precepts is as incapable of adorning any ſtation in life, as that painter is of forming or executing a good deſign, who is afraid to let his thoughts tranſgreſs the bounds of nature, and dares not allow his pencil to deviate from the preſcribed directions of others. 'Tis the bold and licentious hand alone that can communicate ſuch a grace, ſpirit, and meaning to colours, as will warm and inſtruct the heart of a judicious obſerver. The greateſt genius nnder legal reſtraints cannot call forth and diſplay on the canvas the beauties of his imagination, nor do juſtice to the grandeur and ſcience of his conceptions. But by an eaſy freedom of ſtyle he commands many a charm beyond the attainment of art, and gives ſuch original characteriſtics to all his productions, as render them properly his own.

Nor is the *Humbug* ſolely advantageous to its peculiar profeſſors, but it tends alſo to the emolument of all that are placed whithin the ſphere of its influence. The God of wit is not only propitious to his votaries, but diſpenſes ſome ſhare of his bleſſings even on the very victims that fall a ſacrifice to him. Nothing more invigorates the underſtanding, or puts it better upon its guard and defence, than an aſſault upon it. Such an attack provokes the mind to call forth and exert every power, which is as much augmented by contending

contending in this intellectual palæstra, as the force and activity of our limbs are by a real athletic conflict. It is not sufficient for any one barely to have a capacity and taste for every smart accomplishment; but he must have his talents worked upon, in order to become a smart fellow. The principles of wit would for ever lie dormant and undiscovered, like the virtual sparks in a flint, if they were not suscitated by some foreign aid and impulse; and experience may convince us, that nothing more effectually quickens up our parts, and gives them all the edge and poignancy they will admit of, than brisk mental discipline. By such a mutual collision we wear off that asperity and rust from our understandings, which they would otherwise be so liable to contract, and may almost in a literal sense be said to receive a polish from each other.

As I judge I may now conclude, with a thorough confidence in the sufficiency of the attempt I have here made, to restore the *Humbug* to its former credit and esteem; I shall do it with setting forth, at one view, the chief causes of the great zeal I have shown on this occasion. It is then to a frequent application of that word alone that I am indebted for the universal respect I meet with, from all the gentlemen that are honour'd with my acquaintance. It is to that I refer the valuable prerogative of behaving as rudely as I please, without running any risque of forfeiting my pretensions to good manners. By the assistance of that, I am enabled to convert my own absurdities and follies into means of making other people appear guilty of them; and, in a scornful and deriding opposition to reason, to insult and triumph over their understandings, without casting the least reflection on my own. And lastly, 'tis to that (in justice to the good taste of the fair sex I declare it) ought to be attributed the many inestimable privileges and favours that have been granted me by the ladies. If therefore, Mr. STUDENT, you have any inclination to procure the singular honours and advantages

vantages I enjoy, I would adviſe you to make ſome acknowledgment of your inadvertency; which may properly enough be done by your publiſhing theſe remonſtrances, as ſuch a proceeding will tacitly declare your thorough conviction of the merits of the *Humbug*, and its injured advocate

PHILOMMEIDES.

To the STUDENT.

SIR,

—— *Decepta cupidine falſo.* HOR.

MAN is a thoughtful and rational being; elſe he could not be accountable for his actions: and yet, from a ſurvey of his general conduct, one would ſcarce imagine he ever *thought* or *reaſoned* at all. The happineſs of old age in a great meaſure depends upon the regularity of youth; but what little forecaſt is there diſcernable in young men to make that reaſonable and happy proviſion? Heat and paſſion generally ſpeaking are their boſom-counſellors: few have judgment enough to diſcern what is commendable, and fewer have prudence to correct their follies. Inconſtancy and want of thought appear in every action: they follow the bent of preſent inclination, without ſenſe of duty, friendſhip, or gratitude. They are altogether impatient of inſtruction and reproof, and deaf to the commands of reaſon and virtue. In ſhort, they are ſlaves to the irregular motions of paſſion, and falſe pleaſure is their principal delight.

I have been carry'd into theſe reflections by a very dear-purchas'd experience of the reality and truth of them. I had the happineſs to be born to a fortune ſufficient to have ſupported me in the progreſs of any ſtudy, and was bleſt with parts ſo lively and quick, that I impute my neglect of application to nothing more than their vivacity. I read men

more

more than books, but my misfortune was to make an improper choice. The ſerious and thoughtful were dull and inſipid to me; the gay and debonnair were the companions I moſt admired. My fortune enabled me to keep a ſlender equipage, and my ill-choſen friends gave me encouragement and help to haſten the conſumption of it. Schemes of gallantry captivated my very ſoul, and if any unwelcome thought ever ſtole in upon me to chaſtiſe my conduct, *drinking* was the remedy (tho' a very deceitful one) to drive from my mind ſuch an intruding fiend. Two beaſtly deities became the only objects of my adoration: *I roſe up early to follow ſtrong drink*, and nocturnal debauchery too often inflamed me. The inconveniencies however of both gave a happy turn to my thoughts, and the decay of my fortune awaken'd my reaſon, and was very inſtrumental in ripening my judgment.

I now thought it time to recover what I had loſt. I apply'd myſelf with diligence to the ſtudy of the law; in a few years was call'd to the bar, and became eminent enough to recall my waſted fortune with a plentiful intereſt. I now live without practice, and can review all that I have done for *others*, without any reaſon to repent that I have enriched *myſelf*. My only pennance (and I apprehend nothing but death will end it) is my ſuffering for follies committed when I had no thought. My body, in almoſt every veſſel of it, daily reproaches me, and every alteration of the air adds ſeverity to my pains. In this particular I am eſteemed as a well regulated *barometer*; and more application could not be made to me, if I had the ſole power of the weather. Not a ſoul will ſtir either on a journey, or for pleaſure, before he's ſatisfy'd from me whether he muſt take his ſurtout with him. I don't doubt, was I to take but moderate fees for my advice in this ſingle point, but I ſhould ſoon acquire an immenſe fortune.

Theſe hints, I aſſure you, are not made to encourage youthful debauchery, in order to acquire ſuch knowledge

from experience; for I can ſafely ſatisfy you that nothing in reality can be a dearer purchaſe. I intend theſe reflections rather as diſſuaſives from ſuch malignant poiſon, too apt to ſpread itſelf amongſt unthinking youth. And if the certainty of theſe obſervations will tend to the preſervation of any from the like misfortune, I ſhall be contented to be made the pariſh weather glaſs to the day of my death. My pains, inſtead of receiving comfort from an addition of companions in miſery, will be very much aſſwaged, if the terror of them ſhall keep others from deſerving the ſame.

B——*

Critical Obſervations upon the Song of DEBORAH.

(Continued from Number III.)

19. *The kings came* and *fought, then fought the kings of Canaan in Taanach by the waters of Megiddo, they took no gain of money.*

20. *They fought from heaven, the ſtars in their courſes fought againſt Siſera.*

21. *The river of Kiſhon ſwept them away, that ancient river, the river Kiſhon: O my ſoul, thou haſt trodden down ſtrength.*

22. *Then were the horſe-hoofs broken by the means of the pranſings, the pranſings of their mighty ones.*

WE may obſerve, when DEBORAH begins to relate God's mercies, how her ſoul is inflamed; ſhe omits nothing that may lift up the hearer's imagination, and give him a ſuitable idea of them. In order to underſtand the 20th verſe, we muſt conſult JOSEPHUS. He tells us, "That "God ſent a violent tempeſt of hail and rain in the faces of "SISERA's forces, which render'd them incapable of uſing "weapons, their fingers being benumb'd, and which at "the ſame time ſwell'd the river *Kiſhon* beyond its uſual "bounds.

« bounds. The ſtars alſo, ſays he, at the evening ſhone « with uncommon brightneſs, to light the *Iſraelites* in their « purſuit of the enemy." Now what grandeur and majeſty is there in theſe words, *They fought from heaven, the ſtars in their courſes* (or, as in the original, *in paths or ranks*, the Septuagint has it παρετάξαντο οἱ ἀστερες) *fought againſt Siſera!* What a beautiful proſopopoeia! She makes heaven a warriour for ISRAEL, and the ſtars of heaven as ſoldiers in their defence. Beſides this, here is a moſt noble image. LONGINUS ſpeaking of the φαντασίαι ſays, they are peculiar to an enthuſiaſm, or warmth of imagination. It is not ſufficient for the divine writer to ſay, *the ſtars fought againſt Siſera*; no, ſhe is ſo affected with this amazing inſtance of God's mercy, that ſhe thinks ſhe ſees them diſplay'd before her eyes in military array. In the following words is expreſs'd the fullneſs of the writer's ſoul, it ſwells as the river ſhe is ſpeaking of; words are ſcarce ſufficient to ſhew her admiration, therefore ſhe repeats the ſame thing thrice over, *the river Kiſhon, &c.* What a multitude of words to expreſs one idea, that the enemy was overwhelm'd in the river *Kiſhon!* After all this, ſhe vents herſelf by an apoſtrophe to herſelf: this is an important rule in rhetoric, and what CICERO ſeldom fails to obſerve; who, after an account of a ſurprizing action, delivers himſelf with more or leſs impetuoſity. This is done by apoſtrophes, interrogations, or exclamations. *O my ſoul, thou haſt trodden down ſtrength.* She has uſed all the energy of expreſſion, and the moſt ſublime image, in which ſhines the true ſpirit of eaſtern poetry. Another writer would have ſaid, *the ſtrength of thine enemies:* this was too languid for DEBORAH; by this hyperbole, ſtrength itſelf, (which is nothing more than juſt, if we conſider the inequality of forces) ſhe magnifies the act, and ſets before our eyes a fine piece of pictureſque, ſhewing as it were the action of a combatant, trampling with indignation on his antagoniſt, whom he has conquer'd. The divine writer in the 23d verſe proceeds to a ſecond confirmation of

the juſtneſs of her praiſes, by telling God's curſe on MEROZ, for not helping in his cauſe; and from hence, by a fine contraſt, enhances the merit of JAEL, whoſe ſignal ſervice ſhe relates.

23. *Curſe ye Meroz (ſaid the angel of the* LORD) *curſe ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof: becauſe they came not to the help of the* LORD, *to the help of the* LORD *againſt the mighty.*

24. *Bleſſed above women ſhall Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite be, bleſſed ſhall ſhe be above women in the tent.*

25. *He aſked water*, and *ſhe gave* him *milk, ſhe brought forth butter in a lordly diſh.*

Who is this that aſks for water? May we not accuſe our author of falſe grammar? No, the very thing that ſeems obſcure is the moſt exquiſite beauty. The divine author is ſo full of the late great action, that ſhe ſuppoſes the minds of all mankind, as well as her own, to be fix'd on this. Inſtead of ſaying SISERA *aſked water*, ſhe breaks forth, without relating whom ſhe ſpeaks of, *he aſked water*. Nothing can ſo naturally deſcribe the character of a perſon whoſe ſoul is ſtrongly fix'd on an object as the ſuppreſſion of this ſingle word SISERA. To authorize this obſervation, I need only mention a paſſage in the *Pſalms*, and St. AUGUSTINE's words on it, which are to this purpoſe; "The ſpirit of God, ſays "he, having revealed to the holy *Pſalmiſt*, that the ark ſhould "have a ſettled habitation on mount Sion, that prophet in the "higheſt raptures, without relating what paſſed within him, "cries out, His *foundation is in the holy mountains: the* LORD *loveth the gates of Sion more than all the dwellings of Jacob.* We may ſee the ſame beauty in the ſecond book of VIRGIL, where he deſcribes the ſurprize of ANCHISES, (who was eſcaping with ÆNEAS from the flames of *Troy*) upon hearing the enemy near behind him.

—— —— *Genitorque per umbram*
Proſpiciens, nate, exclamat, fuge, nate, propinquant.

[*To be continued.*]

A new

A new SYSTEM *of* CASTLE-BUILDING.

CHAP. VIII.

A continuation and concluſion of the character of Mr. ALL-SPICE, *with a word or two by way of application.*

OUR univerſal ſcholar having made an end of his moſt extraordinary harangue, he met with ſuch an applauſe as the old Græcians gave their principal ſpeakers, viz. the applauſe of ſilence, by which great WONDER is more adequately expreſs'd, than by the moſt clamourous clapping or vociferous roar in the world.

Ὡς ἐφαθ' οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀκὴν ἐγένοντο σιωπῇ,
MYΘΩN AΓAΣΣAMENOI.

But no one in the whole aſſembly wonder'd with ſo *fooliſh a face of praiſe* (to borrow a very ſignificant phraſe of brother POPE) as CYPHER BLANK, Eſq; a young gentleman, who never was accuſed of thinking, even by the moſt cenſorious: nevertheleſs, as he ſpoke articulately, Mr. ALL-SPICE contrived to make him of ſome uſe. In the firſt place he communicated to him (what it requires no talents to learn) the art of *Trap-wit*, or of being arch by confederacy. This is executed different ways; if the parties agree to be witty alternately, then one is to be the *Butt* one night, and the other the next. If it is my turn to be arch, you are to ſay ſeveral abſurd things (which are ſtipulated before-hand) in order to give me ſo many opportunities of ſhining, and making the company merry at your expence; and when your turn comes, I am bound in honour and gratitude to be your *Zany*.* But if the ſhuttle-

* This firſt method of TRAP-WIT is not unlike the proceedings of our modern gladiators, or prize-fighters, who agree about the wounds they are to give and receive before the engagement; and who often are conquerors alternately according to compact.

cock

cock is to be kept up jointly, and we are both to be witty the ſame evening, (which is another branch of *Trap-wit*) then ſeveral previous meetings to compile a dialogue of brilliant things, and ſeveral rehearſals to get them by rote, are neceſſary. In this latter kind of *Trap-wit*, CYPHER BLANK Eſq; was of little ſervice, he having a very unfortunate memory, and a much more unfortunate face: the muſcles of which could never be ſo diſtorted as to expreſs, or be conſonant to any meaning whatſoever.

Some perſons were a little ſurprized that Mr. ALL-SPICE, who affected to know every thing, and who was moſt unmercifully ſevere upon the illiterate and vulgar, ſhould condeſcend to have any degree of intimacy with Mr. BLANK, the virginity of whoſe underſtanding was never polluted with one ſingle idea. But, in good truth, Mr. ALL-SPICE, in reſpect to this matter ſhew'd his wiſdom; I mean a wiſdom in his own generation, the generation of

" —Thoſe half-learn'd wittlings num'rous in our iſle,
" As half-form'd inſects on the banks of Nile."

POPE.

In the firſt place, it gratify'd his pride to ſee his *ſeeming* abilities contraſted by the univerſal ignorance of poor CYPHER; and in the ſecond, it gratify'd his avarice to be treated upon all occaſions by the other, who was a man of ſuperior fortune. For, as it is ſaid of many a good-natured ſpendthrift, that he is no body's *foe* but his own, ſo might it be reciprocally advanced in *favour* of Mr. ALL-SPICE, that he was no body's *friend* but his own.

Having gone thus far with the character of Mr. ALL-SPICE, (and I dare not go any farther, leſt I ſhould make the picture too like) I will make bold to aſſert the truth of a poſition I laid down in the very threſhold of my laſt chapter; which was, that to aim at every thing is the perfection of Caſtle-building, or abſolutely chimærical and abſurd. And here I cannot help taking the liberty of adviſing the younger

part

part of my brethren to be content with thoſe ſtudies that are preſcribed them by the Univerſity; namely, a good knowledge of moral and natural philoſophy; a complete ſkill in the Latin; but above all things, the Greek language, without which no man can be a ſcholar. You'll find theſe taſks ſufficient to employ all your time, eſpecially if the following lines of Mr. POPE are true.

" One ſcience only will one genius fit;
" So vaſt is art, ſo narrow human wit:
" Not only bounded to *peculiar* arts,
" But oft in thoſe confin'd to *ſingle* parts.

CHIMÆRICUS CANTABRIGIENSIS.

To the STUDENT.

Dear Sir,

THE following letter is taken from the MS. of that excellent pattern of learning and piety, Mrs. ROWE, (and was communicated to me by Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM, now Earl of EGREMONT) whoſe memory you'll honour, if you condeſcend to inſert it in your next Number of the STUDENT. I take the liberty to aſſure you it has never yet appeared in print, and to pronounce it an original.

I am,

Your moſt obliged humble ſervant,

Sittingbourn, Kent,
Dec. 31. 1750.

E. A. P.

A LETTER

A LETTER *from the celebrated Mrs.* ROWE, *to the Right Honourable the Counteſs of* HERTFORD.

Written the day before her death.

Madam,

THIS is the laſt letter you will ever receive from me, the laſt aſſurance I ſhall give you on earth, of a ſincere and ſtedfaſt friendſhip; but when we meet again, I hope it will be in the heights of immortal love and extacy. Mine perhaps may be the glad ſpirit to congratulate your ſafe arrival to the happy ſhores. Heaven can witneſs how ſincere my concern for your happineſs is: thither I have ſent my ardent wiſhes, that you may be ſecured from the flattering deluſions of the world; and, after your pious example has been long a bleſſing to mankind, may calmly reſign your breath, and enter the confines of unmoleſted joy.——I am now taking my farewell of you here, but it is a ſhort adieu, with full perſuaſion that we ſhall ſoon meet again.—But oh! in what elevation of happineſs!—In what enlargement of mind, and what perfection of every faculty!—What tranſporting reflections ſhall we make on the advantages of which we ſhall be eternally poſſeſs'd!—To him that loved us in his blood ſhall we aſcribe immortal glory, dominion, and praiſe for ever: this is all my ſalvation, all my hope. That name in whom the Gentiles truſt, in whom all the families of the earth are bleſſed, is now my glorious, my unfailing confidence. In his worth alone I expect to ſtand juſtified before infinite purity and juſtice.—How poor were my hopes, if I depended on thoſe works, which my vanity, or the partiality of men have called good; and which, if examined by divine purity, would prove perhaps but ſpecious ſins! The beſt actions of my life would be found defective, if brought to the teſt of that unblemiſhed holineſs, in whoſe ſight the heavens are not clean: where were my hopes but for a redeemer's merit

rit and atonement?——How deſperate, how undone my condition! With the utmoſt advantages I could boaſt, I ſhould ſtep back and tremble at the thoughts of appearing before the unblemiſh'd majeſty!——Oh JESUS! what harmony dwells in thy name? Celeſtial joy and immortal life are in the ſound:——Let angels ſet thee to their golden harps, let the ranſomed nations for ever magnify thee.——What a dream is mortal life! what ſhadows are all the objects of mortal ſenſe! All the glories of mortality (my much loved friend) will be nothing in your view at the awful hour of death, when you muſt be ſeperated from this lower creation, and enter on the borders of the immortal world.

Something perſuades me this will be the laſt farewell, in this world; heaven forbid it ſhould be an everlaſting parting! may that divine protection, whoſe care I implore, keep you ſteadfaſt in the faith of chriſtianity, and guide your ſteps, in the ſtricteſt paths of virtue.

Adieu my moſt dear friend,

until we meet in the paradiſe of God,

E. ROWE.

Copy of a Letter from Abp LAUD *to the Univerſity of* OXFORD, *upon the reſignation of his Chancellorſhip.*

Communicated by a gentleman of C. C. C. Oxon.

To my very loving friends the Vice-Chancellor, the Doctors, the Proctors, and the reſt of the Convocation of the Univerſity of Oxford.

AFTER my hearty commendations, &c. theſe are to remember my love to that whole body; that love than which never any chancellour bare greater, or with more ferventneſs and zeal to the publick good and happineſs of that place. And I do heartily pray all and every one of you

to beleive me, for most true it is, that this unfortunateness of my great affliction doth not trouble me for any one thing more than that I can be no farther useful or beneficial to that place, which I so much love and honour.

I was once resolved not to resign my place of chancellour, till I saw the issue of my troubles one way or other; and this resolution I took partly because I had no reason to desert myself, and occasion the world to think me guilty; and partly because I have found so much love from the University, that I could not make myself willing to leave it, till some greater cause should take me off from that which I so resolv'd on.

That cause (if I be not much mistaken) doth now present itself, for I see the University hath great need of friends, great and daily need. I see my trial not hastned; so that I am neither able to assist your great occasions myself, nor procure friends for them. I see that if you had another chancellour, you would not want the help which now you do; and I cannot but know that were your love never so great to me, it must needs cool, when you see me able to give you no assistance, and yet fill the place which should afford it to you; and I should hardly satisfy myself that I love you so well as I do, if I did not further your good and happiness by all the means I can, even by this my resignation.

The serious consideration of these things, and the foresight which I have, that I shall never be able to serve you as I have done, have prevailed with me at this time to send the resignation of the chancellourship to your body met in convocation, and I do hereby pray you, that it may be publickly read and accepted, the time being now most fit, that so your honourable succeeding chancellour may presently appoint a deputy for the government according to his own judgment.

And now I do earnestly desire of you all either to remember or to know, that I never sought, or thought of the honour of this place to myself, and yet since it was by the great favour and love of that University laid upon me, I have

discharged

discharged it (by God's grace and goodness to me) with great pains and care; and God's blessing (I humbly thank him) hath not been wanting: and I profess singly and from my heart, if there be any good which I ought to have done to that place and have not done it, it proceeded from want of understanding or ability, not will or affection; and tho' I do for the causes aforesaid resign this place, yet I shall serve it still with my prayers so long as God continues my life.

And as I doubt not but God will bless you with an honourable chancellour, and one able to do more good for that place than I have been; so I pray God to give you a peaceable and quiet election, and to direct it for the good of his church, and the honour and happiness of that famous University, that you may have no miss in the least of him, who (after your prayers heartily desir'd) now writes himself the last time

Your very loving poor friend,

From the Tower,
June 25. 1641.

And chancellour,

W. CANT.

Answer of the Unviversity to the preceding letter.

Ampliſſimo & Reverendiſſimo Domino GUIL. LAUD, Archi-Præſuli Cantuarienſi.

Reverendiſſime Archi-Præſul, hoc enim ſolum tibi (ſic voluiſti) nomen relictum eſt.

NOviſſimæ literæ tuæ, amoris ſed & doloris plenæ, fecerunt ut dehinc nos plane ære dirutos diruptoſque profiteri debeamus; cum effuſiſſimo amori tuo verbis (quod unicum nobis ſuppetit peculium) ut paria faceremus, nunquam ſperandum fuit, nedum dolori noſtro verba nos reperturos, ne ſi paſſis quidem eloquentiæ velis vehi, & tota doloris prærogativa frui liceret. Hodie vero, ut ſunt tempora,

ad juſtiſſimum dolorem noſtrum non levis hic acceſſit cumulus, quod eum in ſinu premere, & quaſi ſtrangulare neceſſe habeamus; quibus ne illud quidem tuto queri licet, in ea nos tempora incidiſſe, in quibus ſingulari tuæ prudentiæ & amori conſuetiſſimum viſum ſit, noſtraque quam maxime intereſſe, ut res ac fortunas noſtras a tuis ſegreges habeamus & ſejunctas. Quanquam vero numini ſic viſum eſt, ut illud nobis beneficii loco imputandum haberes, quod maximum beneficiorum tuorum, teipſum a nobis ſegregares, & cancellarii munus abdicares; affectus tamen tuus erga academiam noſtram propenſiſſimus, tum literis tuis noviſſimis, tum aljis frequentibus abunde teſtatus, dubitare nos non ſinit, quin, depoſito invidioſo cancellarii titulo, tui, amantiſſimi patroni, affectum adhuc in ſinu tuo retineas. Quamdiu manuſcripta * illa χειμήλια tua, orientis ſpolia, & vere ἥλιου ἀναθήματα, bibliothecam noſtram illuſtrabunt; quamdiu lectura Arabica a te † dotata frequentabitur; quamdiu antiquitatis vindices ſimul & teſtes, antiqua numiſmata, viſentur; quamdiu caſtigatior diſciplina, mores emendati, morumque canon *ſtatuta* vigebunt; quamdiu pro ſtudio partium, bonarum artium ſtudia colentur; quamdiu literis honos, honori literæ erunt, cancellarium adhuc eſſe te ſentiet præſens ætas, fuiſſe poſtera agnoſcet. Dehinc immortalitatis ſecurus, gloriæque tuæ ſuperſtes, diu hic poſteritati tuæ interſis, ac demum ubi mortalitatis numeros omnes impleveris, plenus annis abeas, plenus honoribus, illis etiam quos abdicaſti; ita vovet

Amplitudini tuæ omni cultu &

Obſervantia devinctiſſima,

ACADEMIA OXONIENSIS.

* MSS. codd. pluſquam MCCCC de quibus plus quam CCCXXX linguis Orientalibus ſcripti, et paulo minus CL Græc. C Heb. &c.

† Salarium Profeſſoris ling. Arab. 40 l. per Ann.

The

The PIOUS SAILOR.

A ſacred ODE.

I.

THE man, whoſe heart from vice is clear,
Whoſe deeds are honeſt, true, ſincere,
Whom God and virtue guide,
With cautious circumſpection wiſe,
The dangerous wrecks of life defies,
And ſtems the mighty tide.

II.

He hears the ſtorms of fortune riſe,
In adverſe combate 'midſt the ſkies,
But hears without diſmay;
His pilot, God, the veſſel guides,
And oe'r the ſteady helm preſides,
And points the deſtin'd way.

III.

In vain the ſyrens tune their ſong,
With treach'rous muſick's luring tongue,
He ſtill maintains his road;
In vain they glance their beck'ning guiles,
Deſtructive charms, and wanton wiles;
His ſoul is fix'd on——God.

IV.

At length he kens the promis'd land,
And hails aloud the wiſh'd-for ſtrand,
With heav'nly joy poſſeſt;
And 'midſt the plenty of his ſtore,
(His labour paſt, his toil no more)
Enjoys the port of reſt.

The pretty BAR-KEEPER *of the* MITRE.

Written at College, 1741. By Mr. LUN.

I.

" RELAX, ſweet girl, your wearied mind,
" And to hear the poet talk,
" Gentleſt creature of your kind,
" Lay aſide your ſpunge and chalk;
" Ceaſe, ceaſe the bar-bell, nor refuſe
" To hear the jingle of the Muſe.

II.

" Hear your numerous votries prayers,
" Come, O come and bring with thee
" Giddy whimſies, wanton airs,
" And all love's ſoft artillery;
" Smiles and throbs, and frowns, and tears,
" With all the little hopes and fears.

III.

She heard——ſhe came——and e'er ſhe ſpoke,
Not unraviſh'd you might ſee,
Her wanton eyes that wink'd the joke,
Ee'r her tongue could ſet it free.
While her forc'd bluſh her cheeks inflam'd,
And ſeem'd to ſay ſhe was aſham'd.

IV.

No handkerchief her boſom hid,
No tippet from our ſight debars
Her heaving breaſts with moles o'erſpread,
Markt, little hemiſpheres, with ſtars;
While on them all our eyes we move,
Our eyes that meant immoderate love.

V.

In every geſture, every air,
Th' imperfect liſp, the languid eye,
In every motion of the fair
We awkward imitators vie,
And forming our own from her face,
Strive to look pretty, as we gaze.

VI.

If e'er ſhe ſneez'd, the mimic crowd
Sneez'd too, and all their pipes laid down;
If ſhe but ſtoopt, we lowly bow'd,
And ſullen, if ſhe 'gan to frown,
In ſolemn ſilence ſat profound———
But did ſhe langh?——The laugh went round.

VII.

Her ſnuff-box if the nymph pull'd out,
Each JOHNIAN in reſponſive airs,
Fed with the tickling duſt his ſnout,
With all the politeſſe of bears.
Dropt ſhe her fan beneath her hoop?
Ev'n ſtake-ſtuck CLARIANS *ſtrove* to ſtoop.

VIII.

The ſons of culinary KAY's
Smoaking from the eternal treat,
Loſt in ecſtatic tranſport gaze,
As tho' the fair was good to eat;
Ev'n gloomieſt KING's-MEN, pleas'd awhile,
" Grin horribly a ghaſtly ſmile."

IX.

But hark; ſhe cries, " my mamma calls,"
And ſtrait, ſhe's vaniſh'd from our ſight;
'Twas then we ſaw the empty bowls,
'Twas then we firſt perceiv'd it night;
While all, ſad ſynod, ſilent moan,
Both that ſhe went——and went alone.

The firſt Pſalm of DAVID *paraphraſed.*

HAPPY the man, who not from *virtue* ſwerves;
Nor hears the wicked, nor their ways obſerves;
Nor with them herds; nor in their footſteps treads;
Nor ſits with ſcorners, or for ſcorners pleads;
Who hates alike the ſinner, and the fool,
That knows no law, but what they ridicule:
In God's commands who finds his whole delight,
By day his ſtudy, and his care by night.
His ev'ry act with virtue overflows,
Springs like a plant which by the water grows,
Spreading his leafy honours all around,
An ornament to all the neighb'ring ground.
Not ſo the wicked, nipt by early froſt,
Scatter'd like chaff, and in a whirlwind loſt.
Where judgment ſtands, their preſence is not fear'd,
Nor midſt the elders ſhall their voice be heard;
The lord who knows, the virtuous will defend,
The wicked periſh, and their mem'ries end.

F.

O D E

Written in the Year ——

WHILE Faction lifts her impious hand
To deal deſtruction round the land,
And Diſcord hot from hell,
With all the furies that await
A ſelf-divided warring ſtate,
Againſt our peace rebel:

To

To the High Monarch of the ſkies
With ſuppliant pray'r let incenſe riſe,
Who changes at his will
The thoughts, to folly or deſpair,
Of nations that delight in war,
And bids the earth be ſtill.

To him we call,——propitious hear,
Immortal Pow'r, and ſpeed the pray'r
That for our country pleads;
Send Victory, who near thy throne
Awaits thy mandate to come down,
Ee'r yet that country bleeds.

So ſhall thine altars pure remain,
Nor Truth her violated reign
In ſecret ſhades bemoan;
Nor parting Liberty deplore,
As oft ſhe eyes her native ſhore,
The *Britiſh* glories gone.

While Superſtition's horrid form,
Her hands with recent murder warm,
High lifts her iron rod;
And, calling vengeance on the head
Of thoſe that in Thy form are made
Profanes, inſults her God.

O leave us not, while yet we know
The gifts we to thy goodneſs owe,
But o'er us ſtill preſide:
What adverſe legions need we fear,
Conſcience our buckler, Truth our ſpear,
And heav'n itſelf our guide.

Chorus to the third Act of SENECA's Troas.

Verum eſt? &c.

THAT this our mortal coil the ſoul ſurvives,
Say, is it truth, or are we but deceiv'd
By fiction, and fantaſtic tales,
The product of our fear?

When the fond wife, or parent's gentle hand
Hath clos'd our dying eyes, inurn'd our bones,
Sleeps then the ſoul, or wakes it ſtill,
A ſtranger to repoſe?

Say, die we wholly, and remains no part,
When once the ſpirit 'ſcapes its earthy priſon,
And on the pile th' incumbent corſe
Hath felt the ſcorching flame?

Whate'er the ſun in his whole courſe ſurveys,
Whate'er the waters of the ocean lave,
Eager, with *Pegaſean* pace,
Theſe ruthleſs time devours.

Swift as the ſigns, or *Sol*, the lord of day,
With winged ſpeed haſtes on the rolling year,
Or *Hecate* her courſe oblique,
So ruſh we on our fate.

As waving ſmoak emitted from fierce fires,
As clouds impell'd by ſome rough northern blaſt,
Thus that which quickens this our frame
Muſt quit us, and diſſolve.

Nothing ſucceeds to death——here all his hope
The covetous foregoes, his fear the coward.
Demand'ſt thou then, where lie the dead?
There, where unborn they lay.

Chaos

Chaos and time devour the whole of man;
Nor 'twixt groſs matter and the purer ſpirit
Knows *Death* diſtinction, but alike
Annihilates them both.

Whate'er of *Tænara* the poets ſing,
Of *Cerberus*, and awful *Pluto*'s reign,
'Tis fable all, and groſs device,
Which ſcares us like a dream.

Extempore Letter by Capt. THOMAS *at* Bernera, *to Capt.* PRICE *at* Fort Auguſtus.

Written a little before the peace was ſign'd.

COME, THOMAS, give us t'other ſonnet,
Dear captain, pray reflect upon it;
Was ever ſo abſurd a thing,
What at the pole to bid me ſing?
Alas! ſearch all thoſe mountains round,
There's no Thalia to be found;
And Fancy, child of ſouthern ſkies,
Averſe, the ſullen region flies———
I ſcribble verſes! why you know,
I left the Muſes long ago;
Deſerted all the tuneful band,
To right the files, and ſtudy BLAND.
Indeed in youth's fantaſtick prime
Miſled, I wander'd into rhyme,
And am'rous ſonnets penn'd in plenty,
On ev'ry nymph, from twelve to twenty.
Compar'd to roſes and to lillies
The cheeks of CHLOE and of PHILLIS;
With all the cant you'd find in many
A ſtill born modern miſcellany.

My lines, how proud was I to ſee 'em,
Steal into DODSLEY's new Muſeum:
Or in a letter fair and clean
Committed to the Magazine.
Our follies change; that whim is o'er,
The bagatelles delight no more.
Know by theſe preſents that in fine
I quit all commerce with the nine;
Love-ſtrains, and all poetick matters,
Lampoons, epiſtles, odes and ſatires.
The toys and trifles I diſcard,
And leave the bays to poet WARD.*
No, now to politicks confin'd
I give up all the buſy mind.
Curious, each pamphlet I peruſe,
And ſip my coffee o'er the news;
But apropos, for laſt Courant
Pray thank the lady Gouvernante.
But what's this rumour in the mail
From *Aix*—pho, what is't, *la Chapelle?*
A peace unites the jarring pow'rs,
And ev'ry trade will thrive but ours.
"Farewell, as wrong'd OTHELLO ſaid,
"The plumed troops, and neighing ſteed."
The troops alas! more havock there
A peace will make, than all the war.
What crowds of heroes, in a day,
Reduc'd to ſtarve on half their pay!
From LOWENDAHL 'twould pity meet,
And SAXE himſelf might weep to ſee't.
Already Fancy's active power
Fore-runs the near approaching hour.
Methinks (curs'd chance) the fatal ſtroke
I feel, and ſeem already broke;

* An officer in the ſame regiment.

The

The park I ſaunter up and down,
Or ſit upon a bench alone.
Sneaking and ſad———le juſte portraite
D'un pauvre cap'taine reformè;
My wig, which ſhun'd each ruder wind,
Toupee'd before, and bagg'd behind,
Which JOHN was us'd, with niceſt art,
To comb, and taught the curls to part,
Loſt the belle-air, the jaunty pride,
Now lank depends on either ſide.
My hat grown white and ruſtick o'er
Once bien trouſsè with galon d'or.
My coat diſtain'd with duſt and rain,
And all my figure quite campaign.
J'habillé fine with tarniſh'd lace,
And hunger pictur'd in my face;
Tavern or coffee-houſe unwilling
To give me credit for a ſhilling;
Forbid by ev'ry ſcornful belle,
The precincts of the gay Ruelle.
My vows, tho' breath'd in ev'ry ear,
Not e'en a chambermaid will hear;
No ſilver in my purſe to pay
For opera ticket, or the play.
No meſſage ſent to bid me come
A fortnight after to a drum.
No viſits or receiv'd or paid;
No ball, ridotto, maſquerade.
All penſive, heartleſs, and chagrin,
I ſit devoted prey to ſpleen.
To you, dear PRICE, indulgent heav'n
A gentler, happier lot has giv'n;
To you has dealt, with bounteous hands,
Palladian ſeats and fruitful lands.
Then in my ſorrows have the grace
To take ſome pity of my caſe;

And, as you know the times are hard,
Send a ſpruce valet with a card;
Your compliments——and beg I'd dine,
And taſte your mutton and your wine;
You'll find moſt punctual and obſervant
Your moſt oblig'd and humble ſervant.

The OXONIAN's *deſire to return to* College.

In an Epiſtle to a friend.

COULD HORACE, poet, critic, wit,
Forego his fertile *Sabine* fields;
Unſung his much-lov'd *Tibur* quit,
The joys that bleſt retirement yields?
Supinely drunk as any god,
'Twas there he tun'd his *lyric* ode;
There his keen rage ſatyrically flow'd.

Could OVID, deathleſs bard, forbear,
Confin'd by *Scythia*'s frozen plains;
Ceaſe to deſire his native air,
In ſofteſt elegiac ſtrains?
Curs'd with the town, no more can I
For *Oxford*'s meadows ceaſe to ſigh.

As travellers, with doubt o'ercaſt,
Loſt in *Arabia*'s pathleſs ſands,
Pant to eſcape the riſing blaſt,
And ſtretch to heav'n their helpleſs hands,
So I, impatient, long to prove
The ſweets of *Maudlin*'s winding grove.

With eager graſp to reach the ſhore,
As the poor ſhip-wreck'd mar'ners crave,
And longing wiſh their hardſhips o'er,
The ſport of every boiling wave:

So

So I, engag'd in pleaſing talk,
Burn with deſire for *Chriſt-Church* walk.

As *vet'rans* mark'd with many a ſcar,
Wait to retire with wiſhful eyes;
To leave the horrid din of war,
And range where *Chelſea*'s turrets riſe:
So I, unknown, recluſe, unſeen,
Wou'd fain enjoy the ſylvan ſcene.

Say how ſhould humble merit uſe,
Where none but fools employ the ſtate;
Where modeſt worth un-notic'd dies,
And *flatt'rers* throng the meanly great?
Where vice ſhoots up to nobleſt bloom,
And *foplings* croud the drawing room?

Can I, while mem'ry laſts, forget,
Oxford, thy ſilver rolling ſtream;
Thy ſilent walks, and cool retreat,
Where firſt I ſuck'd the love of fame?
E'en now the thought inſpires my breaſt,
And lulls my troubled ſoul to reſt.

There no *enthuſiaſtic* rant
Shall ever wound my patient ear;
Nor *bigot*'s myſtic ſenſeleſs cant,
Nor *methodiſtic* jargon there,
Shall ever haunt thoſe peaceful cells,
Where ſweetly-muſing *Quiet* dwells.

Whether with philoſophic eye
The diſtant worlds we aim t'explore;
Or into nature's ſecrets pry,
The paths which NEWTON trod before:
Iſis, thy genius hovers round,
And ſtills protects thy fav'rite ground.

There

There we may chaunt the reigning laſs,
Or in juſt meaſures briſkly move;
Or toaſt CORINNA o'er the glaſs,
Or taſte the ſweets of ſocial love:
Chace *ſuperſtition* out of ſeaſon,
Bleſt with plain *ſenſe*, and ſober *reaſon*.

AMICUS.

AMOR DORMIENS.

DORMIT amor, nymphæ puerique tacete, ſuſurris
Nunc o, vel levibus, parcite, dormit amor.
En! arcus juxtà poſitos, en! cernitis arcus:
Vivitur in tuto. Numen inerme jacet.
Undique per terras ſint alta ſilentia: longus
Iſta diù teneat lumina vincta ſopor.
Abſunt ſopito te, ſæve puellule, curæ:
Sed brevis eſt nobis, te vigilante, quies.

LOVE ASLEEP.

HUSH, huſh, the God of love here ſleeping lies;
His hands diſarm'd, and clos'd his wanton eyes.
The bow unſtrung awhile forgets to wound;
His uſeleſs ſhafts lie ſcatter'd on the ground.
Sleep on, ſweet babe and ſmiling promiſe peace;
For ſhould'ſt thou wake, we know 'twill quickly ceaſe.

END of the fourth number.

THE STUDENT, OR THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

ERATO.

To the STUDENT.

SIR,

THE incloſed letter, ſent me by a friend with the print deſcrib'd, has afforded me and ſeveral of my friends an agreeable entertainment. As many people view excellent pictures and prints only in the groſs, and without entering into the deſign and ſpirit of the painter, content themſelves with a general cenſure, or, which is equally bad to an ingenious mind, commend without being able to give a reaſon for their applauſe; poſſibly this criticiſm and deſcription may be uſeful and amuſing to the poſſeſſors of the print: if you are of this opinion, you are at liberty to publiſh it.

I am, ſir, your humble ſervant, &c.

SIR, *January* 20, 1750.

THE incomparable Mr. HOGARTH, whoſe genius in compoſition, and execution in painting, may juſtly be ſaid to be equal to any of the ancients, and greatly ſuperiour to the modern painters, in his ſtyle, has lately publiſhed a print, from a picture of his own, which he calls *A repreſentation of the march of the Guards towards Scotland, in the year* 1745.

Perhaps you'll ſmile to receive a criticiſm upon this piece from one in my ſituation, unacquainted with the art of painting, and little converſant with pictures of any ſort. But as the language of nature is intelligible to moſt underſtandings, and the author of this picture conſtantly makes her his guide; ſo his works pleaſe as univerſally, as the characters are obvious to thoſe who have made nature any part of their ſtudy: and as I know your ſearches are directed to find out and commend what is beautiful and meritorious, I have confined myſelf to the delicacy of your ſentiments, by totally diſcarding ill-natured cenſure upon trivial faults.

The ſcene of this repreſentation is laid at *Tottenham-Court Turnpike*; the *King's-Head*, *Adam* and *Eve*, and the *Turnpike-houſe* in full view; beyond which are diſcovered parties of the guards, baggage, &c. marching towards *Highgate*, and a beautiful diſtant proſpect of the country; the ſky finely painted.

The picture, conſidered together, affords a view of a military march, and the humours and diſorders conſequent thereupon.

Near the center of the picture, the painter has exhibited his principal figure, which is a handſome young grenadier, in whoſe face is ſtrongly depicted repentance mix'd with pity and concern; the occaſion of which is diſcloſed by two females putting in their claim for his perſon, one of whom

whom has hold of his right arm, and the other has *ſeized* his left. The figure upon his right hand, and perhaps placed there by the painter by way of preference, (as the object of love is more deſirable than that of duty) is a fine young girl in her perſon, debauched, with child, and reduced to the miſerable employ of ſelling ballads, and who with a look full of love, tenderneſs, and diſtreſs, caſts up her eyes upon her undoer, and with tears deſcending down her cheeks, ſeems to ſay——*ſure you cannot——will not leave me!* The perſon and deportment of this figure well juſtifies the painter's turning the body of the youth towards her. The woman upon the left is a ſtrong contraſt to this girl; for rage and jealouſy has thrown the human countenance into no amiable or deſirable form. This is the wife of the youth, who finding him engaged with ſuch an *ugly ſlut*, aſſaults him with a violence natural to a woman whoſe perſon and beauty is neglected. To the fury of her countenance, and the dreadful weapon her tongue, another terrour appears in her hand, equally formidable, which is a roll of papers whereon is wrote, *The Remembrancer*; a word of dire and triple import; for while it ſhews the occupation the *amiable bearer* is engaged in, it reminds the youth of an unfortunate circumſtance he would gladly forget: and the ſame word is alſo a cant expreſſion, to ſignify the blow ſhe is meditating. And here, I value myſelf upon hitting the true MEANING, and entering into the SPIRIT of the great author of that celebrated JOURNAL called the REMEMBRANCER, or, *A weekly ſlap of the face for the Miniſtry.*

It is eaſily diſcernible that the two females are of different parties. The ballad of *God ſave our noble King*, and a print of the *Duke of Cumberland*, in the baſket of the girl, and the croſs upon the back of the wife, with the implements of her occupation, ſufficiently denote the painter's intention: and, what is truly beautiful, theſe incidents are applicable to the march.

The hard-favour'd ſerjeant directly behind, who enjoys the foregoing ſcene, is not only a good contraſt to the youth, but alſo, with other helps, throws forward the principal figure.

Upon the right of the grenadier is a drummer, who alſo has his *two Remembrancers*, a woman and a boy, the produce of their kinder hours; and who have laid their claim by a violent ſeizure upon his perſon. The figure of the woman is that of a complainant, who reminds him of her great applications, as well in ſending him clean to guard, as other kind offices done, and his promiſſes to make her an honeſt woman, which he, baſe and ungrateful has forgot, and repays her affections with neglect. The craning of her neck ſhews her remonſtrances to be of the ſhrill kind, in which ſhe is aided by the howling of her boy. The drummer, who has a mixture of fun and wickedneſs in his face, having heard as many reproaches as ſuit his preſent inclinations, with a bite of his lip, and a leering eye, applies to the inſtrument of noiſe in his poſſeſſion, and endeavours to drown the united clamour; in which he is luckily aided by the *ear-piercing fife* near him.

Between the figures before deſcribed, but more back in the picture, appears the important but meagre phiz of a *Frenchman*, in cloſe whiſper with an *Independent*. The firſt I ſuppoſe a ſpy upon the motion of the army, the other probably drawn into the croud, in order to give intelligence to his brethren, at their next meeting to commemorate their noble ſtruggle in ſupport of *Independency*. The Frenchman exhibits a letter, which he aſſures him contains poſitive intelligence, that 10000 of his countrymen are landed in *England*, in ſupport of *liberty* and *independency*. The joy with which his friend receives theſe glorious tidings, cauſes him to forget the wounds upon his head, which he has unluckily received by a too free and premature declaration of his principles.

There is a fine contraſt in the ſmile of innocency in the child at the woman's back, compared with the grim joy of a gentleman

a gentleman by it; while the hard countenance of its mother gives a delicacy to the grenadier's girl.

Directly behind the drummer's quondam ſpouſe, appears a ſoldier piſſing againſt a ſhed; and ſome diſtortions in his countenance indicate a malady too indelicate to deſcribe: this conjecture is aided by a bill of Dr. ROCK's for relief in like caſes. Directly over him appears a wench at a wicket, probably drawn there to have a view of the march; but is diverted from her firſt intention by the appearance of another object directly under her eye, which ſeems to ingroſs her whole attention.

Behind the drummer under the ſign of the *Adam* and *Eve* are a group of figures; two of which are ingaged in the faſhionable art of bruiſing: their equal dexterity is ſhewn, by *ſewed-up peepers* on one ſide, and *a pate well-ſconced* on the other. And here the painter has ſhewn his impartiality to the merit of our *noble youths*, (whoſe minds inflamed with love of glory, appear, not only encouragers of this *truly laudable ſcience*, but many of them are alſo great proficients in the art itſelf,) by introducing a youth of quality, whoſe face is expreſſive of thoſe boiſterous paſſions neceſſary for forming a hero of this kind: and who, entering deep into the ſcene, endeavours to inſpire the combatants with a noble contempt of bruizes and broken bones. An old woman, moved by a fooliſh compaſſion, endeavours to force through the croud and part the fray, in which deſign ſhe is ſtopped by a fellow, who prefers fun and miſchief to humanity. Above their heads appears a little man of meagre frame, but full of ſpirits, who enjoys the combat, and with fiſts clenched, in imagination deals blow for blow with the heroes. This figure is finely contraſted, by a heavy ſluggiſh fellow juſt behind. The painter, with a ſtroke of humour peculiar to himſelf, has exhibited a figure ſhrinking under the load of a heavy box upon his back, who preferring curioſity to eaſe, is a ſpectator, and waits in this uneaſy ſtate the iſſue of the combat. Upon a board next the ſign, where roots, flowers, &c. were

ſaid

ſaid to be ſold, the painter has humourouſly altered the words, and wrote thereon, *Tottenham-Court nurſery*; alluding to a bruiſing booth in this place, and the group of figures underneath.

Paſſing through the turnpike, appears a carriage laden with implements of war, as drums, halberts, tent-poles, and *hoop-petticoats*. Upon the carriage are two old women-campaigners, ſunking their pipes, and holding a converſation, as uſual, in fire and ſmoak. Theſe groteſque figures afford a fine contraſt to a delicate woman upon the ſame carriage, who is ſuckling a child. This excellent figure evidently proves, that the painter is as capable of ſucceeding in the graceful ſtyle as in the humourous. A little boy lays at the feet of this figure, and the painter, to ſhew him of martial breed, has placed a ſmall trumpet in his mouth.

The ſerious group of the principal figures, in the center, is finely relieved by a ſcene of humour on the left. Here an officer has ſeized a milk-wench, and is kiſſing her in a manner exceſſively lewd, yet not unpleaſing to the girl, if her eye is a proper interpreter of her affections: while the officer's ruffles ſuffer in this action, the girl pays her price, by an arch ſoldier, who in her abſence of attention to her pails, is filling his hat with milk, and by his waggiſh eye, ſeems alſo to partake of the kiſſing ſcene. A chimney ſweeper's boy with glee puts in a requeſt to the ſoldier, to ſupply him with a cap full, when his own turn is ſerved; while another ſoldier points out the fun to a fellow ſelling pyes, who with an inimitable face of ſimple joy, neglects the care of his goods, which the ſoldier dexterouſly removes with his other hand. In the figure of the pye-man the pencil has exceeded deſcription——here the ſounding epithets of prodigious—excellent—wonderful—and all the other terms uſed by Connoiſſeurs (when ſpeaking of the beauties of an old picture, where the objects muſt have lain in eternal obſcurity, if not conjured out to the apprehenſion of the ſpectator,

tator, by the magic of unintelligible deſcription) are too faint to point out its real merit.

The old ſoldier diveſted of one ſpatter-daſh, and near loſing the other, and knocked down by all-potent gin, upon calling for t'other cogue, his waggiſh comrade ſupporting him with one hand endeavours to pour water into his mouth with the other, which the experienced old one, rejects with diſdain, puts up his hand to his wife who bears the arms and gin bottle, and who, well acquainted with his taſte, is filling a quartern; and here the painter exibits a ſermon upon the exceſſive uſe of ſpirituous liquors, and the deſtructive conſequences attending it: for the ſoldier is not only render'd incapable of his duty, but (what is ſhocking to behold) a child begot and conceived in gin, with a countenance emaciated, extends its little arms with great earneſtneſs, and wiſhes for that liquor which it ſeems well acquainted with the taſte of. And here, not to dwell wholly upon the beauties of this print, I muſt mention an abſurdity diſcovered by a profeſſed connoiſſeur in painting—"Can "there, ſays he, be a greater abſurdity than the introducing "a couple of chickens ſo near ſuch a croud—and not only "ſo—but ſee—their direction is to go to objects it is na"tural for 'em to ſhun—is this his knowledge of nature?—"abſurd to the laſt degree!"——And here with an air of triumph ended our judicious critic. But how great was his ſurprize, when it was diſcovered to him, that the ſaid chickens were in purſuit of the hen which had made her eſcape into the pocket of a ſoldier.

Next the ſign poſt is an honeſt tar throwing up his hat, crying "God bleſs King GEORGE." Before him is an image of drunken loyalty; who with his ſhirt out of his breeches, and bayonet in his hand, vows deſtruction on the heads of the rebels. A fine figure of a ſpeaking old woman with a baſket upon her head, will upon view tell you what ſhe ſells. A humane ſoldier perceiving a fellow hard loaded with a barrel of gin upon his back, and ſtopped by the croud,

croud, with a gimblet bores a hole in the head of the caſk, and is kindly eaſing him of a part of his burthen. Near him, is the figure of a fine gentleman in the army: as I ſuppoſe the painter deſign'd him without character, I ſhall therefore only obſerve, that he is a very pretty fellow, and happily the contemplation of his own dear perſon, guards him from the attempts of the wicked women on his right hand. Upon the right of this *petite maitre* is a licentious ſoldier rude with a girl, who ſcreams and wreaks her little vengeance upon his face, whilſt his comrade is moving off ſome linnen which hangs in his way.

You will pardon the invention of a new term——I ſhall include the whole *King's Head* in the word CATTERY, the principal figure of which is a noted fat *Covent Garden* lady, who with pious eyes caſt up to heaven, prays for the army's ſucceſs, and the ſafe return of many of her babes of grace. An officer offers a letter to one of this lady's children, who rejects it; poſſibly not liking the cauſe her ſpark is engaged in, or what is more probable, his not having paid for her laſt favour. Above her, a charitable girl is throwing a ſhilling to a cripple, while another kindly adminiſters a cordial to her companion, as a ſure relief againſt reflection. The reſt of the windows are full of the like cattle; and upon the houſe-top appear three cats, juſt emblems of the creatures below, but more harmleſs in their amorous encounters.

Thus, ſir, I have taken a tranſient view of this celebrated print: how far my thoughts coincide with the judicious painter's I know not: I can diſtinguiſh between a lover of painting and a judge of the art; terms too often confounded: the firſt I profeſs myſelf to be; to the latter I have no pretence. However, let my vanity indulge a wiſh, which is, that the peruſal of this letter may give you a pleaſure equal to my view of the print.

I am, ſir, your very humble ſervant, &c.

Concluſion of the Critical Obſervations upon the Song of DEBORAH.

(Continued from Number IV.)

26. *She put her hand to the nail, and her right hand to the workman's hammer: and with the hammer ſhe ſmote Siſera, ſhe ſmote off his head, when ſhe had pierced and ſtricken through his temples.*

27. *At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down: at her feet he bowed, he fell; where he bowed, there he fell down dead.*

THE dwelling on every minute circumſtance in deſcribing the action of JAEL is a great beauty, and ſhews a mind fully intent on the thing it is deſcribing; this is entirely in the ſpirit of HOMER, who never fails to give us every attitude of his heroes, and is moſt exact in deſcribing the manner of a wound. In the 27th verſe we have every thing almoſt that is productive of the ſublime. What LONGINUS ſays of DEMOSTHENES, in ſpeaking of a combination of figures, is equally applicable here. We have the aſyndetons, the gradation, the repetition mixt with the diatypoſis or lively deſcription. *At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down.* May we not ſay with QUINTILIAN, *non narrari res ſed agi videtur?* The ſacred writer is ſo taken up with this image, that ſhe is afraid ſhe cannot give a ſufficiently true idea of it. Is what I ſaid well underſtood? I repeat it again. *He bowed, he fell.* What follows is an amplification on the whole; *Where he bowed, there he fell down dead.* One would have thought ſhe had fully deſcribed the death of this mighty man; no, this is the finiſhing ſtroke, this improves upon the whole. So VIRGIL amplifies the death of TURNUS

—— *Solvuntur frigore membra,*
Vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata ſub umbras.

There is ſcarce any compoſition, in which there is ſuch a ſeries of images ſucceeding one another as in this ſong. Can there be a ſublimer image than this of SISERA's mother?

28. *The mother of Siſera looked out at a window, and cried through the latteſs, Why* is *his chariot ſo long in coming? why tarry the wheels of his chariots?*

29. *Her wiſe ladies anſwered her, yea, ſhe returned anſwer to herſelf.*

30. *Have they not ſped? have they* not *divided the prey, to every man a damſel* or *two? to Siſera a prey of divers colours, a prey of divers colours of needle-work, of divers colours of needle-work on both ſides,* meet *for the necks of* them that take *the ſpoil?*

How exactly, (ſays Dr. PEARCE in his notes on the 15th *ſection* of LONGINUS) are the vain glorious boaſts of SISERA's mother, (when expecting his return, and, as ſhe was confident, his victorious return) deſcrib'd! the more eager woman is in her expectations, the more weak is ſhe in diſappointments. This piece of nature is finely delineated in theſe words, *why tarry the wheels of his chariots?* ſhe is angry with every little thing that retards him; there is a great beauty in making her chide the wheels of his chariot in particular. Her eagerneſs is finely expreſs'd in returning anſwer to herſelf. LONGINUS ſays, this method of queſtioning and replying to ones ſelf imitates the quick emotions of an immediate paſſion. *Vide* LONGINUS *ſect.* 18. and Dr. PEARCE's *notes.*

31. *So let all thine enemies periſh, O* LORD: *but* let *them that love him,* be *as the ſun when he goeth forth in his might.*

This ſimile at the end, is the ſtroke that animates the whole. When we look back upon that ſimple beginning and conſider this great concluſion, we may juſtly ſay,

Non fumum ex fulgore, ſed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat.———

Yours,

CLERICUS.

The HAPPY COBLER *of* Portugal Street.

Mr. STUDENT,

THOUGH I have not the advantages of an academical education, my vanity prompts me to imagine, I am ſufficiently qualified for contributing in ſome manner, either to the amuſement or the edification of mankind. I have ſtrong natural parts, which, tho' unpoliſhed by an intimacy with claſſical authors, have received a tolerable improvement by peruſing the works of my own countrymen. I have lived long in the world, have been abroad, and familiar with the natives of different countries: I never wanted for ſpeculation, even in my juvenile days, and have frequently made penetrating obſervations into the manners and diſpoſitions of men: I am now grown grey with experience, and if I am defective in prudential reſolution, of beneficially converting to my own intereſt what I have thought other men culpable in, I have ſagacity enough to be conſcious of my error, and I have honeſty enough to acknowledge it. From hence you may conjecture, I ſhall prove a correſpondent of ſome utility; eſpecially when you hear that my temper is peculiarly facetious; that I have many remarkable oddities, and frequently make extraordinary excurſions where I am little ſuſpected of being either an arch, or a ſenſible fellow, which gives me opportunities of narrowly inſpecting the different habitudes, among the inhabitants of this populous city.

Perhaps you are impatient to know who ſuch an uncommon correſpondent may be; but I ſhall readily ſatisfy you, by declaring myſelf *a man of Kent*, and a freeholder, tho' by occupation *the Cobler of Portugal Street*; where I have lived ſeveral years with chearfulneſs and eaſe. Indeed I have cut a more reſpectable figure in the world; for I was formerly a ſhoemaker: but the regular attendance of a ſhop was extremely diſagreeable to a man who hated the

leaſt appearance of confinement; beſides, there was the perplexity of eternally puzzling the brain with the receipt and payment of money, the vexation of ſubmitting to an inſolent cuſtomer, the unfavourable office of ſtinking the fingers with the rankneſs of a ſweaty foot, and the care of ſuperintending a journeyman who delighted to fuddle his noſe as well as his maſter: all which conſiderations, joined to a ſtrong averſion for every thing that interrupted my natural levity, made me negligent of buſineſs, and ſoon brought me to my preſent ſituation; a ſituation tho' too humble to be envied, yet, was it's latent felicity known to thoſe of a ſuperiour rank, it would never be eſteemed contemptible, till grandeur and opulence are proved to contribute more to the pleaſures and ſatiety of life, than health and content.

I am generally thought a very indolent fellow; becauſe it is imputed as a crime to me, that I prefer drink to work; and I muſt confeſs I had rather handle the pot than the awl: however I ſeldom run in debt; for when all the *derby* is gone, I am obliged to go to bed ſober; ſo that I can riſe early, and work heartily, till the dexterity of my fingers enables me to repleniſh a whet for the whiſtle; when I call *Drawer* with an audible voice, ſeat myſelf ſnug by the fire, and drink to the next perſon with an important air of *my ſervice to you, ſir:* I then can ſhrug up my ſhoulders, and wry my face, with the gravity of a *Lincoln's-Inn* bencher. If I am well pleaſed, I can be as compaliſant as the *je ne ſçay quoi* barber at the end of a neighbouring ſtreet; but if I am ruffled with a conſumption of the pocket, and the pertneſs of a drawer, I can grin, and clench a fiſt, with all the Herculean menace of the greaſieſt butcher in *Clare-Market.*

I am never deſirous of ſtrange company, tho' I am often incommoded with the nonſenſical prattle of counſellors footmen, who, becauſe I can throw a more poignant repartee than they are able to comprehend, call me *a ſly fox*, and wittily cry, *twig the old dog.* But the impertinence of theſe gown and band ſettlers is ſpeedily removed by the company

company and converſation of my old and worthy friend *Embry*, a brother craft on the other ſide of the Inn: this honeſt fellow is the ſoul of a boot; we always aſſociate together, when either of us grows tired of pulling the thread: ſo there is money enough for a bout, it is not material in whoſe pocket it lies; it flies merrily, and we mutually ſcorn the punctuality of adjuſting the ſhare of a reckoning, or accounting for the quantum. Honeſt *Embry* and I are ſometimes indulging our mirth with the vagaries we tranſacted in our youth, and then I am ſure to ſmuggle *Dolly* the maid; ſometimes we are phlegmatically inclined, and then we talk of religion, which occaſions the moſt inflexible diſputes between us; ſometimes the ſight of a news-paper entangles us in a labyrinth of politicks, from which, indeed my friend has ingenuity enough to confeſs, that, I generally extricate him; for he has, more than once, perceived that when I am miniſterially inclined, I can attract the attention of a dunder-headed attorney as well as a ſleek-pated porter. There is one material point which my old friend has often diſcuſs'd with me, but our arguments, for defending or oppoſing it, were one time ſo ſtrong and another time ſo weak, that neither of us could ever acquieſce to the opinion of the other; this is *matrimony*; for which he is a zealous ſupporter, and vigorouſly aſſerts it to be a duty on every man who reſpects the command of his creator, or values ſociety: though he has little occaſion ſo ſtrenuouſly to exert himſelf on this ſubject; for he frequently finds himſelf moleſted by an outrageous wife, who is ready to daſh the beer in his face, while he is violently extolling the connubial bleſſings, at a time when his child is ſhivering with cold and crying with hunger. His good-natured ſpouſe honours me with the appellation of a *ſurly, careleſs, drunken old batchelor*; and does her huſband the favour of *ſirrah! you idle rogue.* I am a man of too philoſophical a temper to be diſconcerted at the folly,

folly of a clamourous woman; I either turn my back to her, and addreſs a diſcourſe to any body near me, or pop quietly into my ſtall; while my poor companion is ſometimes obliged to ſlink home for the ſake of peace, or to degenerate his manhood, by correcting the extravagant ſallies of his blubbering lady with a hearty ſtrappado: ſometimes ſhe is incorrigible, and then *Embry* is obliged to fly from the loquacity of the enemy, and entrench himſelf in the obſcureſt box of an hedge alehouſe; but if ſhe is in a mollifying humour, the good man ſhews relenting nature in his countenance, hugs her to his hairy breaſt, ſmooths his beard over her, and kindly drowns all her ſorrow in the oblivion of half a gallon.

This may ſuffice as an introductory account of ſo ſingular a correſpondent: if any of your brother Students ridicule my intentions, tell them I am only trying the Laſt and waxing the Thread, but ſhall leave them to mend and finiſh the work. If I am admitted to a correſpondence, I ſhall continue to ſend you what ſpontaneouſly ſprings from the heart, in all my viciſſitudes of temper and circumſtances: you may be aſſured I have ſome intereſting ſcenes to communicate, and ſhall have many remarkable incidents in my way. However, let thoſe who may cenſure ſuch extravagant notions in a Cobler, remember that

"Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
"All elſe is only leather or prunella."

I am, ſir,

Your very humble ſervant,

TIMOTHY BECK.

Given from my Stall in Portugal Street,
Lincoln'-Inn, *this 21ſt of* January, 1750.

An

An Eſſay on CONTENTMENT *in* ADVERSITY.

Continued from that on *Proſperity*, page 96.

—— *Levius fit patientia.* HOR.

A Man of common underſtanding muſt know, that he is naturally *born to trouble:* it is an incumbrance entailed upon our birth, nothing but a rent-charge upon life, or a tax laid upon human nature. A prudent man will view it in this light; he will conſider that there is nothing in miſery contrary to the condition of mankind; that our beings neceſſarily expoſe us to ſuffering, and that misfortune in ſome ſhape is our natural patrimony. Complaint therefore will be ſilenced from proper reflections made on our nature, and diſquietude that we are born like other men, will be an addition of an unnatural vexation to natural miſery.

Impatience and fretfulneſs are diſtempers of the mind, which a proficient in wiſdom will not encourage, but cure. He will remember that the God of nature has been very bountiful to his creatures; that he has given them abilities to repel all enemies to their tranquillity, and 'tis the want of application which creates uneaſineſs under the ſmart of adverſity.

The moſt ſhocking circumſtances of life have ſome intervals of refreſhment; ſome comfort intervenes to ſweeten their ſeverity, and our pains are aſſwaged by ſome kind lenitives, ſeaſonably adminiſtred by a moſt beneficent being.

The loſs of any thing dear muſt neceſſarily affect us: but reaſon will ſuggeſt to us, that though ſubject to misfortune, we are not *always* labouring under it; the moſt valuable bleſſing remains in our own power, and nothing can diveſt us of it, but our own conſent.——We may ſink ('tis allowed) from a plentiful fortune into an abject poverty; want

want of health may impair our conſtitutions, and other diſappointments may ſharpen the edge of our trouble:—but ſtill our *morals* may be preſerved from debauchery: we have no reaſon to ſtain our actions with diſhonour, becauſe unavoidable caſualties befal us.——Let fortune play the tyrant and rob us of our wealth, defeat our ſucceſs in any *honeſt undertaking*, and let diſorder interrupt the continuance of our *health*, yet amidſt all her ſpleen we may preſerve our *integrity*; though *poor*, we may be *good*; though deſtitute of *neceſſaries*, we may abound in *virtue*, and we need not doubt but a juſt God will look down upon us with pleaſure; in due ſeaſon cauſe us to emerge from our trouble, and, from the furnace of affliction, our religious bravery will ſhine with greater luſtre.

Trifling, temporary allurements can never call off an eye engaged in the pleaſing proſpect of eternity. Clouds may menace, and ſtorms aſſail the chriſtian's paſſage; they may retard his journey, and make it leſs pleaſant; but perſeverance will triumph; his mind will not be diverted, nor his reſolution ſtaggered; Heaven is his home,—and thither he *will* go. All murmuring and diſcontent he throws aſide, as injurious and unreaſonable. His calculation is equitable; he compares the benefits received with evils experienced; upon a fair ſtate of the account he fixes the ballance, and concludes with that reflection of eternal equity,——*ſhall we receive good at the hand of God, and ſhall we not receive evil?*

The body is nothing but the inſtrument of the mind; the puniſhment it receives from adverſity he judges a neceſſary inſtruction to recollection of duty; an exerciſe to render his patience exemplary, and a ſtep from whence he riſes to an elevation of happineſs. By *making a virtue of neceſſity* he gives a noble inſtance of ſpiritual oeconomy; by bringing *good out of evil* he copies the features of heaven, and exhibits the moſt beautiful plan of true wiſdom.

To deſpond or murmur under temporary afflictions betrays a cowardice ill becoming chriſtianity. The mariner may

may rave at the inclemency of the weather; he may raiſe a ſtorm within himſelf, becauſe there is one without him; but what influence will it have in ſtilling the noiſe of the waves, or what tendency to the procuring a deſired calm? Unjuſt murmuring will rather ſtimulate than pacify anger: ſubmiſſion to providence is our beſt refuge; the moſt probable method of removing our miſery, of exciting the pity of our heavenly *Samaritan* to adminiſter a healing medicine in our diſtreſs.

A mind, ſteady and unbroken under the moſt acute diſorders, is recorded in many hiſtorical inſtances of perſons, never bleſſed with the advantage of revealed religion. Our impatience under adverſity is ſeverely chaſtiſed by their conſtancy and courage; and their marvellous alacrity under the moſt excruciating pains, ('tis hoped) will ſhame us into an humble reſignation, and modeſt contentment, under any condition permitted, or appointed by divine providence.

Let us remember that not a complaint could be extorted from ALEXANDER's Page, when burnt to the bone, becauſe he thought it would leſſen the merit of his ſacrifice: and when the *Cyprian* king cauſed ANAXARCHUS of *Abdera* to be pounded in a mortar, he laugh'd at the tyrant, and bid him pound his ſhell, but told him he could not hurt the philoſopher himſelf.

Impatience under adverſity muſt be thought unreaſonable ſure, and ridiculous: *our* eyes are entertain'd with a more beautiful proſpect of reward for our contentment; Heaven is our home, to which we are travelling, and tribulation the gate, by which we are to enter it. In ſhort, the man, who can't be patient under a little temporary trouble, gives grounds of ſuſpicion that he has never properly thought on the laſh of eternal torture.

B——*

ESSAY III.

If knowledge of the world makes men perfidious
May JUBA *ever live in ignorance.*

ADDISON's Cato.

OUR language ſcarcely affords a more common phraſe than that of *knowing the world*, nor is there, I beleive, any, that from the mouth of a preceptor can poſſibly have a more evil tendency; and yet no ſooner are our youth capable of comprehenſion, than the firſt thing they are taught to comprehend is, that ſeemingly neceſſary and important doctrine, how to *know the world.*

I wou'd not ſo far diſcourage all *knowledge* of the world, as to have young men be ſo little acquainted with the ways of it, as to be impos'd upon by every one: but this phraſe includes more in it than this; (if it did not where were the fault?) it deſigns not only to keep us from being impos'd upon ourſelves, but ſpurs us to impoſe upon others, or in better words, *makes men perfidious.*

I have heard the character of Mr. ADAMS the clergyman, in an ingenious work of FIELDING's, highly condemn'd, becauſe, it ſeems, he *knew not the world*; and I am ſorry to find that many of our divines are of the ſame opinion, and for the ſame reaſon.——But how much more laudable and agreeable figure does he now make, than he wou'd have done, had he been repreſented as ready to impoſe, as he is now liable to be impos'd upon? I know not what may be the opinion of others, but to me, his innocent ignorance of this world and its ways, demonſtrates him not to have been a child of it, and if ſo, what they, his brothers of the cloth, who are ſo thoroughly knowing in this point, are, who is not able to gueſs?

Which, let me aſk, has the moſt innocence (the only thing that we can juſtly think well of ourſelves for) to boaſt

of,

of, the deceiver or the deceived? What, after all, has this mighty triumpher to ſay for himſelf, but that he has ſhewn himſelf a compleat villain in his carriage towards a *leſs knowing man?*

I might take notice of the various ſects of theſe *learned men*, among which GRIPE, the *knowing* trader, who by the ſurprizing proficiency he has made in *learning the world*, has arriv'd at the happy art of vending his merchandize at the expence of five hundred perjuries, would ſtand foremoſt. GNATHO too, that *wonderful ſcholar* who is perpetually attending the levees of the great; who never deſiſts; who *knows the world too well* for that; who lets modeſt ignorant blockheads ſit ſtill and vainly expect to riſe by merit, while he ſays,

——— ——— ——— *Haud mihi deero*
Muneribus ſervos corrumpam, non, hodie ſi
Excluſus fuero, deſiſtam; tempora quæram
Occurram in triviis: deducam: ———

he wou'd demand a place in the liſt.

Theſe and many others might be inſtanc'd, but when I conſider that too many of them may be any where ſeen, I forbear. And, let me aſk, why is it neceſſary, that to attain a knowledge of the world, one muſt (as SHAKESPEAR, whoſe expreſſive words are not the leaſt of his beauties, has it) be *hackney'd in the ways of men?* May we not get a ſufficient inſight into the ways of the world by the juſt repreſentations made by authors, whoſe care it has been to give us ſuitable cautions and advice? May we not get this *ſo-much-valued knowledge* thus, as well as by abſolutely making ourſelves one of the number, in ſcenes from which we ſhall find it difficult to extricate ourſelves, with health and conſcience untainted? I know it will be anſwered this is not ſo ſhort a way;—perhaps it is not: but who would not go *ſome miles* round about in a *pleaſant eaſy* road, rather than ruſh thro' a paſſage beſet *with thorns and briars*, tho' it may be much a *ſhorter* way to the deſign'd end of his journey?

Perhaps a ſimilar caſe may farther illuſtrate my meaning—ſuppoſe a gameſter takes in hand an unexperienc'd novice, plays falſe dice upon him, bereaves him at once of his patience and money, is not this a hard caſe? It will readily be anſwer'd, yes; and what then, I aſk, is to be done—— Why let not an unexperienc'd novice play at all——True: and that's the very thing I wou'd deſign—let not ſuch a one play at all.—The world is the gameſter, youth is the novice, and innocence the precious ſtakes. Let us not then play ſo fooliſhly, but ſtand by and obſerve others (for ſuch there always are) who will venture; for the knowledge of the game is not worth the leaſt portion of that innocence we play for.

As I love to ſtrengthen my own opinion by the authority of ſome great writer, I ſhall conclude all with citing that of the SPECTATOR in this caſe: he profeſſes the deſign of his papers is to give his readers an inſight into the ways of men; "The virtuous and innocent, ſays he, may here know in "ſpeculation what they never could arrive at by practice, "and by this means avoid the ſnares of the crafty, the "corruptions of the vitious, and reaſonings of the preju-"diced: their minds may be open'd, without being viti-"ated."

To the STUDENT.

Brother STUDENT,

WHEN I ſaw the SCHEME (publiſhed in the fourth number of your *Miſcellany*) calculated *to provide for the Widows of our Clergy who art left in diſtreſs*, the neceſſity and importance of it made me believe, that it would directly be carried into execution. The narratives you have given us to enforce this SCHEME, are, I fear, too well-grounded, as the many of my brethren, with whom I have talk'd on this ſubject, have each of them ſeperately avow'd, that

that they *knew* the unhappy perſons, whoſe calamities you (or your correſpondents) have painted ſo pathetically. For my own part, I am thoroughly convinc'd, that many ſimilar inſtances may be produced from every one's own experience;—which call aloud for redreſs;—which appeal to the conſciences of every *fellow-labourer*, from the *curate* to the *dioceſan*;—which by the *voice of nature* bid them at leaſt remember they *are* MEN, if they can forget they *ſhould* be CHRISTIANS.

The Clergy in general having been invited to give their opinions on the matter in queſtion, I thought it not improper to ſend you my own *hiſtory*, inſtead of *animadverſions*, in ſome ſort to juſtify the propoſal. For if it appear that a clergyman, neither by vice or imprudence has invited *poverty* into his houſe, but could not with the utmoſt prudence and circumſpection bar her entrance or diſlodge the unwelcome gueſt, his *relict*, I am perſuaded, will be thought to have a juſt title to *relief* as well as *pity*. That this is my caſe, let heaven witneſs for me, as my relation is true.

My father was an honeſt country farmer: he had a numerous family, whom he decently maintained by his induſtry. My ſelf, being the *ſeventh ſon*, was of courſe brought up to *larning*; and every old woman in the pariſh predicted, that I ſhould be a *buſhop*, before I died. Sir JOHN GOODHEART, our landlord, undertook to defray the expence of my education: accordingly, after I had paſt thro' the ſchool-diſcipline, I was ſent as a commoner to *Oxford*, where my generous benefactor ſupported me in a manner equal to my ſtation;—and allow me to ſay, I did not go there for nothing. Soon after I had taken my batchelor's degree, my patron died, and his eſtate devolv'd to a nephew. The good man (thinking dependancy a tye on behaviour) made no proviſion for me in his will, but earneſtly recommended me to his ſucceſſor. He, I muſt own, was at firſt very *civil* to me: but his remittances at length became

became few and uncertain; and I, being of a proper age, enter'd into holy orders for a ſupport. The Squire, indeed, took me into his houſe, where I had rather the name, than the office of chaplain. I had nothing to do but to ſay grace at meals; for the Squire was no *Methodiſt*, and hated the *pomp* of daily prayers in the family. As I liv'd without reſerve, and made one in the diverſions, I could have rubb'd on well enough; but not being able to get any *money* of the the Squire,—and having nothing but twenty pounds a year for ſerving the pariſh church, which barely kept me in clothes and pocket-money,—my peace was too often diſturb'd with billets from *Oxford*, with the civil phraſe of, *Sir, I wants to make up a ſum.* However, I ſoon chang'd my ſituation:—my patron was oblig'd *to go abroad for the recovery of his health*; or in other words, he had run out his eſtate by that faſhionable vice, which is ſo finely ſatiriz'd in a poem lately publiſh'd (and, I am told, by one of your ſociety) call'd, NEW-MARKET, *a Satire.*

As I did not chuſe to follow him, I was recommended to a neighbouring nobleman, who gave me the honourable badge of a ſcarf, and made me his chaplain. His lordſhip was very humane, very charitable, and very religious,—but withal, not a little vain. By his bounty I freed myſelf from the importunity of duns; and as he had ſome livings in his gift, I was in conſtant expectation of preferment. My life was as agreeable as I could wiſh: I gave nobody offence, and reſpect was always paid to my cloth. One thing, indeed, ſomewhat diſguſted me:——my lord would often amuſe himſelf in making ſermons, which he would get me to preach, and at dinner lay traps for the company's commendations. Well———at length my hopes were crown'd:—a pretty conſiderable living became vacant:—I obtained the promiſe of it:—but alas! how uncertain are human affairs!——Before my preſentation was ſign'd, my patron was ſuddenly taken off; and the right of gift being then inveſted in a ſtranger, I had the mortification to ſee my

my lord's corpſe buried by another in the very church, which I hop'd to have poſſeſs'd from his bounty.

I was now thrown upon the wide world, poor, friendleſs, and forlorn; my whole ſtock amounting to little more than thirty pounds bequeath'd me for mourning.

The fat pluraliſt, who, as it were, ſtept into my place, to make me amends, appointed me his curate; but in driving the bargain he took advantage of my neceſſities to beat me down to three pounds leſs than the biſhop would have allow'd me, and forc'd me to put up with twenty ſeven pounds per annum. 'Tis true, I had the uſe of the parſonage houſe; but, tho' my *maſter* receiv'd a large ſum for dilapidations, he would not ſpare a farthing; which obliged me to lay out my own money from time to time to make it barely habitable.

I ſhall not trouble you with an account of my manner of living, which you muſt imagine was very frugal; and no one, but thoſe in the ſame ſituation, can believe it poſſible even to ſubſiſt on ſo ſmall an income. I indeed danc'd attendance on the heir of my old lord, in hopes at laſt of getting ſomething;——but affairs were ſtrangely alter'd. Whenever I came, I met with a cold reception; and as often as I could *afford* to dine there, the ſervants (who ſaw I was no favourite with the maſter) would ſcarce uſe me with common decency. They would never give me a clean plate, without my aſking for it;——if I deſired mixt beer, they gave me all ſmall;—and at every bit I put into my mouth, they would jog one another's elbows, and leer at me with a ſide-look, that ſeem'd to ſay, *mind how the parſon lays it in.* After thirteen years living on a curacy, I at length was honour'd with a ſmall living, the yearly income of which did not amount to above fifty pounds. Upon this I maintain'd myſelf very handſomely; but as it pleas'd God to afflict me with an ill ſtate of health, I——(can I be blamed?)——marry'd a neighbouring Clergyman's daughter, who might aſſiſt me as a *nurſe*, as well as comfort me as the partner of

my

my cares. We have ever ſince liv'd together as happily as we could wiſh;——but, tho' I have no family, ſince I cannot hope to live much longer, the thoughts of leaving her quite deſtitute, torment me with inexpreſſible anxiety.—

But here I will beg leave to end, leſt the reflection on her unavoidable miſery, ſhould make me ſpin out this letter beyond a due length.

Jan. 20. 1750. I am yours very ſincerely, &c.

A new SYSTEM *of* CASTLE-BUILDING.

CHAP. IX.

On the SUBLIME.

Written in the room *above* the garret, at the * CASTLE IN THE AIR, *Iſlington.*

MY preſent elevated ſituation naturally leads, or rather exalts my imagination to the grand ſubject before me, for beſides the loftineſs of the room, which I for the time being make my ſtudy, I am perhaps now ſitting in that very chair where the laſt Birth-day Ode was compoſed, (a circumſtance of no ſmall inſpiration) and am drinking part of a bottle of the very ſame old beer, whoſe influence has ſuggeſted many ſpirited and inſpired thoughts to our inimitable *Laureat.* I am well aware, before I ſet off, that Mr. CRITIC CATCHUP will be apt to ſay with a ſneer, "I want no new treatiſes on the ſublime—"I am a plain man, and LONGINUS will ſerve my turn." Why to be ſure LONGINUS, (to ſpeak in the language of NOL BLUFF in the *Old Batchelor)* LONGINUS was a pret-

* Not an *imaginary caſtle*, but a *real publick houſe* ſo called, very pleaſantly ſituated on the bank of the New River, and is kept by a daughter of *Colley Cibber*, Eſq; where, gentle reader, if thou loveſt good liquor, you may be excellently accommodated.

ty

ty fellow in his time, but he would be nothing in earth now-a-days; we are got quite into *another way*. As for example, I will produce you a baby in ſwadling cloaths, from a modern author, doing greater feats than ACHILLES ever did in his invulnerable ſkin, and impenetrable armour. Monſ. BLANCAT, in a copy of Latin verſes on the birth of the Dauphin (afterwards LEWIS XIV.) has theſe very ſublime lines,

ILLE ORE HORRENDUM LITUIS RESPONDET APERTO,
OBSCURATQUE TUBAS VAGITU ET TYMPANA TERRET.

Bold ſtunning noiſe, from infant lungs there comes,
He ſcares the trumpets, and he drowns the drums.

There's a fine child for you!—'Tis true an ill-natured critic, ſomething in the CATCHUP taſte, calls this miſtaking rumbling for rapture, and ſound for ſenſe, and ſarcaſtically obſerves that HERCULES ſtrangled a brace of dragons in his cradle without half this buſtle.

But why (ſays my reader) do you go to *France* for what you can have better at home?——Why—to ſhew my *taſte*, and follow the ſteps of my ſuperiours.—In ſhort, we have ſo many domeſtic inſtances of this ſort of ſublime, that they confuſe the underſtanding abſolutely, and choice is ſuſpended by variety. The *Græcian* and *Roman* writers had an abſurd notion, that to arrive at the true ſublime either in poetry, or even proſe, genius and learning were requiſite in their extreams. Poor ſouls, what notions they had!—Why, I'll produce you a ſet of modern 'prentices and mechanics, that ſhall *diſh* you out a poetical *collation* without one *ſpice* of either; and by an *happy* BOLDNESS, (which expreſſion LONGINUS uſes as ſynonymous to the ſublime) confidently ridicule all the poſſeſſors of thoſe two *unneceſſary* qualifications, while they go on flying without wings, and, with an incredible vivacity, purſuing *ends* without condeſcending to carry the *means* along with them.

There is nothing in which we excel the ancients more, than in the article of DARING; that is, an *happier boldneſs*, an *higher degree* of the SUBLIME, than they ever attained to. We can, by an art of coining, never known to them, make talents for ourſelves, which nature has denied us; and manfully break open the temples of the Muſes, without waiting for the ceremony either of invitation or admiſſion.

There has ever been an allowed connection between dreaming and poetry. The works of the moſt celebrated authors in this delightful ſcience, have often been ſtyled golden dreams. Now therefore, as the phænomena of dreaming has by moſt philoſophers been ſolved mechanically, from the diet, conſtitution, and other habits of the body; ſo (it ſhould ſeem) the productions of poets (modern ones eſpecially) might be accounted for on the ſame principles. Nay I make no ſort of doubt, but the chymiſts, as ſoon as ever they have found out the philoſopher's ſtone, will be able to compoſe a certain volatile preparation, by the taking thirty drops of which, a poet may hit upon the true SUBLIME.

When this is effected, then ſhall the dunces triumph.—Matter and motion againſt art and nature!—Down with the ſchools!—and let every drivler be his own preceptor!—I deſpair not (ſays MÆVIUS) to ſee the time, when a meſs of nettle-porrige and crab-verjuice ſhall be an infallible recipe for a ſatyre; when a ſpoonful of ſyrrup of cowſlips and a little conſerve of roſes, mixt in a cup of water from a purling ſtream, ſhall make the moſt delicate paſtoral in the world. Then ſhall every little, half-inch, inſignificant vender of pamphlets write odes; the printer ſhall compoſe an epic poem; and the very devil of the preſs, be the devil of an epigrammatiſt. In fine, all ſeminaries for polite, ingenuous and uſeful education, will be needleſs; every man will cater for himſelf, and collect the manna of his own learning. People of all ranks ſhall meaſure

meaſure every thing by the level of their own underſtandings, and the plumb-rule of their own judgments.—In the affairs of the muſes eſpecially, no external aſſiſtance will be neceſſary, ſeeing (as HERBERT ſays) *every thing in nature is big with joke, and has wit enough in it, if you can but find it out.*

CHIMÆRICUS CANTABRIGIENSIS.

On ACADEMICAL GALLANTRY.

[Part the Second, *ſee* MELPOMENE, page 104.]

STRANGERS, who viſit the Univerſities, and judge only from outward appearances, may reaſonably conclude, from the ſolemn deportment of our dons, that love and learning, or (on the other hand) love and dullneſs are incompatible. Indeed, their whole life and converſation is frequently too ſour, too ſelfiſh and unpoliſh'd, to render them ſuſceptible of ſo delicate, ſo generous, ſo refin'd a paſſion. But yet, from my own experience as a FEMALE STUDENT, I avow, that the ſeniors are, IN THEIR WAY, as gallant and as amorous as the younger collegians. If the latter are ambitious of being thought favourites with the girls, and officiouſly thruſt themſelves into our company; the former (on the contrary) ſeem aſham'd of our good graces; and inſtead of open congees in a walk or aſſembly, content themſelves with a tacit adoration of their miſtreſs during tea or a ſunday's dinner at her father's.

In my laſt (the reader may remember) I gave a ſuccinct account of ſome, the moſt conſiderable, among my younger ACADEMICAL GALLANTS: I ſhall therefore proceed, without further preface, to ſketch out a few of my ſenior admirers. Theſe, 'tis true, were in the whole very numerous, as conſiſting of almoſt all my acquaintance: for tho' he has no real ſenſation, Age thinks he muſt ſo far ape the

manners of youth, as (forſooth) to ſeem equally captivated with the charms of beauty. But what can be more ridiculous? for at the maturer time of life, the flame burns with leſs heat but more conſtancy, and love is conſolidated into friendſhip.

I remain'd for ſome time, as it were, in a ſtate of neutrality; my young lovers ſtill hovering at a diſtance, and my old ones not daring to attack me, till the enemy had entirely quitted the field. Beſides there is an aukward kind of baſhfulneſs inherent in an old collegian, which makes him ſhudder even at the ſight of a petticoat, and often condems him, during life, to an irkſome ſtate of cælibacy. However, at length, Dr. ATROPHY reſolv'd to lay ſiege to me in form. He was a fellow of a college, by which he had a ſmall living given him; and being then upon his year of grace, he thought me a fit perſon to look after his poultry, clear-ſtarch his bands, and do the drudgery of his houſe. The doctor was a ſcandal to his ſociety, and a diſgrace to his ſcarlet-rob'd brethren: he was ſo lank and meagre, that no one could ever think he had reſided any time in the Univerſity; in ſhort he look'd (as SHAKESPEARE expreſſes it) *like a dried herring without his roe.* As I had liv'd a life of pleaſure and kept ſo much company in a gay town, had his perſon been even more charming, or his living more valuable, I ſhould never have conſented to be fix'd as a mere vegetable to one dirty ſpot, and dedicate the remainder of my days to ſolitude and tobacco. But my ſhadow of a lover was too vigorous to be repulſed with repeated flat denials; till my mother by a happy joke freed me from his importunities. One morning after breakfaſt, when the doctor (according to cuſtom) earneſtly urg'd his ſuit, I took the liberty to expoſtulate with him, and wonder'd at his perſiſting in ſo fruitleſs a requeſt.—*Madam*, ſaid the doctor, *what would you have me do? Fleſh and blood cannot help it.*——*True doctor*, reply'd my mother very gravely, *but I think ſkin and bones might.* This ſarcaſm ſo nettled my lathy ſweetheart, that he

he ſnatch'd up his cap, ruſh'd out of the parlour without taking leave, and never ſaw us after; but in a few days ſet out for his parſonage, where he took a ruddy-fac'd farmer's daughter to ſerve him in the double capacity of wife and bed-maker.

Having thus fairly got rid of my doctor, I was more at liberty to encourage the addreſſes of a creature, whoſe real character I had miſtaken. This was the elegant Mr. SUPPLE; a fellow, whoſe pride and ſelf-ſufficiency only ſhew'd it ſelf where he had no views of getting; but his outward behaviour was full of complacency and good-nature. He was originally a ſizer, and when he was firſt ſent to college, wore his own lank greaſy hair, and in his dreſs and manners was as meer a ruſtick as ever came from the plough-tail. By dint of plodding and perſeverance he at length obtained a ſcholarſhip, from whence he gradually roſe to be a fellow. After this, by converſing with his betters, he ſo far improv'd in good behaviour, as by an affected gentility and ſtudied grimace to paſs off for well-bred; tho' he knew too little of the world to deſerve that character. At the time I firſt knew him, he fill'd the important office of proctor with all the ſignificancy imaginable. He was, beſides, the ruling magiſtrate of his college (under the head) and a moſt furious diſciplinarian. He carried it with a very high hand towards his inferiours; and heap'd puniſhment on puniſhment for the ſlighteſt offences. In his nature he was moroſe, ſullen, and imperious; but as he cloak'd his temper with the viel of diſſimulaton, to us women (who are but ill judges of human nature) he appear'd affable, obliging, and meek. One of his ſociety juſtly compar'd him to bottled ſmall-beer, which ſmiles in your face, and cuts your throat. Who then can wonder at my being deceiv'd, and baſely betray'd by him? How often did he ſolemnly proteſt to me, that as ſoon as he met with preferment, for which 'twould be worth his while to quit his fellowſhip and the profitable trade of pupil-monger, he would openly make me his wife! but

how

how happy am I, that my father's example deter'd me from harkening to his ſly propoſal of a ſecret marriage,—or ſomething worſe!——After a while, he was preſented to a living of not leſs than 400 l. per annum, by the father of a young gentleman, whom he had the care of, and with whom he had ingratiated himſelf by the meaneſt flatteries. Then, inſtead of fulfilling his engaments with *me*, he ſtruck up a bargain with a dutcheſs's waiting-woman, in hopes of riſing higher in the church by the miſtreſs's intereſt; but being diſappointed by her Grace's death, he ſoon broke his wife's heart with continued ill treatment; and the crabbedneſs of his temper, now wanting ſomething to vent itſelf upon, encreaſes daily in rancour, which renders him almoſt inſupportable to himſelf as well as his neighbours. Heav'n be prais'd, what a lucky eſcape I had!

I have many more characters in reſerve, but at preſent (having a variety of other buſineſs on my hands) I muſt conclude myſelf ſomewhat abruptly,

The FEMALE STUDENT.

Jan, 25. 1750.

A SICK FIT *at an* INN *in* OXFORD.

BEING arrived at this place on a cold wet evening, after a fatiguing journey, I perceived myſelf ſomewhat ill, and upon enquiry found, that my horſe was alſo indiſpoſed; inſomuch that the hoſtler told me it was very expedient that he ſhould be taken care of, and deſir'd my permiſſion to ſend for Dr. ANVIL, who, ſays he, is a very underſtanding, learned man, and well *qualificated* to do juſtice to your gelding. The good maſter confirm'd what had been ſaid by his man; adding withal, ſome kind enquiries after my health, and thinking me feveriſh, preſcrib'd me a bruſher of brandy; then turning to the cook, let this gentleman, ſays he, have ſome mull'd wine with an egg in it, and

and ſome fiſh and fowls for his ſupper; for *Oxford* ſauſages will be too ſtrong for him: and do you, drawer, call Mr. BOLUS the apothecary, for it is a bitter cold night, and the gentleman is very ill indeed! The chamber-maid, with a dejected countenance told me, ſhe was ſorry to ſee me look ſo bad; you are not the ſame man that you was before you went to *London*, ſir, ſays ſhe. Ah! that *London* is a ſad Univerſity! Let our young gentlemen go away ever ſo well from hence, they are always ſure to come home ill from that *London*; ſo that a chamber-maid, or bed-maker here, has no reputation in being virtuous. Before ſhe had well done with me, I had the honour of a bow from Mr. Apothecary, who delivered into my hands a phial, 17 papers of powder, ſix bolus's and a bliſter. The diaphoretic hauſtus in this phial, ſir, ſays he, you'll pleaſe to ſhake, becauſe the groſſer particles, being ſpecifically heavier, will neceſſarily ſubſide in any aqueous vehicle, and preponderate to the bottom. My chamber-maid did me the honour to convey me into one of the beſt rooms, and began to kindle a faggot; but this ſhe could not accompliſh before ſhe was called out by the maſter and ſome other people, one of whom I heard ſay, as they were coming up ſtairs, I'm ſure 'tis he: ay, ſays another, 'tis he, indeed! he has dun-lop'd me many a time; I'm ſure I know him too well. Preſently the chamber-maid returned with the compliments of my taylor, who was come to wait on me; and, ſir, ſays ſhe, here are your mercer, barber, draper, the man that lets horſes, and Mr. BUNCH the vintner.

I immediately perceiv'd they had miſtaken me for ſome young gentleman who had ſtretch'd his credit, and being willing to ſupport the joke, told the chamber-maid I was too ill to ſee any of them that night, and deſir'd her to make the fire, and bring in my ſupper; and to tell the hoſtler to get my horſe ready in the morning, that I might take an airing. When the maid deliver'd her meſſage, I heard ſuch expreſſions as I ſhould not have expected from the tradeſmen of *Oxford*, who have an opportunity of going to church ten

times

times a day. While I was reflecting on the impiety of the preſent age, and the danger, ſin and folly of common ſwearing, the maid enter'd again, and told me that Mr. BOLUS the apothecary thought ſupper not ſo proper with his phyſic, and therefore her maſter had ſent what was intended for me to another company; and as to the fire, ſir, ſays ſhe, I muſt not light it here, for Mr. ***** the Gentleman Commoner of C. C. C. has ſent to beſpeak this chamber for a friend of his, and he muſt not be diſoblig'd; and then added, I wonder you would come to ſuch an inn as this, where you know we are always buſy. I abſolutely refus'd to leave my room, and thereupon a quarrel commenc'd between my landlord (in the character of his plenipotentiary, the chamber-maid) and myſelf; the conſequence of which was, that I, after a cold wet journey could get no fire, no wine, no ſupper, nor any thing to ſubſiſt on but my phyſic. I now repented of this ill-timed piece of humour, and pull'd the bell to undeceive the landlord, but could get no body to come near me; and after ſeveral fruitleſs efforts made to get ſome ſheets, and my bed warm'd, I was oblig'd to rooſt in the blankets.

When I came down in the morning, my hoſt, and all my imaginary creditors were ready to receive me. But how were they confounded to behold a man neither of them knew, and one who was a ſtranger to the Univerſity. My hoſt, I ſuppoſe aſham'd, of the treatment he had given me, made me a fine bow, and deſir'd to know what I would pleaſe to have for breakfaſt; I anſwer'd, that I was ſo full with feeding upon phyſic, that I had no ſort of inclination to eat; and after complaining of my entertainment, I order'd my horſe to be brought out. The hoſt call'd the chamber-maid, and rated her ſeverely; but as I conſider'd the maid in no other light than the echo to her maſter, that jeſt was too ſtale for me, and I remov'd to other quarters.

I hope no gentleman will be diſpleaſed, if I place my text at the latter end of my ſermon, and conclude this ſtory with a ſen-

a ſentence or two from SOLOMON, who, you know, was once eſteem'd a wiſe man—"Hear thou, my ſon, and be "wiſe, and guide thine heart in the way. Be not amongſt "*wine-bibbers*; amongſt *riotous eaters* of fleſh. For the "*drunkard* and the *glutton* ſhall come to POVERTY, and "*idleneſs* ſhall clothe a man with RAGS."

To the STUDENT.

SIR, *January* 17, 1750-51.

AS it was in this month, that the unparallell'd crime, which the *French* poet hints at, was perpetrated; I ſend you ſome lines out of CLAUDIUS QUILLET, who wrote about the year 1650, and has given us a ſketch of the fantaſtical frenzies which raged in this iſland; and, tho' a foreigner, concludes the paſſage, with allowing that the *Engliſh* had bravery, and acknowledges our *(then)* naval proweſs and experience.——I have attempted a tranſlation of theſe verſes; and now gratefully own the obliging regard which you have had to ſeveral pieces, heretofore ſent you, tho' they were not ſubſcribed by

Your humble ſervant,

DEVANUS.

THE * *Caletanian* ſtraits now paſs'd, you'll find
The boiſt'rous *Britains* of a barbarous kind;
A headſtrong people, violent and rude,
In blood of murder'd majeſty imbru'd:

Inde *Caletani* ſi trajicis æquora ponti,
Anglos immanes, *regumque a cæde* cruentos
Repperies; plebem effrænem, ſanctiſque rebellem
Legibus, et varia cum religione furentem.

* *Calais.*

Rejecting ancient rites, this frantic race
Religions ſtrange, in various forms, embrace;
And with enthuſiaſtic zeal poſſeſt,
Each to himſelf's a prophet and a prieſt,
And as his brain new-fangl'd fancies fill,
He models his devotions to his will:
Hence frequent feuds;—ſince each aſſerts his ſcheme,
Each with his ſword maintains the darling dream.
Not heav'n alone theſe ſchiſmaticks offend,
Who with old worſhip modern errors blend,
But in moſt other points they're ſoon miſled,
And catch, and keep each new opinion ſpread.
Yet theſe have worth,—compleatly ſkill'd they reign
Lords of the deep, and maſters of the main.

A SONG.

In praiſe of Miſs W—ST—L.

I.

OLD poets and wits, in their amorous fits,
Of beauties that liv'd in times paſt tell,
Then why may not I, exalt to the ſky,
The charms of my lovely Miſs W—ST—L.

Hic audit proprium genium, ſequiturque proterve,
Unuſquiſque ſibi vates, ſibi quiſque ſacerdos,
Proque animi libitu ſuperis imponit honorem.
Sæpius hinc iræ et lacrymæ, dum ſomnia jactat
Quiſque ſua, et ſtricto defendit credita ferro.
Nec tantum veteres ritus, cultuſque deorum,
Contemerare novis gaudent erroribus *Angli*,
Hos etiam in reliquis inſana protervia ducit,
Et ſi qua antiquas convellat opinio mentes,
Hanc ſubito arripiunt, et toto pectore firmant.
Non tamen omni laude carent; hos nautica virtus
Ornat, et immenſi divina peritia ponti.

Were

II.

Were I peer of the realm, or fix'd at the helm,
As great as his grace of *Newcaſtle*,
My honours I'd give and pow'r, as I live,
For a ſmile from my lovely Miſs W—ST—L.

III.

PONTAC o'er the town has got much renown,
For improving and height'ning each taſte well,
But never, ah never! ſhall rival the flavour
That dwells on the lips of Miſs W—ST—L.

IV.

Were I by hard chance, or in *Spain* or in *France*,
To a dungeon confin'd, or a baſtile,
Oe'r ſeas, earth and ſky, on *Love*'s wings wou'd I fly,
To the arms of my abſent Miſs W—ST—L.

V.

Had I parchment a ſcroll, from hence to *Ferrol*,
Good faith, it wou'd take up the laſt ell,
Each charm to indite, and endowment ſo bright
Of the fair one I die for, Miſs W—ST—L.

VI.

Of beauties a ſcore I have ſeen, and ſome more,
But *Love* me ſo wounded ne'er has till,
My eyes went aſtray, and (ah luckleſs the day!)
Beheld the fair form of Miſs W—ST—L.

VII.

Each painter ſo clever may labour for ever
With pencil, or point of a paſtil,
But can ne'er hit the face, the eclat, and the grace
Of that delicate beauty, Miſs W—ST—L.

VIII.

That merry old blade, the fiddler by trade,
Who with his EURIDICE paſt hell,
Had gone back again, to PLUTO's domain,
Had his bride been as fair as Miſs W—ST—L.

IX.

Ye jolly girls nine, of whom poets divine
As virgins ſo pure and ſo chaſte tell,
You had met with more preſſing, and fiercer careſſing,
If deck'd with the charms of Miſs W—ST—L.

X.

This girl of my heart eludes ev'ry art,
Like an eel that one cannot hold faſt well,
Alas! then what bait can a true lover ſet
To allure his bright charmer Miſs W—ST—L.

XI.

Run, *Mercury*, run, ſtrait away to the town,
And quickly to HANDEL or HASSE tell,
We want a man fit, a tune proper to ſet
To the praiſe of my fair KITTY W—ST—L.

PROLOGUE *to a* PLAY *intended for the* STAGE.

IN ancient days (as jovial HORACE ſings)
When laurell'd bards were lawgivers and kings,
Bold was the comic muſe, without reſtraint,
To name the vicious, and the vice to paint;
Th' enliven'd picture from the canvas flew,
And the ſtrong likeneſs crowded on the view.
Our author practices more general rules,
He is no niggard of his knaves and fools.
Both ſmall and great, both dull and pert he ſhews,
That every gentleman may pick and chuſe.

The

The laws dramatic, tho', he ſcarcely knows
Of time and place, and all the piteous proſe
Which pedant *Frenchmen* ſnuffle thro' their noſe.
Fools!—who preſcribe what HOMER ſhou'd have done,
Like tattling watches, they correct the ſun.
Critics, like poets, undoubtedly may ſhew
The way to *Pindus*—but they cannot go:
For to delight and elevate the mind,
To heav'n—directed GENIUS is aſſign'd.
Whene'er immortal SHAKESPEAR's works we read,
He wins the heart, before he ſtrikes the head;
Swift to the ſoul the piercing image flies,
More ſwift than CELIA's wit, or CELIA's eyes,
More ſwift than ſome romantic trav'ler's thought,
More ſwift than *Britiſh* fire, where MARLBRO' fought.
Fancy precedes and conquers all the mind,
Deliberating judgment ſlowly lags behind,
Comes to the field with blunderbuſs and gun,
Like heavy FALSTAFF when the work is done;
Fights, when the battle's o'er with wond'rous pain
By *Shrewſbury* clock, and nobly ſlays the ſlain.——
——But critic cenſures are beneath his care,
Who ſtrives to pleaſe the honeſt and the fair.
Their approbation is much more than fame,
He ſpeaks—he writes—he breathes not—but for THEM.

ODEUM OXONIENSE.

DUM ſocias inter turres caput exerit altum
Radcliviana domus, campoſque & flumina latè
Deſpectat ſubjecta globus ſpectabilis auro;
Interea ſedes diverſas quærere, cantus
Quos juvat, argutæque lyræ modulamen, & aer
Suave tremens, icta ſalienti pectine chorda.
Jamque opus auſpiciis gaudens doniſque faventum
Seſe tollit humo; mox incunabula linquens

Altius

Altius inſurgit paries; nunc álite fauſto
Stat juſtæ prope forma domus; adeo uſque benigna
Æra manu dederunt multi ſocialia, multi
Nomina contulerant; multi (at proh!) nomina tantum:
Et labes hinc prima mali: ceſſante crumenâ
Ceſſat opus medium, mulcendiſque auribus olim
Cæpta, oculos ſpecie nunc moles paſcit inani.
At Thymbræe pater (tibi namque has vovimus ædes)
Heu! quianam pendent opera interrupta? ſequaces
Quin age, ſi quando, dic ſylvas conferat Orpheus,
Auritumque nemus Dodonæ (aurita canoræ
In partem compacta domus lætabitur ilex)
Dic, trahat Amphion lapides, nec ſperne laborem
Ipſe opifex, olim nam tu quoque mœnia condis.
Ut juvat antè animo decus explorare futuri
Fortunamque loci! tua, Cynthie, muſicus arma
Quotquot habes, muſiſque tibique operata juventus
Hic ſtatuent querulamque chelyn, graviuſque tonantem
Barbiton, & lituum: pharetraque arcuque ſonanti
Cede libens;—aderit pharetraque arcuque Cupido.
Nec te confertâ exiguus, puer ales, in aulâ
Urgebit labor: en! gentis quæ turba togatæ
Eniteat, tectiſque frequens ſeſe inſerat altis;
Lenta quot egregiæ decorent ſubſellia nymphæ!
Materies hæc ampla tuis, laſcive, triumphis.
At vati tu parce tuo; ſin forte ſagitta
Me ferias, ah! pulchra pari feriatur Eliza.
Quis decor externus, modulo quàm ſingula juſto
Membra ſuas jactent veneres, quadrentque viciſſim,
Vitruvi, canat ille, ſuos cui Pallas honores
Cecropia indulſit; citharæ me dulcis amantem
Interiora magis capiunt.—Quâ parte triones
Arcet hyperboreos paries, inimicaque nervis
Frigora defendit, leni ima fedilia niſu
Exuperat brevibus ſubnixa Orcheſtra columnis.
Hæ muſis ſedes, operoſi hæc ſcena theatri.

Nec

Nec caret arte locus; flexum ſinuatur in arcum,
Obliquata domus; ſonus hinc diviſus utrumque
Diffluit in latus, & partes ſe fundit in omnes.
Nunc age, qui tenuem ſolers animare papyrum,
Actriceſque manus, atque ora loquentia fingis,
Huc adſis, Hogarthe: ſtylo inſanire procaci
Seu juvet, amoto ſeu pingere ſeria ludo,
Ingenio ſat utrique loci; tu, qualis Apelles
Poneret, hic geminas tantum mihi pone figuras;
Cætera feſtivo tradas ridenda popello.
Ille——vides? aliis qui circumfuſus, ahenas
Aſſidet ad chordas, digitiſque intentus eburnas
Dat claves iterare ſonos, fingitque premendo:
Quàm facili movet arma manu! dulcedine quanta
Mille per ambigui properans diſcrimina plectri
Diſcurrit, variatque vices! nunc læva deorſum
Intonat, agnatos cui ſedula dextra maritat
Immiſcetque ſonos: nunc ſurſum præpete dextra
Fit fuga, nec renuit certamen læva; volucres
Illa per ambages curſum feſtinat; anhelans
Hæc ſequitur, modo preſſa legens veſtigia; tandem
Feſſa velut, prædam, ſpatiis brevioribus inſtans,
Fraude capit, metaque ſimul potiuntur eadem.
At qui frontis honos! oculis quæ gratia blandis
Gaudet ineſſe! genis quàm non peritura juventa!
Denique qui mores!—mores deſcribere neſcis?
Nil iſthic proclive magis; tu ſola fideli
Ora viri calamo expedias; ita totus in ore
Proſtat homo, ut faciem qui pingit, cætera pingat.
Sentio quid dubites; hærenti quæritur alter,
Quem genio dignere tuo, curæque ſecundæ.
Ah! nunquam viduis obliviſcende Camænis
Quæreris heu! ſic fata deûm. Te morte peremptum
Oxonidæ flevere tui, flevere ſorores
Quotquot habet venerumque ferax Radlivia, quas et
Prole puellarum felix Garniſia nutrit:

Flevit

Flevit et ipſe pater Thameſis, per prata, per urbes
Auctior it, lachrymis Auguſtam et queſtibus implens.
At te, naturæ ſi quid manus æmula, ſi quid
Parrhaſiæ valeant artis tentamina, morti,
Qua potero, eripiam; te lintea vivida luci
Reſtituent, qui ſolus honos tellure repôſtis.
Editior paulo, quàm fert menſura virorum,
Qualia nunc vulgo producit corpora tellus,
Lineolis cretaque levi ſiſtatur imago.
Huic ſuperinducas, Pictor, quos rite colores
Ingenii dictat vis mimica, quique decenti
Veſte humeros referant, qui brachia, crura manuſque,
Quique venuſtatem frontis; nec frons tamen ipſa
Pallidiore nota careat; fateare neceſſe eſt
Neſcio quæ taciti latitantia ſemina morbi.
Talis in auguſto nuper plaudenda theatro
Conſtitit optati ſpecies formoſa Poelli.
Is capite obſtipo paulum, quos fudit in auras
Æthereos cantus! mellito pendet ab ore
Denſum humeris vulgus! plaudit revocatque juventus:
Primores mirantur, amant languentque puellæ:
Carminis ipſe pater, concentuſque arbiter adſtat
Handelius, muſamque ſuam ſtupefactus honores
Accepiſſe novos gaudet, vincique canendo.

END of the fifth number.

THE INSPECTOR:

CONTAINING

A conciſe and impartial COLLECTION of NEWS, &c.

INTRODUCTION.

THE Proprietors of *The* STUDENT: *Or, The* OXFORD *and* CAMBRIDGE *Monthly Miſcellany*, ſenſible of the great Obligations they owe to the Publick, and willing in return to give all the Satisfaction in their Power, have, in compliance with the Requeſt of many, but eſpecially their *Country* Readers, ſubjoined an *additional Half-Sheet*; containing, *a compleat Summary of whatever is comprehended under the Denomination of* NEWS. This they intend to *give away* GRATIS *every Month*; and as it no ways interferes with the reſt of their Work, it will be printed on a different Letter, and paged ſeparately; with an Intent that (when the Number is ſufficient) they may be collected and bound together in a Volume by themſelves. This, they hope, will appear to be no inconſiderable *Improvement* of their original Deſign, and muſt certainly be *uſeful* to ſome; — at leaſt, as it is no *Expence* to the Purchaſer, it can *offend* nobody. As to the Execution, that ſurely cannot *fall ſhort* of the preſent Monthly Productions. — But their Aim is much higher. The ſame *Spirit* and *Dignity* which has hitherto commanded Succeſs, will be exerted and preſerved in *this* as well as the *other* Parts of their Undertaking: Nor let it be thought *Arrogance* in the AUTHORS to add, that even in *this* Point they have as little to fear from the *Rivalſhip* of others.

FOREIGN NEWS.

PORTUGAL.

THE king of Portugal has given orders, that for the future no perſon condemned to death by the inquiſition, ſhall be executed, until the ſentence has been ſeen and approved by his council, and ſigned by his majeſty; and at the ſame time he has given great ſatisfaction to the people at Liſbon, by obtaining of the court of Spain, an explanation of the treaty concluded by his father, by which it is ſtipulated, that the limits of the two empires in America ſhall be marked out and fully ſettled, before the town of Sacrament be given up: And that the term of five years ſhall be allowed for that purpoſe; in which time the merchants hope, that ſome new incident may happen for preventing the ceſſion of that town, which they look on as the bulwark of the mines in Brazil, and their chief mart in that part of the world.

There has been a violent Earthquake in the Iſland of St Vincent in the Brazils, by which the town of Santos and part of the fortreſs of St Vincent were deſtroy'd. By the maſters of ſeveral ſhips from the Levant, we hear that the plague, which has raged there for ſometime, has entirely ceaſed.

SPAIN.

Madrid, Dec. 3. N. S. Mr Keene delivered his maſter's ratification of the new treaty of convention, and at the ſame time communicated to our miniſters a new commiſſion, with which he is charged, of infinitely more importance than that which he had ſo happily concluded; which are, That having complain'd to the Spaniſh Miniſtry of the new Depredations committed by their Garda de la Coſtas in the Weſt-Indies, M. de Carvajal made Anſwer, That all Depredations, or illegal Viſits, if any ſuch had been committed, would ceaſe of courſe, as ſoon as they ſhould be inform'd in America of the Treaty lately concluded between the two Crowns, and receive orders concerning the manner in which his Catholick Majeſty pretends they ſhall behave there towards Engliſh ſhips ſailing directly to their own Colonies: And that as for the laſt depredations complained of, they ſhould be enquir'd into with the moſt ſcrupulous attention, and due ſatisfaction made for the damage done to the owners of any veſſels that may have been unjuſtly taken or viſited.

ITALY.

The Genoeſe have at laſt agreed on a regulation of their bank of St. George, which bears date the 12th ult. N. S. and was publiſhed the 6th inſt. In the preamble they emphatically ſet forth the misfortunes brought upon the republick in the year 1746, which forced them, for the firſt time, to lay hands on the ſacred depoſi, to draw out of it fifteen millions of livers, and conſequently to ſtop payment of its notes. Now to reſtore the credit of this bank, they have determined, that in a very ſhort time all the old bills and notes of this bank ſhall be united, and conſtitute a new fund, to be called Conſecrazione, and to be divided into ſo many actions or ſhares, of 200 livers each, bank money, which actions ſhall every year in certain portions be publickly drawn by lot, and paid by the treaſurer according to their juſt value of 200 effective livers, bank money. As a ſinking fund for this purpoſe, the republick has made over to the houſe of St. George, as they call the bank, ſeveral new duties; and to make this fund the more conſiderable, the houſe is to pay out of its old income, half the intereſt ſettled upon the actions of the new ſtock, till its entire extinction.

The infanta, ducheſs of Parma, was on the 2d. inſt. N. S. brought to bed of a prince.

Naples, Jan, 29. The new gang of freebooters, who have aſſembled themſelves together in Terracina and the Parts adjacent, being the remnants of the party, under that notorious villain Maſtrigly, and who have at preſent at their Head, as their captains

captains and ringleaders the ſons, and one of the nephews of the ſaid Maſtrigly, ſtill continuing from time to time to make their incurſions and outrages in thoſe provinces in particular of this kingdom, which belong to the Eccleſiaſtical State, his Majeſty has been pleaſed to iſſue out expreſs orders for the immediate march of ſeveral ſtrong detachments out of his troops, in order to give a check to their inſolence, and if poſſible to deſtroy them, and by that means to ſecure the lives and effects of his good ſubjects from being loſt and plunder'd by ſuch a den of thieves.

TURKEY.

The grand ſignior has admitted even to the moſt ſecret conſultations of the divan, the ſultan Ibrahim, his nephew, the ſon of Achmet III. depoſed in 1704, and who was declared ſucceſſor to the empire in March 1736. This prince is much beloved by the Janiſſaries, becauſe they perceive in him a martial genius, which they like in their ſovereigns. This diſpoſition makes them ſomewhat diſpleaſed with the pacifick reign of the preſent ſultan, who has depoſed four grand vizirs, becauſe their meaſures were ſuch as tended to engage him in it.

FRANCE.

The chriſtenings in Paris for the year 1750 amount to 19035, marriages 4619, burials 18084, foundling children 3785.

An edict for eſtabliſhing a royal military School imports, that there ſhall be eight claſſes of children admitted into it. The 1ſt compoſed of orphans, whoſe fathers have been killed in the ſervice, or died of their wounds. The 2d, of children whoſe fathers have died of a natural death in the ſervice, or retired after having been 30 years in commiſſion. The 3d of children burthenſome to their mothers, and whoſe fathers were killed in the ſervice. The 4th, of children burthenſome to their mothers, and whoſe fathers died in the ſervice, or retired after having been 30 years in commiſſion. The 5th, of thoſe whoſe fathers are actually in the ſervice. The 6th, of thoſe whoſe fathers ſhall have quitted the ſervice becauſe of their infirmities or age. The 7th, of children whoſe fathers have not ſerved, but whoſe anceſtors have. The laſt, of children of the other nobleſſe, who, through their indigence, ſhall have occaſion for the aſſiſtance of this ſchool. They ſhall enjoy the ſame rights and privileges as the hotel royal of invalids.

As his moſt chriſtian majeſty was ſome few days ago taking the diverſion of ſtag-hunting, the beaſt finding himſelf diſtreſſed, turned ſhort, and made head at his majeſty; but Mr. d'Eſtournelles being apprehenſive of the danger his majeſty was in, threw himſelf in his way, and prevented his progreſs; by which bold and brave attempt, he was wounded in the leg, and his horſe was moſt deſperately gored by the animal's antlers. Afterwards the reſt of the ſportſmen coming up, gave him a freſh chace, and killed him ſoon after.

Two celebrated actors, Ribou and Rozelli, having differed about their characters, in the play of Andromachus, met to diſpute the point in the field, when the former was killed upon the ſpot.

We are aſſured, that ten men of war of the line will be launch'd in the ſpring, and that our marine is intended to be augmented to what it was in the reign of Lewis XIV. it having ſince that time been leſſened every year, by a different turn of politicks.

NETHERLANDS.

From Holland we hear, that the people there are very uneaſy about two projects now on foot, one upon the north, and the other upon the ſouth ſide of that republick. The firſt is the Eaſt-India company propoſed by the king of Pruſſia to be ſet up in Embden, which may draw many Dutch merchants to ſettle there, and very much diminiſh their exports of Eaſt-India goods to the Baltick and Germany; and the other is a canal which is propoſed to be made from Oſtend, by the way of Bruges, to Ghent, deep and wide enough for three maſt ſhips; and as from Ghent there is a communication by the river Schelde down to Antwerp, and up the Schelde and the Lys through a great part of Flanders, and ſome part of Hainault, they

think it will diminiſh their trade with the Auſtrian Netherlands, for which reaſon they have found out, that this laſt project is contrary to the ſpirit of the treaty of Weſtphalia, and are making ſtrong remonſtrances againſt it at the court of Vienna.

The ſtates of Zealand have reſolved upon a new negotiation for life-rents, to be drawn by way of a lottery, conſiſting of ſix claſſes; the firſt claſs to bear 5 per Cent. intereſt, the ſecond 6 per Cent. the third 7 per Cent. the fourth 8 per Cent. the fifth 9 per Cent. and the laſt 10 per Cent.

The Spaniſh ambaſſador, having received the neceſſary inſtructions from his court, went this day about three of the clock, to wait upon the prince Stadtholder, with a very handſome retinue. His ſerene highneſs is to return him the viſit to-morrow. The ſame ceremonial is uſed upon this occaſion, as was ſettled lately for the French ambaſſador.

GERMANY.

The anſwer of the king of Pruſſia to the memorial of the emperor relating to the election of a king of the Romans.

'The king is ever inclined to ſeize 'all opportunities of obliging their 'imperial majeſties, the emperor and 'empreſs queen: He would even do 'it in regard to the election of a king 'of the Romans in favour of the arch-'duke Joſeph: Nay, his majeſty more-'over acknowledges, that as matters 'now ſtand in the empire, that prince 'would be a candidate deſerving of 'the moſt notice. But the king 'leaves their imperial majeſties to con-'ſider, whether it would not be 'haſtening that election too much, to 'bring it on whilſt the emperor is in 'the flower of his age, while he en-'joys perfect health, and all Europe, 'and the empire in particular, are 'in a ſtate of profound tranquillity. 'Beſides nothing can be alledged for 'the neceſſity of ſuch an election; 'no, not even the motives alledged 'in the capitulation of the reigning 'emperor; the examination of which 'motives, wherein the whole empire 'has an intereſt according to the 8th 'article of the treaty of Weſtphalia, 'ought neceſſarily to precede that 'election, in order to prove the le-'gality thereof. If it unfortunately 'happens that his imperial majeſty 'ſhould die, which God forbid, what 'a ſituation would the empire be in, 'being then govern'd by an emperor 'a minor, and under guardianſhip? 'The king would therefore rather ad-'viſe their majeſties to wait 'till that 'young prince is of age, before they 'bring this election on the carpet, as 'ſuch a delay would likewiſe render 'the election more conformable to 'the laws, to the conſtitution of the 'empire, and to the majeſty of the 'germanick body.'

For the better underſtanding this declaration, it is proper to obſerve, that tho' a king of the Romans may be choſen at any age, and when ſo choſen always ſucceeds to the empire, without any other election, yet no emperor is eſteemed of age before 18 years; ſo that the government of the empire muſt be in a regency till he comes of age. The houſe of Auſtria was once ſo powerful, that their emperors procured their ſons to be elected kings of the Romans at what age they pleaſed; but the eldeſt ſon of Ferdinand III. dying before his father, and before Leopold the 2d ſon, grandfather to her imperial majeſty, was choſen king of the Romans, the empire was abſolutely without a head for almoſt a year and a half; during which time the French made great intereſt to prevent Leopold's election, but in vain, for he was unanimouſly choſen at Ratiſbon, the very day that compleated the 18th year of his age, and qualify'd him for government according to the conſtitution of the golden bull.

The alliance lately concluded with Ruſſia, which is regarded as the work of his Britannick majeſty, occaſions much ſatisfaction at Vienna.

POLAND.

The nobility of this country have great power, but are ſo much divided into factions, that their diet and other aſſemblies generally terminate without producing any advantage to the community. Such has been the iſſue of their laſt ſenate. The quarrels between the powerful families have often proceeded to blood and ſlaughter; there is no hint of ſuch calamity now ap-

approaching, but the following article is very myſterious.

Prince Jerome de Radzivil, great ſtandard-bearer of the dutchy of Lithuania, who is immenſely rich, but has no children, has lately formed in his ſtates a body of between three and four thouſand troops, well cloathed, well armed and well diſciplined, together with an arſenal, in which are already above 60 pieces of battering cannon, with powder and ball in proportion. He has alſo formed a troop of 100 muſqueteers, exceedingly well mounted, and ſuperbly clothed. Beſides which, this prince has got together thirty of the moſt beautiful and well ſhaped maidens among his tenants and vaſſals, of whom he has formed a company dreſſed in the amazon habit, and for whoſe education he is ſending for maſters in various ſciences and accompliſhments; and when thoſe maids ſhall have attained the age, at which he will allow them to marry, ſuch of the muſqueteers as he ſhall think moſt deſerving will be allowed to chuſe wives amongſt them.

RUSSIA.

The Ruſſian troops which are kept on foot for the ſervice of the year 1751 amount to 464,000 regular troops, beſides irregulars; 100,000 regular forces are quartered in Livonia, and the other conqueſts from Sweden, which may be drawn together in a ſhort time.

The empreſs ſo well approved M. Groſs's conduct at Berlin, that ſhe has made him a counſellor of ſtate, with a penſion of 2000 rubles, and he is to preſide in foreign affairs.

DENMARK.

The mathematicians ſent by the king into Iceland to make aſtronomical obſervations, and examine into the nature and product of that country, obſerve, that this iſland produces a great quantity of ſalt petre, and that the earth in ſome places, is fit to make china, and has ſtones which contain ſilver; 100 weight of theſe ſtones ſent to Copenhagen were found upon an aſſay to produce 6 ounces of fine ſilver.——By the great encouragement which his majeſty gives to trade, a ſcheme is propoſed for encreaſing it, by forming a great magazine of all kind of naval ſtores in the iſland of St Thomas in the W. Indies, to ſupply all nations that trade to thoſe parts, and the better to accommodate ſhips, that may want careening, to ſtop leaks, or repair, (an invention formerly practiſed in Denmark) whereby a ſhip either light, or laden, may be careened in 24 hours, and fit to put to ſea again.

PRUSSIA.

From Berlin we hear, that by the plan for the adminiſtration of juſtice, eſtabliſhed by his Pruſſian majeſty in his dominions, the court of judicature in that city determined 560 law-ſuits during the year 1750, not ſo much as one being left undecided; for which diſpatch his majeſty wrote a very handſome letter of thanks to baron Cocceji, his chancellor.

PLANTATION NEWS.

Kingſton in Jamaica, Oct. 15.

A Sailor, who was marooned on the Muſquetto ſhore, and was taken up by the captain of an Engliſh veſſel, told him he had diſcovered ſome nutmeg trees, the Cap. went and view'd thetrees, and gathered ſome of the fruit, both of which anſwered exactly to the deſcription given of thoſe in the ſpice iſlands in the East Indies. The maſter ſent up ſome of the fruit to our governor, who has thought it worth his pains to ſent down a man of war ſloop on purpoſe to proſecute the diſcovery; which, if it anſwer, will be of great advantage to this iſland, and of as great detriment to the Dutch ſpice trade.

Jamaica, Oct. 6. There is advice that one Dobbins, in a ſloop at Parker's bay had turn'd pirate, robbed a ſloop off Blackwater, and cut the maſter's noſe off, and had alſo attempted to take 2 or 3 canoes off Whitehouſe.

Halifax, Nova Scotia, Sep. 11.

A Brig. is juſt arrived after three weeks paſſage from London, with 129 Engliſh ſettlers. A French brig. which was ſeized in Verte bay ſupplying the Indians with powder and guns,

guns, and having alſo 5 Engliſh deſerters from our troops at Minas, is to be ſold this day.——A French ſhip of 300 tons, with ſtores for the ſhips of war building at Canada, ſunk at ſea, and the captain is come hither in a fiſhing ſchooner.

DOMESTICK NEWS.

Jan. 18. THE right honourable the houſe of peers waited on his majeſty at St. James's with their addreſs of thanks for his moſt gracious ſpeech from the throne, on Thurſday laſt; to which his majeſty was pleaſed to return the following moſt gracious anſwer:

My Lords,

'I return you my hearty thanks for this dutiful and affectionate addreſs.

The ſatisfaction you have ſo unanimouſly expreſſed in the treaties I have lately concluded, and the meaſures which I am purſuing, gives me the greateſt pleaſure: I entirely rely on your zeal and ſupport, in bringing them into perfection, for the welfare of my own kingdoms, and the general tranquillity of Europe.'

They alſo congratulated his majeſty on the joyful occaſion of the birth of a princeſs. To which his majeſty ſaid, 'He looked upon it as a freſh inſtance of their lordſhips duty and affection to his perſon and family.'

A letter from Fort William in the Highlands, dated December 24, mentions ſeveral neſts being found with eggs, and ſome with hatched chickens, in that neighbourhood, which are aſcribed to the extraordinary mildneſs of the ſeaſon.

Extract of a letter to a gentleman in Briſtol.

"On the ſeventh of December Mr. "Richards, parſon of the Hay, a "market town of Brecknockſhire, in "South-Wales, died, as it was ſup- "pos'd ſuddenly, and the ſecond day "after, as his limbs did not ſtiffen, "he was bled, and the blood could "hardly be ſtopped by the ſurgeon, "who ſaid he was not dead but in a "trance; however, next day his "friends buried him. A perſon "hearing a noiſe in Mr. Richards's "grave, procured it to be opened, "and the body appeared bleeding at "noſe, and covered with ſweat; "whence it is conjectured that he "was not dead when buried, tho' "all ſymptoms of life were now "vaniſh'd."

This month a man came to Dundee, ſuppos'd lately from Holland, who was ſuddenly taken ill, and died. There were found in his cuſtody ſilings of gold to the Value of 18 l. Sterling.

Letters from Montgomeryſhire mention, that the mortality among the cattle rages there, and in all Denbighſhire and Flintſhire.

A Bill is preparing to be brought into parliament, to puniſh ſailors who ſhall ſell their tickets for wages and prize-money to more perſons than one; and likewiſe to puniſh all agents, and buyers of ſuch tickets, that ſhall preſume to take more than legal intereſt for tickets ſold to them; and to render more effectual the ſpeedy payment of ſeamen's wages, without any deduction whatever.

This month ſeveral perſons were convicted before the Commiſſioners of Exciſe, of retailing ſpirituous liquors without licence, and fined in the penalty of 10 *l.* each. A practice too common among the chandlery and herb-ſhops, whereby many ſervants are inured to drinking, to the ruin of their morals and induſtry.

Jan. 15. London. A Committee from the Governors of the Foundling-hoſpital, waited laſted *Thurſday* on the ſociety of the free Britiſh fiſhery, at Mercers-hall; when they generouſly offered to let ſuch foundlings as had ſtrength ſufficient for it, to be employed in weaving twine, making nets, ropes, *&c.* for the ſervice of the aforeſaid ſociety; which propoſal was accepted of with due thanks.

PLAYS acted at both THEATRES, from the firſt of JANUARY.

DRURY-LANE.

	Plays.	Farces.
1	The Pilgrim.	*Queen Mab.*
2	Way of the world	*Ditto*
3	As you like It	*Ditto*
4	The Funeral	*Ditto*
5	Love makes a Man	*Ditto*
7	Twelfth Night	*Ditto*
8	Love makes a Man	*Ditto*
9	The Alchymiſt	*Ditto*
10	Way of the World	*Ditto*
11	Twelfth Night	*Ditto*
12	The Miſer	*Ditto*
14	Buſy Body	*Ditto*
15	Beggar's Opera	*Ditto*
16	Love's laſt Shift	*Ditto*
17	A bold Stroke for a Wife	*Ditto*
18	Stratagem	*Ditto*
19	Love's laſt Shift	*Ditto*
21	Fair Penitent	*Ditto*
22	Stratagem	*Ditto*
23	Recruiting Officer	*Ditto*
24	The Miſer	*Ditto*
25	The Alchymiſt	*Ditto*
26	The Conſtant Couple	*Ditto*
28	Beggar's Opera	*Ditto*
29	Beggar's Opera	*Ditto*
31	Romeo and Juliet	*Ditto*

FEBRUARY.

2	Gil Blas	
4	Gil Blas	
5	Gil Blas	
6	Gil Blas	
7	Gil Blas	
8	Gil Blas	
9	Gil Blas	
11	Gil Blas	
12	Gil Blas	
13	Romeo and Juliet	*Duke and no Duke*
14	The Recruiting Officer	*Queen Mab*

COVENT-GARDEN.

JANUARY.

	Plays.	Entertainments
1	Lady Jane Grey	*Perſeus and Andromeda*
2	Merchant of Venice	*Ditto*
3	All for Love	*Miller of Mansfield*
4	Ditto	*Stage Coach*
5	Ditto	*Merlin's Cave*
7	She wou'd if ſhe cou'd	*Ditto*
8	All for Love	*Apollo and Daphne*
9	Ditto	*Apollo and Daphne*
10	The Refuſal	*Merlin's Cave*
11	King Henry the Fourth	*Apollo and Daphne*
12	The Diſtreſs'd Mother	*Miller of Mansfield*
14	Orphan	*Damon and Phillida*
15	Macbeth [benefit]	*Devil to pay*
16	Conſtant Couple	*Apollo and Daphne*
17	Romeo and Juliet	*The Gondoliers, a Dance*
18	K. Henry the Foruth	*Merlin's Cave*
19	Fair Penitent	*The Gondoliers*
21	Ditto	*Ditto*
22	Lady Jane Grey	*Apollo and Daphne*
23	Fair Penitent	*Merlin's Cave*
24	The Provoked Huſband	*Perſeus and Andromeda*
25	Merry Wives of Windſor	*Apollo and Daphne*
26	Romeo and Juliet	*The Gondoliers*
28	Double Dealer	*Perſeus and Andromeda*
29	Jane Shore	*Hob in the Well*
31	Fair Penitent	*Damon and Phillida*

FEBRUARY.

2	Lady Jane Grey.	*Perſeus and Andromeda*
4	The Diſtreſs'd Mother	*King and Miller of Manfield*
5	The Refuſal.	*The mock Doctor*
6	Rule a Wife and have a Wife	*Perſeus and Andromeda*
7	The Provok'd Wife	*Merlin's-Cave*
8	King Henry IV.	*Apollo and Daphne*
9	Othello	*The Devil to pay*
11	Romeo and Juliet	*The funeral Proceſſion*
12	Cato	*Apollo and Daphne*
13	All for Love	*Merlin's-Cave*
14	Jane Shore	*The what d'ye call it.*

For an account of the entertainment of queen Mab, we refer our readers to the facetious and ingenious Mrs. Midnight, who has given a moſt diverting narrative thereof in the fourth number of her magazine.

The following account of the new play call'd GIL BLAS, is wrote by Mr. Critic Catchup, a gentleman who, perhaps, has more acrimony than judgment; but we are obliged to inſert it leaſt we ſhou'd fall under his formidable laſh.

The PROLOGUE.

HERE we have nature in perfection, for Mr. Woodward, perſonates a BLOOD; or, a profeſt DAMNER of plays. —— He ſucceeds without controverſy, for the ſentiments, diction and action are perfectly agreeable to the character repreſented.

The PLOT.

As far as the author deviates not from Mr. Le Sage, ſo far he is in the right.

The LANGUAGE.

This is perfectly Engliſh, and the Devil is of great ſervice in ſetting off the jokes.

The CHARACTERS.

Here, as long as Mr. Le Sage ſtands our friend, we are very ſucceſsful; but Mr. Garrick in his red coat and black patch, has all the Gods of his ſide. —— Be ſilent ye mortals!

The DRESS

Is partly Spaniſh and partly Engliſh, which is without doubt for the ſake of uniformity.

The EPILOGUE

Is written by Mr. Garrick, who is

Tanto peſſimus omnium poeta
Quanto eſt optimus omnium hiſtrionum.

N. B. *The Academical News, together with the Marriages, Deaths, Promotions, Liſt of Books, Bankrupts and Stocks, we were obliged to omit for want of Room in this, but they will be regularly inſerted in all the future Numbers.*

THE STUDENT, OR THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

EUTERPE.

A new SYSTEM *of* CASTLE-BUILDING.

CHAP. X. *On* FAME.

THE greateſt Caſtle that either is now, or ever was in the Air, is the Temple of FAME. It is the quinteſſence of vacuity, and like a mathematical point, has neither length, breadth, nor thickneſs. It's builders are the cyphers of the earth, and its inhabitants the ſhades of the dead. It is this, that vanity is forever aſpiring after; and when ſhe obtains it, ſhe poſſeſſes *herſelf*. The deſire of being a tenant of this airy manſion is ſo epidemical that it reaches to the loweſt of the vulgar, and inflames the breaſts of perſons, who are ſo ſtupid as to be abſolutely incapable of any other paſſion. I ſhall confine

this paper to ruſtic fame or the paſtoral ambition of the Peaſants; for to treat of the ſubject in general would fill a *Vatican* to do it juſtice. The firſt traces of this univerſal appetite appear at the inſtant when the hand is able to follow the direction of the mind; and there never was a creature ſo inſignificant as not to endeavour at ſome little memorials of its exiſtence, the firſt opportunity. I, the great CHIMÆRICUS CANTABRIGIENSIS (tho' more renown'd than the *Panopticon*, *le Chien Savant*, the *young Giant*, or the *great Tyger* from *Bengal*) remember the *infancy* of my own ambition diverting itſelf with carving my name with a penknife, and ſpoiling my maſter's *forms*, when I ſhould have con'd Corderius. Oh! with what rapture have I ſeen Farmer CRABTREE carve his name upon a beech, and every Sunday viſit the work to view how it dilated to more diſtinction, and to be more legible in its largeneſs. I have ſeen the ſame clown riſk his neck, in order to climb a church-ſteeple to mark the outlines of his foot upon the lead, and engrave his name in the area—(would to heaven our modern authors follow'd his example, and inſcribed what came from the *lead-mine* of their brains on that metal, which is ſo nearly a-kin to them)—Well however d—mn the parentheſis and away we go to the context.—Farmer CRABTREE was at length choſen Church-warden of the pariſh at the time when an old Gothic ſtructure was to be repair'd.——It was repair'd—three bells were added, which with the three old tinkle cymbals that remain'd (according to the beſt of my arithmetick) made ſix.——The pews were propt up—a marble font was introduced—and directly over the bellfrey, among a parcel of charcoal-painted flowers ſupported by two grinning Cherubins, was written in *ſtaggering* CAPITALS, "THIS CHURCH WAS BEAUTIFIED ANNO DOMINO "1742, CALEB CRABTREE AND DAVID "DUNGHILL CHURCH-WARDENS."—After this moſt remarkable æra and prodigious event Farmer CRAB-

TREE

TREE became too proud to have any connection with me, ſo I think 'tis high time to have done with him.—The ſame little ambition and mad view of perpetuity that diſturbs the honeſt villagers whilſt alive, is by their children continued afterwards—Some will faſt a month rather than "Vather ſhall want a grave-ſtone."—Others will be content with a wooden monument, where death in device proves more diſmal, and uglineſs itſelf is too much *diſtorted*. I have taken this picture from rural life in order to demonſtrate that it is natural for man to be vain. As for what are call'd the better ſort of people, their extravagancies are too great for me to deſcribe, or for poſterity to believe.

CHIMÆRICUS CANTABRIGIENSIS.

ESSAY IV.

Qui monet ut facias quod jam facis, ille monendo
Laudat, & hortatu comprobat acta ſuo.
Ovid de Triſt. Lib. v. E. 14. V. 45.

THE following Advice to a Student at the Univerſity, written by a lady, (I need not ſay an ingenious one) ſhall be the ſubject of to-day's paper.

From the moment you are admitted, you are to look upon yourſelf as commenc'd *man*, tho' you may not have paſs'd your ſeventeenth year: conſequently you are not to be under the command of any relation, that might preſume to adviſe or reprove you, when you were but a boy: and if, notwithſtanding the aſſurance you have in your own mind, that you have paſs'd the boy's eſtate, any of them ſhould be ſo ignorant to imagine the contrary, you are by all your words and actions to correct their miſtake; as, by ſwearing like a man, drinking like a man, and in ſhort, doing every thing that ſhall be moſt agreeable to your own, without any regard to their inclinations.

Next, you muſt be ſure in all companies, to rally the old Priggs.—You need not be told, that under this denomination are to be found, the heads, fellows, and the reſt of the more important officers in the Univerſity. This will at once ſhew your ſpirit, and gain you the reputation of a wit.

If your relations in the country are very importunate for a return to their too frequent letters, and you can no longer ſhift without a bill, you may take half a ſheet of paper at a coffee-houſe; in it beg ten thouſand pardons for your ſilence, occaſion'd by college buſineſs, that had ſo engaged your time, you could not before attend to their letters: conclude with a violent head-ach, which cannot fail to have an effect upon a tender mother's heart; make your demand for the money in a Latin Poſtſcript, (if not too much for your head at that time) which muſt be ſuch a proof to your father of his ſon's improvement, as cannot fail to procure the deſir'd remittance; for it is great pity a lad with ſo fine a genius ſhould be ſtinted in his expences.

If any of the gownſmen ſhould chance to obſerve you in this employment, it will be extremely lucky; as it gives you an opportunity to deſcant on the charms of the lady, who favours you with her correſpondence; you need only cover the honourable words at the top with your ſnuff-box, clap your hand upon your heart, and pronounce the chriſtian name of your taylor's daughter: lament that her parents oppoſe your happineſs, but then conſole yourſelf with the certainty that the old huncks her father muſt go to town to attend parliament, and then you can ſlip into the country according to her deſire. By this means, you will eſcape the raillery due to a queer dog, who thinks it incumbent on him, to make dutiful returns to an old careful parent, that toils, and perhaps goes in a thread-bare coat, to furniſh him with a genteel education.

If

If you are determined on having a jovial evening with ſome half a ſcore *honeſt fellows*, in your own room, and ſhould chance to be interrupted in your innocent amuſements, by the viſitor at the door (which I adviſe may be faſtened as ſoon as your friends arrive) you are to convey your punch and all the glaſſes (except one) under the bed; then your merry friends are all to be ſtuff'd into your bedroom; cover them with your quilt, your laundreſs's petticoat, or any thing that comes to hand: ſtick a pen in your mouth, and have an *Euclid* open on the table; then opening the door, diſcharge your glaſs of punch full in the viſitor's face; recollect your error in a moment, aſk pardon, proteſt you took him for JACK RATTLE, who will never let you be quiet; that you was ſo puzzled with a problem, which their bouncing render'd more intricate, that, in the height of your anger, you threw the liquor in his face. This will be a ſufficient excuſe; ſo forgiving you, and commending your diligence, he will retire. You now may conclude the evening as riotouſly as you pleaſe, but be you behind none of them in exceſs of jollity; for what man of ſpirit could bear to ſee their wigs burning about their ears, and not ſhew he had as much fire? At parting, you will be wiſe enough to engage to return all their viſits.

I do imagine you are by this time too drowzy, to pick up your broken china and glaſſes: I therefore adviſe you to leave them with your tea and ſugar, to be taken care of by your bed-maker, in the morning, who will be ſure to convey them out of ſight, without any manner of trouble to you.

I ſhall defer the publication of the reſt, which contains advice for behaviour in the ſummer vacation, till another time.

N. B. *It is deſir'd that the* BUCKS *and* BLOODS *of both Univerſities would carefully peruſe this paper twice or thrice, and that ſuch as can't read would get a friend to read it to them.*

On the REALITY *of* RELIGION.

LETTER IV.

NOtwithſtanding thoſe favourable impreſſions, particulariz'd as above; the great reſpect it bears to, as well as the moſt ſubmiſſive filial reliance it implies on the ſovereign diſpoſer of all things, prayer, by ſome, has been ſtil'd a ſort of impiety; unbecoming God to receive, and therefore not fit for man to offer. Becauſe, as he muſt be allow'd to know our wants much better than we do, it argues great preſumption in us, and ſeems to detract from his infinite intelligence, and all-comprehending love, to teaze him with our impertinencies, or to think to move him with our importunities: to which I anſwer,

1ſt. That, tho' God knows what is moſt ſuitable to be done or omitted in all poſſible ſituations, and will, moſt aſſuredly, upon every occaſion extend or limit his acts, that is, adjuſt the diſpenſations of providence to the qualifications and circumſtances of particulars, yet it ſeems reaſonable that men ſhould *petition* before they *obtain*; ſince a favour, one would think, is worth the aſking for.

2d. All ends, of what nature ſoever they be, are effected by certain means; and the author of nature does nothing without them. This is evident to every ones obſervation. Who knows then, but that prayer is the means God has inſtituted for mans procuring ſuch goods and accomodations, as are neceſſary to his living eaſily, and commodiouſly? A ſtep to his arriving at the benefits of *this* and *another* life! and that *applying* ſhould be made the condition of *receiving*: certainly, it would be monſtrous arrogance in creatures, conſcious of their abſolute dependance upon ſome firſt cauſe for exiſtence, and all the intereſting effects of it, to aſſert the contrary.

3. The

3. The deity's favours are confin'd to certain terms, and bound up by ſpecial reſtrictions, that is, they cannot be poſſeſs'd to advantage, but by thoſe of a particular caſt or turn of mind. The reaſon is, becauſe things are to men as they are in a ſtate to view and entertain them. It is plain, if our affections for objects ariſe from, they will ever be adapted to the temper and diſpoſition we are in. We ſhall like or diſlike as our palate is ſet to reliſh and digeſt them. Such a taſte, or habit of mind, as will ſuit the various circumſtances of a human being, can only be acquir'd, refin'd, and confirm'd by prayer. This therefore is a means, a means however of that which is itſelf a means, of obtaining God's gifts and communications, and, under that notion, the proper concern, as it is, at all times, the moſt delightful entertainment, of a rational creature. But not to multiply words, the end of prayer is not ſo much to move the deity (who, as unchangeable in his nature and purpoſes, is incapable of being affected) as it is fitted to diſpoſe the petitioner for making a right uſe, and having a free and ample enjoyment of what he requeſts of Heaven. And this proclaims how neceſſary ſuch an ordinance is to our happineſs, and is one inſtance, out of thouſands more, of the divine wiſdom and goodneſs in making it the productive cauſe of the bleſſings he diffuſes, or rather that they can be no bleſſings to us, but under that peculiar biaſs, or tendency of will, which, by his appointment, prayer becomes the neceſſary inſtrument of forming and fixing.

It has been maintained by ſome (and it is not unlikely there are others ſtill of the ſame opinion) that an inward veneration for the deity, reſulting from ſerious and intenſe meditation on ſuch tranſcendent worth, as likewiſe on the general relation he ſtands in to his creatures, is, of itſelf, ſufficient without any common ſtated modes of worſhip, all that is incumbent on us to perform, or befitting our maker to expect. And therefore, that religion is properly mental, and aſſumes no verbal form or covering, i. e. expreſſes

preſſes not itſelf in any outward acts, habitudes, &c. To which I anſwer,

It is highly probable, there are ſeveral ranks of creatures in the univerſe, riſing gradually in perfection, each of which is oblig'd to worſhip its maker, in a way ſuitable to the juſteſt notions it can frame both of his greatneſs and its own dependence. Whence the ſervice itſelf, as well as the manner of tendering it, muſt be fetch'd from the nature of thoſe beings who are to attend on and yield it. For the ſame kinds of homage, and ways of paying it, as they are not requir'd of, ſo do they not ſit, alike gracefully, on all beings. A religion abſtracted from every thing external, is beſt adapted to mere intellectuality. But, as compounds of ſenſe and reaſon, men are obliged to worſhip their creator in a rational, ſenſible manner; that is, tho' in all their addreſſes to heaven certain modes, as vehicles to convey their conceptions, be plainly required, yet ſhould their minds conſtantly go along with, and accompany the words compoſing ſuch forms. And it would be equally abſurd, and as much out of character, for theſe ſorts of beings to aſpire to the region of pure incorporeity, and to occupy the province of immaterial ſpirits, as it would be in the latter to ſink into matter, and move and act accordingly. Religions, in common with the reſt of human acts, enjoyments, &c. will ever participate of the nature of thoſe two principles; be neither wholly one nor the other, but a reſult from both. "Time and place *(to which we may add, ſtated forms of worſhip, and publick officers, to have the direction and management of each particular connected with, or, in any ſenſe, relative to them)* are circumſtances inſeparable "from religious actions. For man conſiſting of a ſoul "and body, cannot always be actually engaged in the ſervice of God; that is the privilege of angels, and ſouls "freed from the the fetters of mortality. So long as we "are here, we muſt worſhip God with reſpect to our preſent ſtate, and conſequently of neceſſity have ſome definite

" finite time and place to do it in." But I obſerve further, that in the degree as men's reverence of a deity grows up into a habit, and the ſtronger and more confirm'd this habit is, ſo the greater influence it will neceſſarily have, upon their actions. But religious habits, we ſee, are not eaſily acquir'd, unleſs the current of education, and the prevailing faſhion of the age as to morals, be turn'd that way; frequent repetitions are found requiſite to the making, as well as much thought and attention for the right fixing, of them. External objects likewiſe are always at hand, and on each ſide of us; ever forward, and ready to ſollicit a correſponding appetite, and (which ſhould be daily conſidered, and ſeaſonably guarded againſt, when the biaſs is wrong placed) the appetite grows more violent, and preſſing for gratification, the nigher the object approaches, and the oftner it is poſſeſs'd. Whence it will unavoidably happen, that meditation muſt frequently be interrupted, and mental attendance on the concerns of another world greatly diſturb'd, or wholly withdrawn, at leaſt ſubject to ebbs and flows, to many breaks and inequalities. For whether man will or no, thoſe objects obtrude themſelves upon the mind, and neceſſarily make impreſſions there. Beſides, every day's experience ſhews us, that the much largeſt part of mankind are extreamly ignorant in matters of this nature, and know but few of the lines of duty as they relate to God, to their fellow-creatures, and themſelves. A deficiency naturally ariſing out of their circumſtances, and, for the moſt part, going along with them. Which at the ſame time that it proves, the impoſſibility of ſuch kind of habits having their riſe from certain reflex acts of the mind, proves alſo the indiſpenſible neceſſity of ſome publick inſtruction, in an affair of ſo much importance to man, in every capacity we can view him under. Whence the expediency of certain appropriated times and places, as alſo of able and properly-qualify'd perſons, to ſuperviſe and execute religious offices. And what reaſon points out, experience does abundantly confirm, viz.

that applications to God in this ſolemn viſible manner, have a much greater aptitude to excite and ſettle in men's minds awful, venerable ſentiments of God's excellencies, and of their entire dependence on him, than looſe unconnected meditations can poſſibly be ſuppoſed, or ever were in fact found, to have: and conſequently, under this conſideration, greatly to be preferr'd to them. There is however this undeniable advantage naturally ariſing from public worſhip; that, it both generates and preſerves in the human mind (and ſo keeps the world of mankind from falling into general confuſion and diſtreſs) right and worthy notions of a deity, and of the unchangeable obligations of religion. And hence appears the folly of thoſe, who exclaim againſt all eccleſiaſtical eſtabliſhments by the magiſtrate, or who think that a church conſider'd in the light we have ſet her above, can be of no ſervice to civil ſociety; a view to which, was one reaſon, that conſtituted the forming ſuch religious aſſociations a duty; ſince it is one main branch of the ſupreme magiſtrates office, to direct the courſe, and confine the operations of religion, leſt it ſhould be abſorbed by ſuperſtition, or elſe ſhoot out into all the wildneſs of fanaticiſm. When either of which happens, inſtead of a bleſſing, it turns out the bane of a body politick.

R——*.

[*To be continued.*]

To the STUDENT.

——— *iterat voces, & verba cadentia tollit.*

HOR.

Mr. STUDENT,

AMongſt all the authors, who from time to time have entertained the world with eſſay-writing, I do not remember to have found any mention made by them of an odd ſpecies of mortals, who by way of diſtinction may deſerve the appellation of ECHOES. I ſay by way of diſtinction; for

for at the firſt ſight they may ſeem to belong to thoſe ever-memorable gentlemen who were ſtyled *Gnathonics*; a name which they had from the great maſter of paraſites and ſycophants, GNATHO. It muſt be granted indeed, that the *Echoes* and *Gnathonics* derive their firſt and ruling principle from one and the ſame ſource, viz. *That they are entirely dependent on another perſon*: in this point then, they exactly tally; but the moment the compariſon is puſhed further, an eſſential difference enſues. For as a *Gnathonic* ſupports himſelf with very ſubſtantial food at another's expence, and riots on dainties, which are the produce of a great man's table; ſo on the contrary, the diet that an *Echo* collects is extremely thin and ſpare, for he is,

"A word-catcher, that lives on ſyllables." POPE.

The *Gnathonic* utterly deſpiſes the man who ſupports him; the *Echo* looks on him with the moſt profound veneration and awe.

Having premiſed this, I ſhall venture to define, or rather deſcribe an *Echo* to be one, who after having fixed on a certain perſon as a fit model, or pattern for converſation, ſummons up his whole memory, which he ſometimes aſſiſts with a pocket-book, to retain every expreſſion that falls from the mouth of his great *exemplar*. Theſe expreſſions, when he has got a competent collection, he takes particular care to retail as his own, amongſt the firſt company he happens to fall into. So that he may with great propriety be compared to that ſtop in an organ which is called a *vox humana*; for whatever he utters can at beſt be ſaid to be nothing but an imitation of articulate ſounds. And here, by the way, it may be proper to obſerve, that the art of *echoing* is no where ſo much ſtudied and put in practice with ſo much ſucceſs as in our two famous Univerſities: there is not a ſmart fellow but has his *Echo* who attends him as conſtantly as his ſhadow: for a lively expreſſion which drops from a young

fellow of wit and humour, is too tempting a bait to be neglected by the imitating crew, that is to be found in almoſt every college. 'Tis hard to ſay from whence this ſpecies of mimic mortals took their riſe; perhaps it may be attributed to a low-contracted ambition, which often lies lurking in a mean breaſt, and has neither ſpirit nor activity enough to exert itſelf in any thing new or uncommon; but is contented with following a path that has been ſtruck out by a ſuperior and penetrating genius: tho' at the ſame time it endeavours with an air of pertneſs, that is eaſily put on, to claim the honour of the invention. Hence it happens that ſo many *little fellows* who would fain make ſome, tho' it be a *ſecond-hand* appearance in life, are ſo expert in gathering up, and adopting for their own, the pointed ſhafts of wit, and flowers of rhetoric, which men of parts and genius on all ſides diſperſe. Thus footmen affect the wearing the *exuviæ* of their maſters, and make love to the courtezans of *Drury-Lane* in a dialect they have gleaned at St. *James*'s.

As there is ſcarce any thing in nature, but what contains ſome gradations within itſelf, ſo there are even in regard to the ſcience of *echoing*, ſome ſubordinate animals who may be termed *Echoes* of *Echoes*; wretches, whoſe converſation is reduced into the ſmalleſt compaſs; who never had ſpirit enough to ſee with their own eyes, or hear with their own ears; whoſe ev'ry ſenſe is ſubject to the whim and caprice of a ſecond-rate petty-fogger in converſation, whoſe very words are merely mechanical; for they dare not even ſpeak, unleſs a ſuperior *Echo* gives them utterance.

Having thus, Mr. STUDENT, repreſented in their proper colours and without the leaſt heightening this ſpecies of mimic mortals, it ſeems but reaſonable that I ſhould propoſe ſome conſiderations to divert them from a further practice in this their low art, ſo that for the future, wit and good ſenſe may flow on in their proper channels, genuine, pure, and uninterrupted.

And

And firſt then, theſe unhappy gentlemen would do well to conſider, how general an odium they will bring on themſelves, if they are once detected in their pilfering trade. Tho' there is no ſtatute law enacted againſt this kind of theft, yet in the learned and polite world there exiſts, and ever will exiſt the *jus & norma loquendi*, and he that violates it will be looked on as guilty of plagiariſm, or literary larceny; and conſequently will be liable, if not to corporal puniſhment, at leaſt to the ſevere laſhes which incenſed wit will not fail to inflict on him.

But ſuppoſing men may reign on, without the danger of being diſcovered, yet let it be conſidered, that whatever is retailed thro' other hands, generally evaporates and loſes it's ſterling force and energy. In like manner, a lively expreſſion, after having paſs'd thro' the mouth of an *Echo*, becomes dull, inſipid, and emaciate; and is at length literally reduced to a *vox & præterea nihil:* or at beſt it appears maimed and diſtorted, how well ſoever ſet off in the repetition; as rays of light by paſſing from one medium to another, tho' it be of the pureſt ſort, are inſtantly refracted. On the whole then, would it not be acting the more prudent part, to look into one's own breaſt, and examine one's own natural abilities, rather than wander abroad and poach for ſenſe. There is ſcarce a man that comes into the world but has ſomething peculiar in him, which by being improved, may in the end profit himſelf, and thoſe to whom he is more immediately related and connected. And tho' he is not bleſſed with great talents, which diffuſe themſelves thro' a whole community, and are the bulwark of a nation, yet nevertheleſs he may act a firſt part in life, and even ſhine in the little ſphere of his own neighbourhood. There is many a perſon that would have made no figure as a judge on the bench, who in the diſtrict allotted him, promotes unanimity and concord, ſuppreſſes drunkenneſs and debauchery;

chery; and, in one word, effectually *keeps the King's peace* in the character of a conſtable.

If theſe conſiderations avail nothing, I will take the liberty to conclude this letter with a petition, that the *Echoes* would ſolely apply themſelves to ſelect their *bon mots* out of that immortal repoſitory of wit and humour, JO. MILLER's *jeſts:* by ſo doing no man living will be injured; and conſequently if they are diſcovered the only puniſhment, if it may be called puniſhment, that awaits them, is that of being heartily laughed at.

I am, Mr. STUDENT, yours, &c.

James's Coffee-houſe,
March 1, 1751.

GENUINUS.

From the HAPPY COBLER *of* Portugal Street.

LETTER II.

SINCE I am permitted the honour of ranking myſelf among the STUDENT's correſpondents, it not only makes me begin to entertain a much better opinion of my own abilities, but alſo to find an extraordinary reſpect and deference paid me by all my acquaintance. Indeed, DOLLY the maid has been heavily in the dumps at the liberty I took in ſaying I *ſmuggled* her; and many a good dowce on the chops has ſhe unmercifully given me for that impertinence. DOLLY is a ſober girl, and an induſtrious, honeſt ſervant; in truth I have a great reſpect for her, which makes me extremely ſorry I was ſo fooliſhly inadvertent in expoſing her to the ridicule of every chattering diſciple of COOKE and LITTLETON; and the more ſo, becauſe (as I ſolemly proteſt) I was never yet indulged to ſweeten my greaſy tobaccoed cap with the fragrancy of her delicious breath; nor did I ever know what a celeſtial pleaſure

pleaſure it was to fold ſuch an agreeable creature in my arms; which, by the way, I would not have her think ſo deſpicable as ſhe does: for, tho' I ſincerely aſk her pardon, I would have her, and every DOLLY in *England*, to know, that I, TIMOTHY BECK, am now a man of too much conſequence to aſſociate myſelf with the prettieſt menial woman in all the pariſh of St. *Clement*.

As I begin to have the eſtimation of a *wit*, and am looked upon as a man of importance, I have lately reſorted to BEN. SEDGLEY'S at the *Ship and Anchor near Temple-Bar*, where I am reputed to be ſo comical a fellow, that the landlord has perſuaded me to aſſiſt him in publiſhing an anſwer to Mr. FIELDING'S *Enquiry*, &c. Such a number of wits, critics, and literary oddities frequent this houſe, that I am at preſent incapable of entertaining myſelf ſo agreeably as I could wiſh, among them: however, I am happy in the acquaintance of a very remarkable quadruped, to whom I have been exceſſively kind. The creature is a dog called COLEBROOK, who is ſo prodigiouſly fond of his friend the *Cobler*, that he has thought proper to honour me with the following epiſtle.

A Letter from Mr. R. B—'s Dog, COLEBROOK, *To* TIMOTHY BECK.

SIR,

AS a *Britiſh* dog, and a native of the land of freedom, I am intitled to the liberty of the preſs; which is more than LE CHIEN SÇAVANT was ever permitted to boaſt; and it rouzes my indignation to hear any honeſt *Engliſhman* laviſhly commending the docility of that ſervile animal, while I, and a thouſand others of more eminent abilities, are ſhamefully neglected: but it cannot be helped; all the exotic growth of *France* deſtroys every domeſtic

meſtic production of *Britain*; *French* valets, cooks, barbers, taylors, and players, have the preference to every free-born *Engliſhman* in any of thoſe profeſſions; therefore it furniſhes little matter of admiration, when our own generous race of dogs are ſupplanted by the ſpecious artifices of foreigners.

I am deſcended from the favourite dog of TOBIAS, and my anceſtors were brought over from *Gaul* ſoon after the weſtern migration of the *Gomerian* tribe; a conſiderable time before the disjunction of this iſland from the continent. Some of my progenitors were the attendants of princes, and one of them was an extraordinary favourite of JOHN *of Gaunt*; who took him over to *Portugal* upon his *Spaniſh* expedition, where he ſucceeded in his pretenſions to the crown; but when he relinquiſhed his crown to the King of *Spain* for 600,000 livres, he left this favourite dog behind him with his daughter CATHARINE, who was married to HENRY *Prince of Aſturias*. Some of my anceſtors were honoured with the careſſes of our ancient *Dames of Honour*; and my great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great grandmother was happy in the ſmiles of * Queen ELIZABETH. But the blood of princes is too often baſely diſſeminated, and loſt in a too frequent coalition with the plebeians: it is equally ſo in the canicular ſpecies; by which means I am now diveſted of all the honours that were paid to my illuſtrious anceſtors, and am dependent on a friend to mirth for my principal ſupport: tho' indeed, as I am delighted with the facetious honeſty of my maſter, ſo I live merrily and obediently with him, and more particularly becauſe I am aſſigned a nocturnal reſi-

* COLEBROOK ſeems to be a very chronological animal; for, allowing ten years to be the age of each of his anceſtors, it will make 160 years ſince the year 1590, when Queen ELIZABETH flouriſhed.

dence

dence with that worthy patron of arts and ſciences, BEN. SEDGLY, at whoſe houſe I ſleep in all imaginable comfort and ſecurity, while my roving maſter is toping the bottle, ſwelling his flute, or leading up a country dance.

I am often interrupted with the impertinent prattle of ſome company, and the vociferous clamours of others; but my principal diſturbance is from the ſonorous declamations of Mr. GARDENIUS ULULO, the prince of logicians, who ſcreams the *Stentorian* dialect in a very pathetical manner. As there is a ſympathy in harmony, ſo there is in nature; and indeed, I have ſagacity enough to conceive that all nature is no more than univerſal harmony: this, probably, has excited the particular regard of Mr. ULULO to a creature of an inferior ſpecies; he frequently honours me with a ſmile of approbation, and can perceive the language of my heart uttered in the mute rhetoric of my eyes: Mr. ULULO can ſcrutinize, with a philoſophical inſpection, into the various ſegregations of a ſingle hair; he not only diſtinguiſhes as far as the verge of *nature*; but even beyond the *bourn of being*: tho' our corporeal vehicles ſeem as different as *Newtonian* reaſon and *Porcupinian* inſtinct; yet it may be eaſily imagined, that the etherial eſſence of Mr. ULULO and poor COLEBROOK are congenial: if his pleaſure conſiſts in the vanity of exhilarating his ſpirits, and extending his lungs, not ſo much for the amuſement of the company, as the exaltation of his own character; mine is ſynonomous, when I exhibit my *Gymnopædian* antics, and ſhame all the dexterity of the ancient *Lacædemonians*; or when I roar out my canine acclamations at the good-nature of honeſt BEN. SEDGLY, at the time he is obliging a civil cuſtomer by emptying half a tankard at a ſingle draught to his health, with the approbation of a hearty *ſmack* of the lips at the end, to ratify his own commendations of the beer, and to give the drawer an intimation of repleniſhing the tankard at the ſame time: or while a certain honeſt merry companion takes a pleaſure in

humming the *ſagacious* Mr. GARDENIUS ULULO, when he is aſſaſſinating characters in the dark, only to expoſe his own ignorance in critical obſervations; characters, of which he knows no more than he does of the *Abyſſinian* Emperor. Though here I cannot help animadverting on the delicacy and grace of that ſweetly-pleaſing liſp, which flows more melodious from the lips of Mr. ULULO, than the moſt elegant harmony that was every hooted by the bird of melancholy, in her nocturnal excurſions; when ſhe quits her reſidence in the ivy-ſhaded turrets of ſolitude, and, flapping her broad wings, hideouſly complains to the moon, that ſhe is no longer the favourite bird of MINERVA, no longer the mark of *Athenian* veneration. The eloquence of Mr. GARDENIUS is always preceded by a gentle ſymphony of hems, ſomething more agreeable than the enchanting notes of a love-ſick toad, gently croaking out his amorous ditty in the lutulent pond, where his captivating nymph unfolds all the yellow beauties of her fair-beſpeckled boſom. Mr. ULULO next, oratorially waving his left hand, temperately lays it to his animated heart, with more dexterity than the politeſt inhabitant of *Monomatapa*, when, like a little PAN, he makes his ſylvan addreſſes to the prettieſt female of that ſpecies which was formerly worſhipped by the *Egyptians*, and is at this day idolized by the *Siamites*. This preſident of diſputants then begins his tale, by projecting the prominence of his corporeal rotundity: if he has not the muſic of a vernal thruſh, his pretty natural hobbling accents would make an additional elegance to the charming notes of the *hurdy-gurdy*; or, if exerted in a concerto with the *Judaic harp*, would add innumerable graces to ſuch admirable minſtrelſy: if his words have not the dulcet efficacy of the *Hyblæan* bee, they ſurpaſs all the boaſted rhetoric of the *Gulliverian Houhnhyms*; and I would beg leave to recommend to Mr. ULULO the practice of one of his ancient oratorial fraternity, DEMOSTHENES, who had an imperfection in his ſpeech,

ſpeech, which he prudently corrected by champing ſtones in his mouth: if Mr. ULULO would obſerve this method, I make no doubt but he would in time be a competitor for the preſidency at the *Robin Hood*; and this I have ventured to prognoſticate as a certainty, that, if he ſhould be unſucceſsful in rivalling the perſon who ſo worthily fills the chair in the *Butcher-Row*, he will certainly ſhine ſuperior to the celebrated *Tiddy Doll*. Mr. ULULO cannot be angry at any part of this animadverſion, becauſe, in proverbial juſtice, *every man ſhould be paid in his own coin*; and about a fortnight ago, as I was under the table, I heard this gentleman ſcattering his innoxious reflexions, againſt a perſon who was entirely unknown to him; ſo much unknown to him, that when another gentleman jocularly perſonated the injured fellow, Mr. ULULO was thoroughly *humm'd*, and ſubmiſſively aſked pardon for calling a man a fool to his face.

I have heard ſome of the poetical gentleman ſay, that Mr. POPE, in his explanation of the philoſophy of an uncorrupted ſimple child of nature, makes the *Indian* think,

" —— *when admitted to that equal ſky,*
" *His faithful dog ſhall bear him company.*"

When I reflect on this hypotheſis, I am encouraged to entertain an extraordinary opinion of my own ſufficiency in particular, and the dignity of my whole ſpecies in general. The ſage *Egyptians*, as they proſtrated themſelves on the *Memphian* banks of the *Nile*, from whence WISDOM firſt took her oriental flight, paid a particular regard to the canine ſpecies, by attributing divine honours to ANUBIS: the *Grecian* aſtronomers, who were indebted to the *Triſmegiſtian* adepts for their knowledge of the *ſciences*, elevated our race to the heavens, by placing SIRIUS among the *conſtellations*: and the *Japaneſe* have paid us all the magnificent ceremonies of a funeral ſolemnity; their late Em-

pero, TAITOKOUYNSAMA, being equally fond of a *dog*, as the *Roman* AUGUSTUS was of a *ram*.

VIRGIL makes a horſe ſenſibly lament the death of his maſter; and the ſame poet intimates, that bees were of a celeſtial nature.

MARTIAL makes *fiſhes* ſenſible; and LUCRETIUS ſays that *beaſts*, both wild and tame, have different voices, to expreſs their different paſſions. Why then ſhould man ſo vainly appropriate every faculty of reaſon, and ſublimer ſenſation ſolely to himſelf? If men underſtood the language of *dogs*, their pride would receive a great mortification: and this I inſiſt upon, that I am even ſuperior to moſt of the inſolent ſons of divine ſimilitude; becauſe I can underſtand their language, while they are totally ignorant of mine. PYTHAGORAS, who borrowed his metempſychoſis of the *Egyptians*, was of opinion, according to OVID, that he was EUPHORBUS, at the ſiege of *Troy*. Several other nations were of this opinion, particularly the ancient *Druidæ* of *Gaul* and *Britain*; as alſo appears by OVID, when he ſays that the immortal ſoul re-animates other bodies: and CLAUDIAN is alſo favouring the ſame opinion, when he mentions the various tranſmigrations of men into beaſts, before they are purged in the *Lethean* lake, and reſume their human forms. The *Banians* of *India*, to this day adopt the doctrine of tranſmigration; and if there is ſuch an evolution in nature, what muſt ſome men expect? For my own part I have vanity enough to imagine, that, as ſoon as I have paſſed through my preſent tranſitory ſlavery, I ſhall be either a King of *Java*, or the Governor of *Beſſarabia*; for which I could give ſuch reaſons as would be an ample conviction to any quadruped, tho' they might appear ridiculous to men: but as for my honeſt proprietor B——, I think he muſt be metamorphoſed into one of the tuneful ſwans of *Cäyſter*; Mr. GARDENIUS ULULO into one of the chattering inhabitants of *Croyland Abbey* in *Lincolnſhire*; where the *daw* is perpetually cawing over the

the ruins of the *Benedictine* monks: and BEN. SEDGLY into one of the bitterns that are eternally gulping down the waters of the lake of *Onega*, in the province of *Rubeninska* in *Ruſſia*. As for you, Mr. BECK, if I have any ſkill in divination, you will certainly find yourſelf tranſmigrated into the capacious body of a toping magiſtrate; for I think you have too great an averſion to any thing mechanical, too much good-nature for any thing critical, and too much ſenſe for any thing poetical: however, when our preſent corporeal machines ſhall periſh, and our ſpirits reanimate other bodies; let what will be our different ſtations, whether prince and peaſant, prelate and cobler, ſtateſman and poet, doge or dog, I ſhall be always heartily devoted to your ſervice.

Remember your promiſe to take me with you to ſee WORLIDGE's collection of pictures our the *little piazza* in *Covent-Garden*; for, ſince I heard your deſcription of the *hare and the fieldfare* that the painter has ſo artfully repreſented there, I am all impatience to attend you: as you are an honeſt fellow, keep to your word; if not, you ſhall be certainly expoſed to our ludicrous wits at the *Ship and Anchor*, by

Your ſincere friend and humble ſervant,

COLEBROOK.

Mr. STUDENT, I think this letter very extraordinary: I ſhall certainly introduce COLEBROOK to ſee Mr. WORLIDGE's collection, where I am ſhortly to attend a *virtuoſo* in painting, after which our obſervations ſhall be communicated to you, by ſir,

Your very humble ſervant,

TIMOTHY BECK.

Dated at my Stall in Portugal-Street,
this 2d day of March, 1750.

OBSERVATIONS

Occaſioned by the MASQUE of ALFRED.

THE method of performing the *Italian Opera* by *recitative* and *ſong*, tho' at firſt ſight it may appear to be a mere modern invention, is originally derived from the practice of the *Græcian* ſtage. In reading *Euripides*, I have often thought with much ſatisfaction, what an affecting appearance ſome of his pathetic ſcenes muſt have made in the theatre of *Athens*. But this thought prov'd only at laſt a pleaſing dream; and it was with infinite mortification, that I learn'd from Mr. *Weſt*'s judicious and learned diſſertation on the *olympic games*, that all the ſpeeches in the *Græcian drama* (except the *chorus*, which was ſung in a more artificial taſte, and was what we may call the *air*) were delivered in a *plain chant*, not unlike that modulation made uſe of in church-ſervice.

It were to be wiſh'd, that the firſt writers of *Italian opera*, while they imitated the *Græcian* ſtage, (and indeed the *Roman* ſuch as it was) in the method of performing by *recitative* and *ſong*, had been likewiſe careful to imitate the truth of character, and unities; and, in ſhort, the truly *dramatic* perfection, to be found in the ancient ſtage. But by ſuffering themſelves to be too far led away by the charms of muſic, and theatrical magnificence, they have introduced the moſt monſtrous abſurdities into their *muſical dramas*. And indeed, if the *Italian opera-poets* had taken care to copy the ancients in their *words*, as well as the *performers* did in the *method* of *repreſenting*, the province of a writer of *operas* would not have been ſo deſpicable, as it is at preſent thought to be. Nor would the *writer* have thought it uſeleſs and unneceſſary to have drawn the *paſſions* with the utmoſt of his ſkill, and in their moſt natural colours; ſince it is acknowledged

acknowledg'd that ſome certain paſſionate ſpeeches (more particularly a ſpeech framed to move pity) when ſuitably adapted to *plain ſong* or *recitative*, will have a more ſtriking effect, than if repreſented according *to nature*, by the moſt experienced actor.

The ſpecies of *muſical dramas* call'd the *oratorio*, is merely a ſacred *opera*; deducing its fable from ſcripture, as the *opera* itſelf does, from profane hiſtory. This ſpecies (if rightly executed) is moſt admirably calculated to fulfil the the great end of the *drama*, *to make men more virtuous*; as it takes for its ſubject the actions of *holy* men, and conſequently deals much in praiſes and addreſſes to the deity. I believe our *oratorios* at preſent in vogue, tho' not very remarkable for poetical compoſition, have their good effect on the more rational and ſober part of the audience. Yet what more univerſal and uſeful effects would this ſpecies of the *drama* produce, if it was to join *true poetry*, with *true piety*, and the ſacred characters introduced, were taught to ſpeak from the *head* as well as the *heart*? Add to this, a regularity of plan might be maintained (which hitherto has been utterly neglected) as well, as in any other *dramatic* piece. In ſhort no ſubject more naturally affords the *true ſublime*, than that of which the *oratorio* conſiſts; and conſequently, an exalted genius can no where find a more ſuitable or ample field, for the exerciſe and exertion of his moſt magnificent conceptions.

Theſe conſiderations were ſuggeſted to me by Mr. MALLET's *new Maſque*; which tho' it is (like the abovementioned) a *muſical drama*, yet is it entirely free from thoſe inconſiſtencies, which, in our *operas* and *oratorios*, appear ſo glaringly ridiculous. In ſhort as it carries with it uniformity of plan and character, and has not only *muſic* but *manners* in conjunction, it approaches very near to the idea of the ancient *drama*.

It does not reſemble our old *maſques*, which neglected *nature* too much for *ſhew*; but is formed on the plan of MILTON's

MILTON's *Comus*. And here I cannot help advancing an obſervation which I believe is juſt; viz. that MILTON in his *Comus* was the firſt who attempted to throw off that affectation of allegorical perſonages and external pomp, which then prevailed in this kind of entertainment; by drawing it nearer to nature, and making, it a *morata fabula*. This I am ſure is agreeable to the judgment, as well as the genius of MILTON. In ſhort; we may ſee by this performance of Mr. MALLET, that the part of the poet has been too much neglected in *muſical dramas*; and that there is a poſſibility of adapting a piece to muſic, which has abſtractedly all the intrinſic beauties of poetry to recommend it: in a word, that the *ſoftneſs* of ITALY, is not incompatible with the *ſtrength* of GREECE.

On ACADEMICAL GALLANTRY.

[Continued, and concluded, from ERATO, pag. 187.]

HAVING in my laſt exhibited the portrait of an academical prodigy, I mean a lean doctor, I ſhall now, as a proper contraſt, draw, that of the reverend Mr. TUNBELLY. O what a quantity of *hot cruſts and ſenſe-confounding ale* muſt have conſpired to form that huge globoſity of paunch! This *little, round, fat, oily man of God* (as THOMSON humourouſly expreſſes it) was of a very *amorous* complexion: and I've heard Mr. LUN ſay, he wouldn't ſcruple, notwithſtanding his dignified importance, to caſt many a wanton leer on the *pretty bar-keeper of the Mitre.—Fiddling*, when carried to exceſs, is doubtleſs very *blameable* in our youth; but in the old ones 'tis *ridiculous*. This was evident in TUNBELLY; who, tho' he had neither voice nor ear, yet pretended to a moſt exquiſite taſte for muſic. At all our concerts he was a conſtant, but an inviſible performer; for, while

while he ſtood on tip-toes thrumming his baſs-viol, the diminutiveneſs of his figure was totally eclips'd by the expanſion of his inſtrument.—Your dabblers in crotchets think they cannot better entertain you, than by exerciſing their hands or their lungs in their ſing ſong employ. This I had before experienced in Beau BLOSSOM, and this too was viſible in my *old* fiddler; for, whenever he was with me, his ſhort, dumpy, gouty, crooked fingers were continually teizing my ſpinnet, to his own harmonious croaking.——He was a *poet* too: but that is no rarity now-a-days in *Cambridge*; ſince, on a late *gratulating* occaſion, our very worthy the Vice-Chancellor deign'd to tag a rhyme, and our learned Profeſſors play'd at crambo in *Hebrew*, *Arabic*, and—— WELCH. As for gallantry, there was ſcarce a girl in town, but he had wriggled himſelf into her acquaintance; tho' he had but lately been enroll'd my humble ſervant. As he was the ſenior fellow of his college, the vain hopes of being call'd Mrs. *Provoſt* induced me to encourage his addreſſes. His love was indeed ſomewhat greaſy, and would often vent itſelf in immoderate perſpiration; which in ſome of our wiſer dons is a token of their baſhfulneſs, but in him was the effect of a very ardent paſſion. Matrimony, in ſhort, was agreed on between us: we both impatiently waited for the death of the Provoſt, which was daily expected: but juſt before it happen'd, my ſweet turtle was himſelf ſuddenly carried off by an apoplexy.

This was my *coup de grace:* after this diſappointment I hardly knew one, who would venture on me for life, or with whom I might hope to better my condition. Not that I, even now, was without my *gallants*; among whom I might reckon Dr. CRAMGUT the phyſician, whoſe love induc'd him frequently to dine with us: but it was plain that his appetite was greater than his affection, and that his addreſſes were paid more to my puddings than my perſon. BARALIPTON too, the profound logician, made me his propoſitions: he wooed me in enthymemes, and

attacked me in modes and figures: but as I ſtill held the negative, I ſo often denied his terms, that at laſt I put him quite out of his ſtrings, before he could bring his arguments to a concluſion. In ſhort, my laſt effort was to ſnap up a country parſon, who was originally of the other Univerſity; but having a plurality of livings, and not being able to do his exerciſes there, he came to *Cambridge* to buy a maſter's degree. He lodg'd at our houſe; and ſeem'd ſo greedily to devour the bait, that I had actually reſolv'd to bid adieu to vanity, and to ſpend the reſt of my life at his vicarage in making elder and birch wines, and in doing good offices to my poor neighbours. All the while he ſtay'd with us, we pamper'd him up with tid-bits: but the cur-mudgeon, as ſoon as his buſineſs was done, coolly took his leave of us, and flatly told me, he was a fool who married any woman out of an Univerſity; for they were ſaucy, proud, poor, and extravagant.

My reign was now entirely at an end. *Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatneſs!* The gownſmen kept a reſpectful diſtance; and the tradeſmen did not dare to approach me, as knowing my reputation for letters. 'Tis true, I was once peſter'd with the inſolent pretenſions of a ſilly ſhoe-maker, very wiſe in his own conceit,—one SOLOMON SALOP. His occupation leading him ſometimes to converſe with gentlemen, men of ſenſe and learning, (whoſe indulgence he miſconſtrued into approbation) the ridiculous ape aukwardly affected their manners, and would decide, with all the poſitiveneſs of ignorance, on matters of literature. Impudent incorrigible coxcomb!—But I ſoon ſilenc'd him (as I wiſh every one would, whenever he attempts even to ſpeak) with the Latin adage, *Ne ſutor ultra crepidam.*

And here, I think, I may properly introduce a very ſingular gallant, a ſort of mungrel between town and gown, being (as it were) of an amphibious nature, and partaking of both: I mean a *bibliopola*, or (as the vulgar have it) a bookſeller. The publication of a *petit-piece* in my younger days

days first brought me to the acquaintance of Mr. BREVIER, who then practis'd the occupation of printer. He was an errant pedant in *typical* erudition: all his talk was of *forms, neat impreſſions, full and lean-fac'd capitals, points, ſpaces, juſtifications*, and the like eloquent gibberiſh of his art. He would pride himſelf on his taſte and judgment in *manual compoſition*, and would often brag that no man was ever *born* with a greater *artificial genius* for ſetting off a title-page.——Some time after, from being the mere mechanichal inſtrument, he became the packhorſe of literature; and from the inferior office of printing books, he advanc'd to the high employment of ſelling them. Then it was, that he preſum'd to aſpire to my ſmiles. As he knew my propenſity to every kind of ſcience, the way he took to ingratiate himſelf with me was to lend me (unaſk'd) all the new books of entertainment, as they came out: tho' he had afterwards the conſcience to bring me in a long bill of ſo much per volume for reading them.—In this buſineſs he pick'd up a pretty penny, partly by ſelling old illegible MSS ſermons to young clergymen, and partly by the craft he had once a year to get off the rubbiſh of his ſtock by way of auction, to the great emolument of poor ſizers, ignorant freſhmen, and fooliſh fellow-commoners. He us'd to judge of a man's learning by his library, and would ſay, *ſuch a one is a good ſcholar, he buys a great many books of me.* Perhaps I might, in lieu of a better, have e'en taken up with this animal at laſt; but his conceit drove him to town, where he launch'd out into a very various and extenſive buſineſs. He began by enliſting ſcribblers into his ſervice; and very lately honour'd *me* with the offer of a garret at the eaſy rate of writing ſixteen hours a day. Nay, he has turn'd author himſelf: he has written ſeveral pieces which he got attributed to great men, and has been once damn'd at the theatre. He is a perfect adept in the myſtery of his trade, and no man blows the bellows to his own forge more dextrouſly. But beſides his knowledge as a

bookſeller, he has a long time dealt in *phyſic*; but, I hear, he has lately commenc'd *midwife*, and is now dwindled into a mere *old woman*.

I know not whether I ought to reckon among the number of my adorers, two perſons with whoſe acquaintance I am as yet honour'd. The firſt is Mr. SAUNTER, our pariſh-paſtor. My mother and my ſelf have equally known this civil gentleman for above twenty years; during which he has been conſtantly us'd to our houſe. He ſeems to pay an equal court to us both; ſays things to both equally complaiſant; is equally fond of our company: ſo that we are ſtill in doubt which he is moſt enamour'd with, my mother or my ſelf. The other is Mr. SULLEN. If I may judge of his behaviour, he has ſome hankering towards me, as he is always dancing after me, and *ſits out my fire* for months together. I have now been intimate with him for near ſix years, but he has never once open'd his mouth about love, and ſeems frighted if he even touches me by accident. This *Pythagorean* lover may perhaps at the end of his ſeventh year break his ſilence; but till then I muſt be contented with dumb ſhews, geſticulations, and diſtant hieroglyphical declarations of his paſſion.

I now gladly take my leave of *Academical Gallantry* and its profeſſors, deſigning from henceforth to attend wholly to my newly impoſed office of

The FEMALE STUDENT.

CAMBRIDGE,
March 3, 1750.

P. S. *Our deputy at* Oxford, *has ſent me a particular deſcription of the preſent celebrated* Oxford BEAUTIES, *which ſhall be in my next.*

A

A

PASTORAL ELEGY.

AH, DAMON, dear ſhepherd, adieu!
By love and firſt nature ally'd,
Together in fondneſs we grew;
Ah, would we together had dy'd:
For thy faith which reſembled my own,
For thy ſoul which was ſpotleſs and true,
For the joys we together have known,
Ah, DAMON, dear ſhepherd, adieu!

What bliſs can hereafter be mine?
Whomever engaging I ſee,
To his friendſhip I ne'er can incline,
For fear I ſhould mourn him like thee.
Tho' the Muſes ſhould crown me with art,
Tho' honour and fortune ſhould join:
Since thou art denied to my heart,
What bliſs can hereafter be mine?

Ah, DAMON, dear ſhepherd, farewell!
Thy grave with ſad oſiers I'll bind;
Tho' no more in one cottage we dwell,
I can keep thee for ever in mind:
Each morning, I'll viſit alone
His aſhes who lov'd me ſo well,
And murmur each eve o'er his ſtone,
"Ah, DAMON, dear ſhepherd, farewell!"

ON

ON A
GRAVE-STONE *in a* Country Church-Yard.

By the ſame.

THE maid that owns this humble ſtone,
Was ſcarce in yonder hamlet known;
And yet her ſweets (but heav'n denied)
Had grac'd the cot where late ſhe died.
Behold, how freſh the verdure grows,
Where *Peace* and *Innocence* repoſe.

Thou too, not unimprov'd depart;
Go, guard like her the rural heart:
Go keep her graſs-grown ſod in mind,
Till death, the foe whom thou ſhalt find,
Bedew'd with many a ſimple tear
Shall lay thy *village virtues* here.

On ANCIENT MEDALS.

An ODE to the Rev. Mr. W * * *.

Per quæ ſpiritus, & vita redit bonis,
Poſt mortem, ducibus——— HOR.

LO! the rich caſket's *Attic* dome,
Whoſe cells in order'd rows,
The triumphs of imperial *Rome*,
In miniature diſcloſe!

Leſs ſacred far thoſe tinſel ſhrines,
Where conſecrated bones,
And relicks, *modern Rome* confines,
Of legendary drones.

In

In ſculptur'd braſs, we here behold
Whatever, *Rome*, or *Greece!*
Thy patriots ſage, or heroes bold,
Atchiev'd in war or peace.

Or ſilver orbs, in ſeries fair,
With titles deck'd around,
Preſent each CÆSAR's face and air,
With rays, or laurels crown'd.

Ages to come ſhall hence be taught,
In faithful types expreſs'd,
How JULIUS look'd, or ſpoke, or fought,
Or CLEOPATRA dreſs'd.

AUGUSTUS there, with placid mien,
Bids raging diſcord ceaſe;
The gates of war, cloſe-barr'd, are ſeen,
And all the world is peace.

'Twas thus the blooming TITUS look'd,
Delight of human kind!
Great HADRIAN thus, who dying jok'd
With philoſophic mind.

AURELIUS too, thy *ſtoic* face,
Indignant, we compare
With young FAUSTINA's wanton grace,
And meretricious air.

Each paſſion here, and virtue ſhines,
In lively emblems dreſs'd,
Leſs ſtrong in TULLY's ethic lines,
Or PLATO's flights expreſs'd.

With heighten'd grace, thro' verdant ruſt,
How glows each laureat chief!
How to the ſight fane, arch, or buſt,
Stands forth, in full relief!

Tho'

Tho' marks of time's invidious rage
Offend the ſqueamiſh eye;
The curious thro' the cloud of age,
More ſtriking charms can ſpy.

Thus the quaint ruff, and unkempt hair,
With moderns in diſgrace,
Adorn and add a bolder air
To DRAKE's and RALEIGH's face.

Happy the man, like you, my friend,
The evening of whoſe days
Heav'n grants in that fair vale to ſpend,
Where *Thames* delighted ſtrays.

With medals there, and books content,
You ſolitary paſs
Thoſe hours, the gay deem better ſpent
With cards, or idle glaſs.

Whilſt I, mid rocks, and ſavage woods,
Enjoy theſe pleaſing dreams;
Where *Avon* winds, to mix his floods
With *Bladud*'s healing ſtreams.

The HERMAPHRODITE.

From the LATIN.

MY mother, when ſhe was with child of me,
Conſulted heav'n what gender I ſhould be.
Female, cried MARS; APOLLO ſaid, a *Male*;
Neither, quoth JUNO; both your judgments fail.
My birth did prove the Goddeſs in the right;
Nor boy, nor girl, but an *Hermaphrodite*.

Again

Again ſhe aſk'd them, what my fate ſhould be?
One ſaid, a *ſword*; another ſaid a *tree*;
Water, a third; and they were right all three.
For from a tree I fell upon my ſword,
Feet caught in boughs, head dangling in a ford.
Man, *Woman*, *Neither*, I at laſt was found;
Juſt as the Gods foretold, *hang'd*, *ſtabb'd*, and *drown'd*.

To the STUDENT.

SIR,

WITH no ſmall ſatisfaction, I peruſed the critical remarks on DEBORAH's *Song*, publiſhed in ſome of your late numbers; and having endeavour'd at a cloſe verſion of that chapter, the attempt is here ſent you, by

Your humble ſervant,

D——

The SONG *of* DEBORAH.

JUDGES, Chap. v.

—— *Dies, muliebribus armis.* VIRG. Æn. II.

—— *Nomen tamen haud leve patrum*
Manibus hoc referes, telo cecidiſſe Camillæ. Ibid.

YE Tribes, to God the votive trophy raiſe,
Let ISRAEL chant his great avenger's praiſe!
God is my theme——O lend th' attentive ear,
My ſong of pious praiſe, ye princes, hear!
To ISRAEL's God ev'n I thankſgivings ſing; ——
To ISRAEL's God, all gratulation bring!
From *Seir*, from *Edom* when JEHOVAH came,
'Midſt thunders marching, and the light'ning's flame,

Trembled the earth, dropp'd heaven as he rode,
And clouds diſſolving, own'd the coming God;
The mountains melted from before his ſight,
Ev'n *Sinai* ſhun'd th' intolerable light.
In SHAMGAR's erſt, and ſince in JAEL's days,
All unfrequented were the public ways;
Along bye-paths, the weary trav'ler ſtray'd,
Of rage, of rapine, and of foes afraid;
The villagers then ceas'd, (th' affrighted ſwain
Left his lov'd home, and fled th' infeſted plain)
Through ISRAEL ceas'd; 'till by divine command,
I roſe, your DEB'RAH roſe, to ſave the land:
What time, your hands to idol ſhrines were rais'd,
And incenſe, on rude heathen altars blaz'd;
Your cities proud *Philiſtia*'s pow'rs poſſeſt,
Sate in your gates, and JACOB's ſon's oppreſt.
Diſarm'd, you mourn'd the vaunting victor's ſway,
Spoil'd of your ſpears, your bucklers born away.
I ſing the patriot-band, who joyful join'd
T' advance the glorious change by heav'n deſign'd.
Speak ye! who ſagely doubtful points decide,
Diſtinguiſh'd chiefs, that on white aſſes ride;
Ye judges lift the tributary lay,
And ye that know to tread the tedious way!
From archers freed, and from the foe's annoy,
The ſwains once more, their native ſprings enjoy:
Theſe ſhall his acts rehearſe, and bleſs the Lord;
For peace, and juſtice, in the gates reſtor'd.
Wake, DEB'RAH wake! thee lofty thoughts inſpire;
Riſe BARAK, riſe! and ſtrike the ſounding lyre;
Begin the triumph, pour the the plauſive ſong!
And captive lead captivity along.
Who firmly ſtood, ſhall ever be renown'd;
Me, me o'er hoſts, has heav'n with conqueſts crown'd.
From BENJAMIN, the earlieſt ſuccours came,
Him EPHRAIM follow'd, emulous of fame;

Then

Then MACHIR march'd his captains from afar,
And ZEB'LUN ſent his ſages to the war:
Thy princes, ISSACHAR, with numerous bands,
Eager repair where DEBORAH commands,
Theſe BARAK join'd, who leaving *Tabor*'s height,
In vales on foot, maintain'd th' unequal fight.
Why didſt thou, REUBEN, bleating flocks prefer
To martial murmurs, and the din of war?
In great atchievments why refuſe a part?
Why for thine abſence griev'd each braver heart?
Nor GILEAD ſhar'd the glories of the day,
He choſe, o'er *Jordan*, in his tents to ſtay.
Why didſt thou, DAN, in thy tall ſhips remain?
Or why did ASHER ſhun th' embattled plain?
Shelter'd in creeks, along the winding ſhore,
He, loſt to glory, ſhines in arms no more.
NAPTH'LI, and ZEB'LUN could no force diſmay,
Theſe dauntleſs dar'd the dangers of the day.
From diſtant *Taanach* and *Megiddo*'s ſtream,
Renown'd in arms, the kings of *Canaan* came;
Nor gain, nor ſpoils the brave confed'rates ſought,
Gold they forſook, and but for glory fought.
The heav'ns averſe their enmity declar'd,
And, in their courſes, ſtars 'gainſt SISERA warr'd.
While heaps of carnage all his waves diſtain,
The river *Kiſhon* ſwept away the ſlain:
That ancient river, venerable name!
The river *Kiſhon*, eldeſt fount of fame!
Thou, O my ſoul! in that auſpicious hour,
Didſt cruſh high-creſted ſtrength and haughty pow'r.
While pranſing ſteeds, in wild diſorder bound,
Breaking their firm hoofs on the flinty ground.
Curſe, curſe, ye *Meroz*, (lo! the angel ſaid,)
Be bitter curſes on his coward head,
Whoſe race to war, no ſenſe of glory draws,
T' aſſiſt JEHOVAH, and avenge his cauſe.

Be JAEL bleſs'd, 'bove women bleſs'd, the dame,
For ever ſacred be the *Kenite*'s name!
" I thirſt, I faint, the weari'd warriour ſaid,
" JAEL afford thy hoſpitable aid!"
Water he aſk'd; with milk ſhe met his wiſh,
And brought forth butter in a lordly diſh:
Then to the hammer her right-hand applies,
Within her left, the pointed miſchief lies.
Her frequent ſtrokes the ſleeping chief aſſail,
And through his temples drive the deadly nail:
Low at her feet he bows; death veils his eyes,
He bows, he falls; and where he falls, he dies.
From her high dome, look'd SISERA's mother down,
Expecting ſtill the triumphs of her ſon;
Eager, ſhe cries, " Why ſtays he yet afar;
" Sure, crouds of captives clog the conqu'ror's car?"
Her ladies anſwer'd, —— (whilſt herſelf with thought
Concurrent, quick the ſoothing anſwer caught)
" Have they not ſped? Do they not part the ſpoil?
" And *Hebrew* damſels crown the victor's toil?
" Great SISERA's worth will claim the nobleſt ſhare,
" The choiceſt treaſures that attend the war;
" Shall not his neck embroider'd veſts adorn,
" Robes richly wrought, by chiefs triumphant worn?
Such be, O Lord, of all thy foes the fate,
Let ſuch revenge rebellious deeds await!
But may the people that adore thy name,
Enlarge their conqueſts, and extend their fame;
Be like the ſun at his meridian height,
Strong as his rays, and glorious as his light.

DEVANUS.

An

An EPISTLE
To VETULIA a JILT.

'TIS true, VETULIA, once I held you fair,
Admir'd your wit, and prais'd your ſhape and air:
Then was your May of youth, a lovely bloom,
When you, vain maid, believ'd no froſt would come.
By heav'ns! I lov'd you then: till wanton pride
Deſpoil'd your ſenſe, and ev'ry charm beſide;
Till affectation ſeiz'd your ſwelling heart,
And taught you to allure each coxcomb-ſmart.
Then in your zenith, like a pert coquette,
You ſought the incenſe of each rhyming wit.
Such was your pride, ſo cruel and ſo vain,
You thought each fop was fetter'd in your chain.
Conqueſt alone, no friendſhip, was your boaſt,
Your ruling pride was to be hail'd a toaſt.
Paſſion and love were much beneath your youth;
Toaſts ſcorn a vulgar conſtancy and truth.
My honeſt ſoul ſuch airs and arts diſdain'd;
Hence I my peace and liberty regain'd.
Reaſon at length defy'd the treach'rous ſmile,
Where beauty only ſtudy'd to beguile.
Such charms illuſive ſeem'd to reaſon's eye,
Like IRIS pictur'd in a watry ſky:
Fops too of courſe forſook a waining toaſt;
They know no charm, when novelty is loſt:
Thoſe birds of paſſage ſtay but with the ſun,
At moſt a ſummer, and the flight is gone.
Now then forlorn, you ſeek the gloomy grove,
And rail at man, and falſe deſigning love.
The ſweet-briar thus, when firſt in ſpring it blows,
Bears a faint flow'r, the ſemblance of a roſe;

Yet

Yet ſoon it drops; how ſoon, alas! 'tis found,
None can approach the plant without a wound:
Hence (tho' 'tis ſweet and boaſts a lovely green)
Yet as a bramble in the hedge 'tis ſeen.
In this, VETULIA, view your own ſad fate,
And learn the reaſon of your willow'd ſtate;
Your roſe is gone: expos'd at length to ſcorn,
Men ſee thee, as thou art,——a very thorn.

Feb. 22. TWICKENHAM.

HUMANI CORPORIS TOPOGRAPHIA.

EXtera viſendi ſtudio, dum lauta juventus
Proruit a laribus, portuſque et litora ſtipans
Ardet abire fuga, dulceſque exquirere terras;
Intera, tu ne Te dedignere, viator,
Luſtrare, & mecum per membra domeſticus erres.
Nec tamen hoc præceps tentes iter omine lævo,
Non prius obtectæ venerando limine mentis
Rite ſalutato. Cerebri procul illa illa receſſu
Sceptra tenens ſedet, & ſubjectos temperat artus.
Prima tibi, ſimul his in lucem emerſeris umbris,
Apparet patula, perfricta Audacia, Fronte,
Exultans criſtata. Viden', fixo omnia circum
Vulnerat obtutu, contraque immobilis hæret,
Ærato duri fidens munimine viſus.
Inde Supercilii ventoſa Superbia clivo
Inſidet; in rugam vultus hic Faſtus opacos
Aſperat, & torvo ſubtus deſpectat ocello.
Deſuper hinc fuſi in Malam monſtrantur utramque
Ridentes Campi: ſic illos nomine dicas.
Lætior hic rerum facies; hic Riſus amænum
Laſcivit, mollique genas ſinuamine criſpat.
Nec tamen hos ſemper tractus tam clara ſerenat
Temperies: Mæror non his incognitus oris

Flumine turgentes falſo irritavit ocellos,
Tabenteſque genas; dextramque armante dolore,
Inſano laceros ah! diſcidit ungue Capillos.
Vicinis adeo contermina gaudia curis!
Hos inter medius ſurgente cacumine campos
Procurrens excreſcit apex, cui nomina Naſo
Mortales poſuere. Sales, lepidique Cachinni
Summa tenent; necnon acri Dicteria luſu
Obſedere apicem, circumque in vertice pendent.
Nec nunquam, furiis ſuccenſa atque aſpera tactu,
Culmen habet gravis Ira, jugiſque inſedit iniquis.
Exin, mellifluo Pallas quæ nectare Labra
Imbuit; eloquii per quæ ſtillare medulla,
Fuſaque Cecropiæ delabi ſuada loquelæ.
At vero, interiora cavi prope Gutturis antra,
Luxuries laqueato habitat regina Palato.
Nec procul Invidiam viroſi oſtendere Dentes.
Ardua deſerimus Capitis, prærutaque Menti.
Incipit ex illo Cervix durata fragoſam
Pandere convallem. Tuque hic, aſperima Virtus,
Indomita obniti quæ ſueta & ſiſtere contra,
Scilicet inconcuſſa ſedes; arrectaque ſemper
Colla rigent. At te ne qua fiducia major
Obfirmet, quanquam auxilio vigor ille Lacerti
Juxta adſit; quanquam moles nodoſa tororum
Denſet utrinque Humeros, ac luxuriantia Terga
Herculeæ ſolident, & maſcula pectora, vires.
Perge dehinc, qua te tenuis per Brachia ducit
Semita declivis: flexo recubare videbis
Segnitiem Cubito; longe at Contemptus ad imos
Excurrit digitos, ſummoque in Pollice ſidit.
Quondam etiam furace levem prurigine Dextrm
Tentat Avaritia, et dirum Cacoethes habendi.
Illuc trajeciſſe juvat, qua motibus uſque
Vitalem trepidans Pulmo alternantibus auram
Exceptat redditque, & pando Viſcera coſtæ
Circuitu cohibent. Hanc tu Clementia, ſedem

Alma tenes, hinc tu ſuſpiria ſuſpiranti
Conjungis, noſtroque doles perculſa dolore.
Quod te cunque intus miſerantem incommoda noſtra
Pectus habet, quæ tu ſingultibus ilia pulſas
Cunque gemens, ſalve O ſocii tenera incola cordis!
Jamque vale! invitos alio nunc tendere curſus
Ultra poſcit iter. Jamque inferiora ſequenti
Itur ad —— at ſedes pudor ore averſus honeſto
Has prætervehitur, caſtuſque refugit Apollo,
Et terram altricem ſævi execratur Amoris.
Proxima deinde tenet triſtis loca (quippe ſequaces
Sortito excipiunt Cythereïa gaudia luctus)
Iſte Dolor, ſupplex qui crimina plorat ad aras,
Genua regens, crebroque docens lenteſcere flexu.
Cernis, mæſta pio ut miſcens ſuſpiria fletu
Aut clauſtris monachum, aut horrenti ſternitur antro!
En pietas, en vota, preces, cæloque potiri
Ardentes gemitus, pallor, lacrymæque decoræ,
Gratior & macro veniens in corpore virtus!
Inde viæ ſpatio extremo, metamque ſub ipſam,
Surarum emenſus præceps iter, aſpice tandem
Immiſſamque Fugam Pedibus, volucremque Vigorem.
Nec tamen hic talos eadem ſimul incitat omnes
Vivida vis curſus. I, vertice Pyrenæo
Deſpicias late, & dextra lævaque retorquens
Lumina, diverſos crurum mirabere lapſus.
Hinc piger Hiſpanus torva virtute ſuperbos
Molitur greſſus: illinc levis inſita plantæ
Lubrica mobilitas agiles rapit impigra paſſus
Gallorum; queis tota pedes ſubſedit ad imos
Virtus, ſive fuga, ſive exercenda choreis.

Cantab. Comitiis prioribus.
Feb. 21, 1750-51.

END of the ſixth number.

THE INSPECTOR:

NUMBER II.

FOREIGN NEWS.

RUSSIA.

WE hear from Peterſburgh, that the court has receiv'd advice from Cronſtadt and Revel, that the ſhips and galleys in thoſe ports, which are to compoſe the Ruſſian fleet, were ready to ſail upon the firſt notice.

SWEDEN.

They write from Stockholm, that the publick is at preſent entirely at a loſs, with regard to the reſolution which the king may take in the affair of the election of the archduke Joſeph to be king of the Romans; but it's thought his majeſty will not be very ſollicitous about the ſucceſs of it, except he finds ſome likelihood of putting in execution, a promiſe which was made him ſome time ago of erecting a tenth electorate in favour of his houſe.

The regiments deſtined to reinforce the Swediſh army in Finland, are order'd to hold themſelves in readineſs to march. The Swediſh fleet will be ready to put to ſea, the moment it ſhall be heard that the Ruſſian fleet is ſailed from Cronſtadt and Revel.

The French ambaſſador has lately received orders from his court, to haſten the departure of the veſſels that are to tranſport naval ſtores to Breſt and Rochefort.

DENMARK.

Letters from Copenhagen inform us, that the ſevere froſt they had there for ſeveral days together, is gone off by a very gentle thaw, and the Sound is already ſo clear of ice, that ſeveral veſſels in the road of that city are preparing to put to ſea.

GERMANY.

The king of Pruſſia has received a letter from the king of Great Britain, on the ſubject of the anſwer, which his majeſty lately gave the count De la Puebla, concerning the election of a king of the Romans: In which, his Britannick majeſty ſays, among other things, 'that it is evident, and confirmed by experience, that, when there has not been a ſucceſſor to the empire, during the life of the emperor, the moſt bloody wars have enſued; and that the neglect of this precaution, has been attended with the moſt pernicious and fatal conſequences to the empire: that the election of a king of the Romans is at preſent more neceſſary than ever, and will be ſufficiently juſtified by the intention of preventing in time future broils; that indeed it were to be wiſhed the archduke Joſeph had a few more years over his head; but that, at all events, it is more to the advantage of the empire to have a minor for its head, than to have none at all, &c.'

From Erfurt we hear, that on the 25th of laſt month, N. S. a terrible fire happened at the village of Alperſtead in the territory of Saxe-Eiſenach, which in leſs than three hours reduced above twenty houſes to aſhes, beſides barns, ſtables, &c.

It is aſſured at Hamburgh, that the courts of Vienna and London have reſolved to uſe their good offices in order to bring about an amicable determination of the differences ariſen between the courts of Peterſburgh and Berlin; and they write from the former city, that the emperor's ambaſſador, and Mr. Guy Dickens, have already had conferences on this ſubject with the miniſters of the empreſs, who anſwered them, that her imperial majeſty was diſpoſed to give her conſent to an accommodation, upon condition that a reaſonable ſatisfaction ſhould be given her for the injuries which ſhe apprehended had been done her, particularly in regard to the detaining her ſubjects who are in the ſervice of his Pruſſian Majeſty.

ITALY.

His imperial majeſty, as grand duke of Tuſcany, is fallen into the modern faſhion of ſetting up a naval power. He ſometime ago fitted out three men of war from Leghorn, under commodore Acton, which have made the tour of the Levant; have been at Conſtantinople and Smyrna; and it is thought, were employed to open a trade immediately between his Tuſcan ſubjects and the Mahometans. The little ſquadron is returned to Malta. The emperor has alſo aboliſh'd the old ſtile in his grand Dutchy, where it hath till now continued, in the neighbourhood of Rome, ever ſince Pope Gregory's reformation, which is at laſt received.

From Venice we hear, that the miſunderſtanding between that republick and the courts of Vienna and Rome is at length adjuſted; the patriarch-ſhip of Aquileia being thereby to be aboliſhed, and, for the future, to be divided into two archbiſhopricks, one of Udine for that part of the Trioul, belonging to the republick, and the other of Gorizia for that part of it which belongs to the houſe of Auſtria.

FRANCE.

The French king's edict for erecting a military ſchool at Paris, was publiſhed the latter end of laſt month; and as a fund for ſupporting this ſchool, the duty on cards has been doubled, and the revenues of all vacant benefices are to be applied to the ſame purpoſe. A plan for building has been already preſented to his majeſty by Mr. Gabriel, his chief architect, which has been approved of, and according to which it is to be ſituated on the river Seine, a little below the invalids, to have above 150 toiſes in front, and above 100 acres allotted for the building, and for the avenues to it, which are all to be planted with trees. The 3d inſt. N. S. the trial of the famous M. de la Bourdenaye was concluded, and being acquitted of every accuſation brought againſt him, he was diſcharged from the Baſtile after a three years impriſonment; a poor reward for the ſervice he did his country.

We have had lately an account of ſeveral new diſcoveries made in France, viz. That the Sieur Guittard had found out a compoſition like that of which China is made; that a country ſurgeon had diſcovered a kind of agaric, or fungus, which ſtops the bleeding in amputations, without tying up the arteries: And, that a third perſon had found out the ſecret of piecing glaſs, without the leaſt appearance of its having ever been broken or joined.

We have the following account from Farlus in Bigorre, near the Pyrenees. "About three weeks ago, a rumbling noiſe was heard ſeveral days ſucceſſively in the Pyrenees, which greatly alarmed all the inhabitants of that neighbourhood. This noiſe was ſucceeded by ſeveral ſhocks of an earthquake, which were alſo felt in the principality of Bearn: ſince which they have had eleven ſhocks ſucceſſively. And tho' the damage done thereby be not very conſiderable, yet the conſternation they have thrown the inhabitants into is ſo great, that they flock to this city with their beſt effects as thinking themſelves ſafer here. The noiſe in the bowels of the earth continues ſtill, and is ſometimes like that of thunder.—At Lourde, a ſmall city in Bigorre, they had one ſhock more violent than any felt by their neighbours, inſomuch that a mountain was thrown down by it into an adjacent valley; the greateſt part of which was filled up by it. Upon this, our Biſhop judged it neceſſary to have recourſe to ſpiritual means, and accordingly iſſued a mandate for a faſt of ſeveral days, in order to obtain a ceſſation of theſe earthquakes."

NE-

NETHERLANDS.

There have been two placarts of the ſtates of Holland publiſhed at the Hague, in the firſt of which, they complain of the oppoſition and male-treatment the collectors of their taxes have met with in the execution of their duty; declare all perſons concerned in ſuch outrages, enemies to their country; and order their fiſcal to proſecute them; and they impower their collectors to ſtop and ſearch all carriages by land or water, and to provide themſelves and aſſiſtants with arms for repelling force with force. And in the other they declare, that the oath taken by merchants and traders for preventing frauds, in the collection of the duties, ſhall be binding, till abrogated or renewed.

TURKEY.

They write from Conſtantinople, that the captain-baſhaw Hadgi-Bekir, is depoſed, and ſent back to Giddah, his former government, on the red-ſea; and the command of the fleet is given to Dourak-baſhaw, governor of Conya, late maſter of the horſe. The Teſterdar (high treaſurer) has alſo been diſmiſſed, and baniſhed to the iſle of Tenedos; and his poſt is given to Muſtapha Effendi, who was once but an under clerk in the treaſury. The Kiaia-bey (head clerk to the grand Vzir) having been ſo unadviſed as to diſcover that he was not of his maſter's way of thinking, has likewiſe been baniſhed to the iſle of Mitellino; and is ſucceeded by Naſſif-Muſtapha Effendi, a perſon not noted for his talents, but remarkable for docility, which is all that is required by the prime Vizir; ſo that for his own ſafety he has been obliged to diſplace ſome of his moſt dangerous enemies, and it is expected we ſhall ſoon ſee more removals.

As to the affairs of Perſia, the troubles continue in that unhappy country. There is ſtill a Perſian embaſſador at the Turkiſh court; but it ſeems he has little to do there, or that his errand is not agreeable; for it was obſerved three weeks ago that he had an audience of the grand Vizir, but in about fifteen minutes he roſe from his ſeat, and abruptly broke off the conference.

SPAIN.

At the ſeveral ports of this kingdom, they continue to fit out ſhips of war with all imaginable expedition, and it is computed that his majeſty will have 44 of the line ready to put to ſea about the middle of April. — Letters from Peru adviſe, that a deep cavern has been diſcovered in a village called Urcos, about 15 miles from Cuſco, upon the river Qui-Qui-Xana, in which were three coffins of maſſy gold two inches and a half thick, wherein were depoſited the bones of three kings. The inhabitants were not without hopes of finding ſome of the immenſe treaſures which were concealed by the ſubjects of Atabalipa, when Francis Pizarro conquered that country in 1532.

From Cadiz we have the following account, of the ſhips that entered that port in the courſe of the laſt year, viz. 789 Engliſh, including 17 men of war; 171 French, eight of which were men of war; 144 Dutch, including two men of war; 45 Spaniſh, including 20 men of war and 14 Xebeques; 34 Danes; 29 Swedes; 5 Malteze; 3 Venetians; 2 Tuſcan; 1 Portugueze; 1 Neapolitan, and 1 Ruſſian: In all 1178 merchantmen, and 47 men of war.

DOMESTICK NEWS.

Monday, February 18.

AN action againſt a milk-man, aged near 70, for a criminal converſation with a man's wife, was tried at the king's bench. The jury found for the plaintiff 5 l. damages.

Tueſday, Feb. 19. A committee was appointed, at a court of common council, to enforce the laws in being, and to propoſe ſuch farther regulations as may be neceſſary to clear the ſeveral ſtreets, &c. of London and the liberties thereof, from beggars, vagrants, and other diſagreeable ſpectacles. ---- Petitions againſt the naturalization bill, and for the ſuppreſſion of ſpirituous liquors, were agreed on.

Wednesday, Feb. 20. It was resolved, at a general court of the south-sea company, that the resolution agreed at the last general court, is not intended, nor shall be deemed to relate or any ways affect the claim the company has on the public, with regard to any of their demands on the crown of Spain, given up by his majesty for the peace and tranquility of this nation. Resolved, that this general court doth impower the court of directors to lay the resolutions which passed the last general court, with what passed in this general court, before the gentlemen of the administration; and that they pursue all the means necessary for carrying the same into execution.

Several hundred sailors having mistaken the sense of an advertisement, inserted to procure a meeting to consult agents and managers, how to obtain a few bounty-bills; for which there were no proper vouchers, met at the Fountain-tavern behind the Royal-Exchange, imagining themselves summoned to receive money; upon their disappointment, that the advertisement was published by one who had before summoned them, and raised two subscriptions, one of one shilling, and the other of two shillings and six-pence a-man; they were so enraged, as to force the agent into a coach, and carry him to the lord mayor's. Here they were advised to apply to the admiralty, where they accordingly went, and afterwards to justice Fielding's, who not being at home, they came back to the lord mayor's, who, to prevent the agent from being pulled to pieces, sent him to Newgate. It being reported by some ill-designing people, that their money was at Mr. Belcher's, in Lombard-street; they assembled before his house, which narrowly escaped being demolished by them: And tho' the proclamation was read to them, and a party of soldiers were brought to prevent mischief, they would not disperse till one of them was sent to Newgate.

The subscription to the British fishery, the sum of which amounted to about 200,000 l. was closed. Six busses were ordered to be immediately built for the ensuing season.

Pursuant to an order of common-council the day before, the sheriffs of London presented a petition to the house of commons against the bill for naturalizing foreign protestants.

Thursday, Feb. 21. The sheriffs of London, presented another petition, praying that some remedy be taken to prevent the pernicious use of spirituous liquors.

Orders were given by the lords of the admiralty for working double tides, in the yards of Deptford, Woolwhich and Chatham, to fit out ten men of war of the line, with all expedition. Ordered likewise that the several docks, guts, and drains of all his majesty's yards in the kingdom be cleansed and opened.

Letters signed L. D. were sent to Thomas Dewry, of Overston, Bart. Richard Backwell of Great Billing, and the Rev. Mr. Stanton, all living near Northampton; in which they were desired to get from the officers of their respective parishes 40 shillings, and to put it in a certain place, and threatned with fire, destruction, &c. upon non compliance.

Mr. Backwell's fish-pond and house has been robbed, and a hovel joining to Billing set on fire. The king has promised pardon, sir Thomas Dewry 40 l. Mr. Backwell 20 l. and the parish of Moulton 30 l. to the discovery of the persons concerned in writing these letters, &c.

The private ginshops, within the bills of mortality, are computed to be 17,000. The duty laid on the British distillery, from 1740 to Jan. 1750, amounts on an average of one year with another, to 6,761,256 l. which is about 100,000 l. a year more than before that term.

Monday, February 25. A bill was brought into the house of lords for altering our stile, and was strongly recommended by the earl of Chesterfield, who moved for it, and by the earl of Macclesfield: The bill was ordered to be read a second time on Monday se'nnight, and to be printed.

The sum to be raised for paying off the unsubscribed south sea annuities is 2,100,000 l. The remainder, being 225,023 l. 7 s. 11 d. is to be paid out of the sinking fund.

In

In the ſcheme for the new lottery, there are 70,000 tickets in the whole, 2 blanks to a prize, and each blank valued at ſix pounds. The ticket 10 l. is ſince riſen to ſeveral ſhillings, 13 l.

There are two prizes of 10,000 l. four of 5,000 l. five of 3,000 l. eight of 2,000 l. twenty of 1,000 l. forty one 500 l. two hundred 100 l. four hundred and twenty 50 l. nine thouſand three hundred 20 l. beſides the firſt drawn 500 l. and the laſt drawn 1,000 l.

There are 8,000 ſeamen voted for this year; land forces 18,857, land-tax three ſhillings in the pound.

The charge againſt the honourable Alex. M——y, Eſq; who continues in Newgate upon a commitment of the houſe of C——ns, was, that at the head of a mob, he declared in a menacing manner, that he, and a thouſand more, had ſworn the high bailiff ſhould make his return in the middle of Covent-Garden, and not in the portico. And that after the return, he excited the mob to murder the returning officer, who was then preſent, repeating with imprecations "will "no body knock the dog down?" — "will no body kill the dog?" —

Being to receive ſentence at the bar on his knees, and refuſing to kneel, he was ordered to be a cloſe priſoner, and not allowed the uſe of pen, ink or paper, and no perſon to have acceſs to him, without leave; which was at ſeveral times granted to his brother lord Elibank, his ſiſter lady Ellen Murray, Dr. Lamond, and two apothecaries, Mr. Cook and Mr. Golding; but on the 25th it was ordered, that only the doctor, Mr. Cook, and a nurſe might attend without freſh leave.

March 1. The famous Theodore, king of Corſica, who a few years ſince made ſuch a conſiderable figure in Europe, was tried at the court of king's bench, Guildhall, on an action for a debt of 100 l. and caſt.

Great numbers of people reſort daily to the foundling-hoſpital, to ſee the children of it moſt uſefully employed, in making nets for the ſociety of the free Britiſh fiſhery.

Ecclesiastical Preferments.

John Laud, M. A. chaplain to the right hon. earl of Stanhope, promoted to the rectory of Marſh Gibbon, in the county of Buckingham and dioceſe of Lincoln, and to the vicarage of Bampton, in the county and dioceſe of Oxford.

Richard Lawe, M. A. to the vicarage of Stoke, in the county of Warwick, and dioceſe of Litchfield and Coventry; preſented by the lord chancellor.

Berry Dodſon, to the rectory of Thelneſton, in the county of Norfolk and dioceſe of Norwich, preſented by the lord chancellor.

B——K——S.

Henry Burroughs, of the pariſh of St. Auguſtine, cheeſemonger.

Joſ. Twining, of Haverfordweſt, linen-draper.

Mary Love, of Reckington, in Somerſet, widow, clothier,

John Smith, of Straford upon Avon, mercer.

Timothy child, of Twickenham, diſtiller.

Thomas Seagood, of Bartholomew-cloſe, carpenter.

John Lee, of Holborn, in Middleſex, ſaleſman.

Thomas Rowntree, Robert Wrangham and John Wrangham, of New Malton in Yorkſhire, leather-dreſſers.

James Coombs, of Froome-Selwood, clothier.

John Dignam, of the Poultry, London, linnen-draper.

Cuthbert Ogle, late of Newcaſtle upon Tyne, merchant.

THEATRICAL NEWS.

On Thurſday the 7th of this inſtant, the tragedy of Othello was perform'd at Drury-lane theatre, by perſons of diſtinction for their diverſion, to the moſt brilliant audience that perhaps ever was aſſembled upon any occaſion. The whole performance was truly admirable, and merited all the applauſe that was or could be given it.

PLAYS

PLAYS acted at both THEATRES,

DRURY-LANE.		COVENT-GARDEN.	
Plays.	Farces.	Plays.	Farces.
FEBRUARY.			
16 Rich. III.	*Chaplet.*	Revenge.	*Mil. of Mansfield.*
18 Prov. Wife.	*Qu. Mab.*	Julius Cæsar.	*Apollo.*
20 Ashwednesday.		Hen. IV.	*Apollo, and Daphne.*
21 Double Gall.	*Qu. Mab.*	King John.	
23 Alfred, a Masque.		Ditto.	
25 Ditto		All for Love	*Apollo and Daphne.*
26 Ditto		King John	*Apollo and Daphne.*
28 Ditto		King John.	*Apollo and Daphne.*
MARCH.			
2 Alfred.		Prov. Husband	*Apollo and Daphne.*
5 Alfred.		Alexander's Feast,	
6		Ditto	*Ditto*
7 Ditto		Henry IV.	*Sir John Falstaff.*
9 Ditto		Othello.	
11 Roman Father.	*Chaplet.*	Hen. IV.	*Sir John Falstaff.*
12 The Inconstant.	*Rehearsal.*	Alexander's Feast.	
13			
14 The Orphan.	*Lethe.*	The Revenge	*Perseus and Andromeda*

LIST of BOOKS.

ROyal manual, written in 1658, now first published, Watts, Dod, price 1s

Reason for composing a new set of articles in religion, Griffiths, 1s 6d

Whitaker's survey of the doctrine and arguments of St. Peter's epistles, Owen, 1s

Claridge's treatise on the scriptures, Ellis, Meadows, Stevens, Jefferies, 1s 6d

Sessions paper, two parts, Hart, Cooper, 6d

A voyage to Shetland, the Orkneys, and the Western isles of Scotland, giving an account of those places, and of that amazing faculty of the second sight, by which future events are with certainty foretold, &c. Corbett, 1s 6d

Morals of the people the best security of good government, Cooper, 6d

State of the proceedings of the stannaries in Cornwal, Baldwin, 1s 6d

Narrative of the adventures of William Wills, Webb, 1s

Conclusion of bishop Burnet's history, Millar, 1s

The force of education, or memoirs of Mad. de St. Eugene, and the baron de Cronstadt, Griffiths, 1s 6d

The third and last cordial for low spirits, Griffiths, 3s

Gil Blas, a comedy by Mr. Moore, Franklin, 1s 6d

The original story from whence that comedy is taken, Cooper, 6d

Two historical accounts of making New Forest in Hampshire, and Richmond park, Cooper, 1s

The oeconomy of female life, by a lady, Owen, 1s 6d

Treaty concluded and signed at Madrid, Owen, 6d

The polite companion, 2 vol. Baldwin, Brindley, 6s

Webster's two sermons on the sabbath, Clarke, 6d

The history of Pompey the little, Cooper, 3s

The bruiser knock'd down, being the life of J. Field, Smith, 3d

The story of the methodist, or the injur'd husband's revenge, Doughty, 6d

Wit flying at St. J———s's, Merryman, 6d

A plan of the universal register office in the Strand, recommended by H. Fielding, at ditto, 3d

Miscellaneous dissertations, by A. Betson, Meighan, Corbett, 1s 6d

Some

Some thoughts on a bill for a general naturalization, Cooper, 6d

Obſervations on the inhabitants of the town, &c. and of the lake of Ontario, by John Bartram, in his travels from Penſilvania to Onandago, Whiſton, 1s 6d

The adventures of Peregrine Pickle, by the author of Roderick Random, Wilſon, 10s 6d boards, 12s bound

A treatiſe on diſtributive juſtice, Owen, 1s

An introduction to chronology, with a brief account of the ſeveral methods propoſed for the alteration of the ſtile, &c. by James Hodgſon, F. R. S. Mount, Page, Whitridge, 1s 6d

Sermon preach'd before the lord mayor, &c. at St. Paul's, Jan. 30, 1750, by Wilmot, Meadows, 6d

Three original poems, being the poſthumous works of Pendavid Bitterzwigg, Eſq; with his remarkable will and teſtament, Carnan, 1s

The royal manual, a poem, by Andrew Marvel, Watts, Dod, 1s

A brief narrative of the late campaigns in Germany and Flanders, Lion, 1s

Conſiderations on the expediency of making, and the manner of conducting the late regulations at Cambridge, Payne, 1s

A critical diſſertation on 2 Pet. i. 16, 21. in which the force of the apoſtle's reaſoning is ſhewn, &c. Payne, Bouquet, 6d

Memoirs of the life and adventures of William Parſons, Eſq; written by himſelf, Stamper

The ſentiments of a great man upon propoſals for the general reduction of intereſt to three per Cent, Whitridge, 6d

Curious obſervations upon the manners, cuſtoms, &c. of the ſeveral nations of Aſia, Africa and America, tranſlated from the French of M. l'Abbe Lambert, Woodfall, 10s

A new treatiſe of Britiſh and foreign vegetables, being an improvement on the Materia medica of the celebrated Steph. Fran. Jeoffroy, M. D. Owen, 4s

The right hon. Henry lord viſcount Cornbury's letter to the vice-chancellor of Oxford in convocation, with the vice-chancellor's anſwer, Lion. 6d

A true copy of the poll taken at Oxford, Jan. 31, 1750, Baldwin, 6d

The hiſtory of a woman of quality, Cooper, 3s

Further conſiderations on the reduction of the land-tax, &c. Griffiths, 1s 6d

A ſermon preach'd before the honourable houſe of commons, Jan. 30, 1750, by F. Allen, Shuckburgh, 5s

A propoſal for uniting the kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland. Millar, 1s

Apollonii Pergaei locorum planorum Libri II. reſtituti a Roberto Simpſon, M. D. Nourſe

A new ſyſtem of midwifry, by Brudenell Exton, M. D. Owen, 4s

A ſupplement to the introduction to the making of latin, by J. Clarke, Cl

The Lilliputian magazine, or the young gentleman and ladies golden library, Carnan, 3d

Memoirs of Edmund Ludlow, commander in chief in Ireland, 1640, Millar, Brown, Ward

Memoirs of the duke of Sully during his reſidence at the Engliſh court, to which he was ſent ambaſſador from Hen. IV. Dodſley, 5s

Religion, or the libertine repentant, by George Alexander Stevens, Reeve, Noble, 6d

An impartial enquiry into the benefits and damages ariſing to the nation from the preſent very great uſe of low-ſpirited liquors, Trye, 6d

A letter to the right honourable the lady v——ſs V——, occaſioned by the publication of her memoirs in the adventures of Peregrine Pickle, Owen, 1s

Eternal life conſider'd under the notion of an eſtate, by J. Green, Buckland

Inſtructions for youth, prudential and moral, by J. Milner, D. D. Waugh, 1s 6d

A genuine account of a man whoſe hands and legs rotted off at Kingsſwinford, in Staffordſhire, Griffiths, 1s

Obſervations on Mr. Fielding's enquiry into the cauſes of the late increaſe of robbers, &c. by Ben. Sedgly, Newbery, Owen, 6d

Alfred, a maſque, by Mr. Mallet, Millar, 1s 6d

A plain and familiar account of the Julian and Gregorian ſtiles, Millar, 1s

A defence of the old ſtile, Owen, 6d

A parallel between the characters of lady Frail, and the lady of quality in Peregrine Pickle, Griffiths, 1s

A naval expoſitor by Tho. Riley, Blankley, Millar, Dodſley, Woodfall, Foudrinier, 1 l. 5s Sheets

A complete ſyſtem of the blood veſſels and nerves, Knapton, 1 l.

An occaſional prologue and epilogue to Othello, as it was acted the firſt night at the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, by perſons of diſtinction for their diverſion; written by Chriſtopher Smart. A. M. Carnan, 6d

The preſent taxes compar'd to the payments made to the public, within the memory of man, in a letter to a member of parlament by a country farmer Marſhal, 1s.

The valuation of annuities, and leaſes certain for a ſingle life, by W. Lee, Eſq. Shuckburg 1s 6d

The conſequence of laying an additional duty on ſpirituous Liquors candidly conſidered, by a by-ſtander, Whitridge, 6d.

A letter from the reverend Mr Whiſton to the right reverend the Ld. biſhop of London, relating to the Alteration of our ſtile. Griffiths.

A ſecond letter to the reverend Mr George Whitefield, occaſion'd by his remarks on a Pamphlet entituled the Enthuſiaſm of Methodiſts and Papiſts compared, Cooper, 1s 6d

An eſſay on the Venereal Gleet, by Sam. Chapman, Owen, 1s

An ode on the powers of poetry, to his grace the duke of Dorſet, Cooper, 1s

The philoſphical principles of natural and revealed religion, by Ramſey, Longman, &c. 1s

Summers voyage to the Gulph of Venice, Loyd, 1s

Some conſiderations on the caſe ſtated between the public and the S. S. company, Woodfall, 6d

A Letter from S—ſhre to a Gentleman in town concerning a faction, Cooper, 6d

A ſmall collection of valuable tracts on the Herring fiſhery, Griffiths, 1s 6d

A modern character introduc'd in the ſcenes of Vanburgh's Æſop. Stamper, 6d

Reaſons for encouraging foreigners Howard loyal Miſcellany, by Du Pont, 3s

The judicious midwife, or anſwer to wit at St J—s's, Merryman, 6d

The patriot diſplay'd, an oration read before the Anti-Gallicans, Johnſon, Sheepey, 6d

Battam's collection of ſcarce and valuable receipts in Cookery, &c

A phiſical rhapſody, Robinſon, 1s

An Expoſition on the uncertainties in the practice of phyſick, Tonſon, Draper, Roberts, 1s

The cure of the miliary fever, Say, 6d.

Viſions in verſe, Dodſley and Cooper, 1s 6d

Bentley's ſermon, in Criſpin ſtreet Spittle fields, Keith, 6d

Remarks on it, Noon, 6d

Modern fine lady, Dodſley, Cooper, 6d

Impartial enquiry into the power and efficacy of Major's ſnuff, Owen, 6d

Reflections on converſation, ditto 2s 6d

Bulfinch, a collection of Songs, Vol. 2. Stamper 1s 6d

A view of the proceedings of the church of Scotland, Owen, 6d

The expediency of a general naturalization of foreign proteſtants, Owen, 4d

SERMONS.

A ſermon preach'd at Long-Ditton, Surry, at the funeral of Joſ. Clarke, A. M. Jan. 4. 1750, by R. Woodeſon, A. M. Innys, 6d

Webber's ſermon at Lambeth Chapel, at conſecration of bp of Briſtol, Dec. 23, 1750, Fletcher, Rivington, 6d.

Jones's ſermon on the common prayer, Owen, 6d.

Holland's two ſermons, preached at Nottingham to a ſociety of proteſtant diſſenters, Noon, Waugh, 1s.

Mulſo's ſermon, at Sunbury, Jan. 6 laſt, Whiſton, White, 6d

Howard's 30th of Jan. ſermon, at St George the martyr, Southwark, Hodges, Dodſley, Withers, Cooper.

Cowper's ſermon at York, Dec. 30, Hildyard, Knapton, Longman, Cooper, 6d.

A ſermon preached before the Free Maſons, at the pariſh church of St John's in Glouceſter, by a brother, Owen, Clarke, 1s

THE STUDENT, OR THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

TERPSICHORE.

ESSAY V.

—— Me Lamiæ pietas & cura moratur
Fratrem mærentis, rapto de fratre dolentis
Insolabiliter. — — — —

HOR. Epist. Lib. i. Ep. 14. V. 6.

FRaternal love, of all the ties of nature, seems to be most broken thro' and disregarded; and it is not difficult to guess, that sordid interest is the chief source of so frequent an evil. But, instead of precept, I shall produce example, in a letter from a pious youth to his friend; which is written with such earnestness and affection, and which seems so plainly the genuine voice of nature, that, I dare say, my readers will be pleas'd with so uncommon an instance of the love I would recommend.

Wedneſday Evening, May 30, 17—

Dear CHARLES,

YOU have heard of my brother's illneſs; you cannot wonder then at my ſilence. I could not bear to be from him, as my whole ſoul was intereſted ſo deeply—I cannot expreſs how deeply!—in his welfare. But now I am wounded with the aſſurance, that he is paſt all hopes of recovery; nor had you now heard from me, but being excluded the room, as it was thought the ſight of me ſhock'd his nature too much, and increas'd his agonies—for he lov'd me!—There could not be a love more ſincere, than ſubſiſted between us; and yet in all probability a few hours may ſeparate us for ever.

But I loſe myſelf: I am too much hurry'd to write with connection: I know you have a compaſſionate heart and will excuſe it: to you therefore I fly, to diſburthen my ſorrow, while thus debarr'd from the ſight of my brother: and yet, how could I bear the ſight of him in the agonies they tell me he endures?——I could not, I'm ſure I could not bear it!

You knew his piety; you knew his ſincerity, his generoſity, and unbounded benevolence. You knew the many virtues he poſſeſs'd; you cannot therefore wonder at my affliction;—I know you do not, but ſympathize with me in it.

I know not how to deſcribe the uneaſy ſituation of my mind;——I tremble as I write——my crooked letters will tell you, that, perhaps now the dear youth is breathing out his laſt, and reſigning——Lord have mercy! what is that hurry in his chamber?——now, tho' I long and dread to know, I dare not preſs to ſee, leaſt I add another pang to the dreadful ones he already ſuffers: but what if—yet what would I ſay?——Cruel, ſevere uncertainty!——

⁂ ⁂

Thurſday

Thurſday Morning.

After a ſleepleſs night, I now return to my letter; from which I was call'd away by a ſervant, who told me, my brother was exceſſively weaken'd by his violent agonies; but that now he ſeem'd eaſier, and deſir'd to ſee me. I hurry'd up, and entering the room, ſaw my mother graſping his hand, and in ſpeechleſs grief hanging over him, while ſhe ſtruggled hard to ſuppreſs the emotions of her ſorrow. By her ſtood my ſiſter NANCY (dear little creature! I ſhall for ever love her for her affection to him!) looking on my brother, with a countenance, that at once ſpoke the greateſt grief and affection I ever beheld; while he, tho' I could perceive he was ſtriving to hide his pains, manifeſted more manly reſignation and ſerenity, than 'tis poſſible to deſcribe.

As ſoon as I came in, my mother ſlowly lifted up her eyes to me, with a look ſo full of ſorrow——who could bear it?—I could not—I wept aloud.

Approaching the bedſide I endeavour'd to be calmer; and my brother with an aſpect, which to the laſt hour of my life (O that it may be like his!) I ſhall never forget, addreſs'd us thus, "God has bleſs'd me with my ſenſes in "theſe my laſt moments; which I make uſe of, to aſſure "you of the unalter'd affection I bear you all—You my "dear brother, comfort our mother, and ſiſter;—I ſee "they want it—Say, will you when I am gone, will you "comfort them?" I attempted to anſwer, but ſpoke not: I could not ſpeak.

He ſaw my emotion, and went on; "My brother, my "dear brother, be not ſo concern'd;—you hurry me—"you diſtreſs me, while I am on the borders of happi-"neſs—indeed, my brother, (earneſtly graſping my hand) "I am—diſcompoſe me not, therefore with your affecting "concern—make me not wiſh to live—recall not my af-

" fections, which are fix'd, (lifting up his hands and eyes)
" unalterably fix'd on thee my God! my Saviour!"

He ſpoke this, with an earneſtneſs that exhauſted him, and his head ſunk upon his pillow; when he again by a pathetic look towards my mother, beſpoke my care of her, and ſeem'd inwardly ſtruggling for words; at length exerting himſelf, he cry'd, " May God Almighty bleſs—bleſs you " all!—I am full of enlivening hope (his looks at the ſame " evincing the truth of his words) I am happy——already " happy—my Saviour will come—*Amen*: even ſo, come " Lord JESUS." Then with a gentle ſigh—how the recollection wounds me!—I cannot ſee to proceed.——

Thurſday Afternoon.

I will endeavour to conclude: my mother, who 'till this had ſtruggled with her grief, unable to bear it, or to relieve herſelf by tears, without a word or a ſigh, fainted away; I ran to her, and as ſhe reviv'd endeavour'd to comfort her, but alas; how unfit was I who wanted it myſelf, to adminiſter it to others!

Dear little NANCY, how thoroughly diſtreſs'd ſhe ſeemed!——but I will not proceed in the melancholy deſcription; ſure I am, that never family felt a heavier loſs, or knew ſincerer affliction.

My ſoul diſdains the meanneſs of thoſe poor-ſpirited creatures, who could wiſh me joy of my ſorrow, and think that for the groveling conſideration of wealth, I could be glad of the death of ſo valuable a brother.—Sordid wretches that they are! had they but affections ſo ſincere!—but why ſay I that?—Sincere affections are ſtrangers to ſouls ſo material.

Time, I hope, and the conſideration of his virtues, and of that happineſs he now enjoys in the regions of light will alleviate

alleviate our ſorrows, but at preſent, we are all heart-wounded mourners, and none more ſo, than

Your unhappy friend,

PHILIP *****

INTRODUCTION

TO THE

SECOND BOOK of CASTLE-BUILDING.

In which ſeveral knotty points relating to the prerogative of an Author, are both critically conſider'd, and dogmatically explain'd.

IN future ages ſome critic, or, (what is more probable) ſome antiquarian, for I am afraid this admirable work, according to the old ſong,

"Tho' now 'tis ſo grateful and ſweet to the ſenſe,
"Will be damnable mouldy, an hundred years hence."

Some antiquarian therefore will ariſe, who ſhall take it into his head, to give certain ſatisfactory and cogent reaſons, why the firſt book of CASTLE-BUILDING conſiſts of ten chapters preciſely. He will urge perhaps, that I had a particular attatchment to the number ten, as ſome of the ancient philoſophers had to the number ſeven; or that the aforeſaid number is lucky; or that it is an eccleſiaſtical number, and has a connection with the tythe. But in order to be beforehand with ſuch antiquarian with a vengeance, I ſhall take the liberty of contradicting him, before he arrives at exiſtence. I proteſt then, that it is not *becauſe* I have any particular liking to the number ten, or becauſe the number is either philoſophical, eccleſiaſtical, or civil. In ſhort, the word *becauſe* is impertinent and entirely

tirely out of the queſtion, *becauſe* it is merely from the prerogative of an author, and no other reaſon, that I have ordain'd, and by theſe preſents do ordain, that every book of CASTLE-BUILDING ſhall conſiſt of ten chapters, neither more nor leſs; in which I ſhall ſprinkle ſuch a quantity of ſalt as ſhall ſeem good to me, when I am diſpos'd to ſet pen to paper. But now perhaps ſome perſon may be curious enough to enquire into the nature of this prerogative, and be deſirous of knowing what right an author has to it, and how he comes by it? I ſhall therefore endeavour to ſettle this point with that accuracy and impartiality which I am willing to believe is peculiar to my ſelf. It is univerſally acknowledged that every man is the lord of his own thoughts, "My mind to me a kingdom is," ſays an old ballad; and in whatever ſtate of ſervitude the body is, this empire is inſeparable from the ſoul. From theſe conſiderations it will neceſſarily follow, that every man has, or ought to have, an arbitrary ſway over the productions of his mind; and, ſeeing he directs her operations, he has an undoubted right to all her diſcoveries and conqueſts. Upon this baſis is built the PREROGATIVE of an author; from which he derives the following advantages:

I. He may write upon what ſubject he pleaſes.

II. He may do this in what manner he pleaſes.

III. He may chuſe his own man-midwife or publiſher, whom he may charge with all miſcarriages.

IV. If his work does not ſell, he may lay the blame on every thing but himſelf. The methods of doing this, now moſt in vogue, are as follow:——He may complain that the parliament does not ſit; that the town is thin, and conſequently purchaſers are ſcarce. If the town is full, then he may urge that the attention of the publick is entirely taken up with politics, and matters of a mercantile nature. Or he may damn the taſte of the times, or he may hint (tho' he muſt not too openly aſſert it) that his work has been actually ſuppreſs'd by command from the people in power;

power; or laſtly, he may inſiſt, it was of too refin'd a nature to pleaſe the *many*, and (as fond mothers often ſay of their deceaſed bantlings) he may cry "IT WAS TOO "WITTY TO LIVE."

There are many more conveniencies reſulting from the prerogative of an author, which I could enumerate, but I am not inclined to let the public have too great an inſight into the *trade*; for when the juggler betrays his own tricks, you are apt to deſpiſe him for a fool, whom you before admir'd as a conjurer.

And now having fulfilled the promiſe of my introduction, I ſhould take my leave of the reader for the preſent, did I not think my ſelf obliged to make my acknowledgments to ſome gentlemen, for the favour of their correſpondence, and obſervations on my character and conduct as a CASTLE-BUILDER. The letter ſign'd *Pneumaticus Dublinienſis* had a great deal of humour, but the ſatire was too particular. The paper ſubſcrib'd *Virgo*, by it's ill-nature, I imagine, was wrote by an old maid. I have alſo receiv'd ſeveral other epiſtles of great complaiſance and no conſequence, as SWIFT expreſſes it; theſe are to be found in the place under-mention'd. There is at the *Bible and Sun*, a very large BOX, about two yards long, one broad, and one deep. This is a general receptacle for ſuch ſort of writings, which for the eaſe and tranquillity of their compoſition, are fit to be depoſited in a place where they will not be moleſted; and if any of our gentle readers, who are inclined to be gentle writers, find their performances not in the STUDENT, they may conclude, that they are in the BOX.

CHIMÆRICUS CANTABRIGIENSIS.

N. B. I deſire that all, and ſingular of my readers will pleaſe to take notice, that (as my friend MORE obſerves in his preface to *Gil Blas)* I could have been more witty, pleas'd.

On the REALITY *of* RELIGION.

LETTER V.

IN order to give religion a right direction, to improve its influence, and make it operate with a biaſs and force, proportion'd to the ends to be obtain'd by it, theſe four things, as circumſtances and properties of it, are to be diſcreetly choſe, and carefully regarded.

1ſt. *Some certain portion of time and place, ſet apart for this purpoſe.* For the great deſign of public worſhip being to diſengage, and take off mens thoughts from thoſe worldly purſuits in which they are too apt to be fetter'd; to raiſe the ſoul up to, and to fix her contemplation upon things above, the rewards of virtue, and the puniſhments of vice, which ſhall be aſſign'd in exact proportion to the nature and degree of each; this, I ſay, being confeſſedly one of the main ends of mens aſſembling themſelves together, it is certain, that worſhip is not *always* alike proper and expedient; becauſe, then God would *ſometimes* be ſerved in the midſt of noiſe and hurry, to withdraw men from which, on the return of certain days, was, as we have ſhewn, the reaſon of founding a church. Beſides, ſome occupations are ſo averſe to, and inconſiſtent with thoſe exerciſes, that it is naturally impoſſible for the ſame individual to be engaged in both, at one and the ſame time. And if there be a difference in times, it is incumbent on men to make choice of ſuch, as are peculiarly fitted to undertake, and perform ſo great a work in. And, *as all times are not alike, ſo neither are all places; conſequently, ſome will be found more convenient for this duty than others.* To make our worſhip a reaſonable ſervice, it is requiſite, that the mind be compoſed, ſteady, and uniform in its meditations; ſupple and ardent in her petitions, elevated in her thankſgivings, &c. becauſe when ſhe is in plight or diſpoſition leaning to each particular

particular act of devotion, men join in, the more acceptable is the performance, and the ſtronger and more lively ſenſe have they of its importance. Whence thoſe places ſhould be appropriated, which by their make and ſituation are leaſt liable to break off attention, or to divert it from what is ſaid and ſignify'd, as alſo beſt adapted to kindle a religious warmth in our hearts, and lift up the ſoul to God.

2dly, *A geſture or poſition of the body ſuited to the diſtinct nature and tendency of each act of religious worſhip.* There is a manifeſt diſſimilitude in the *outward* geſtures of mens bodies, univerſally underſtood to be ſignificative of correſponding *inward* ſentiments. Now as theſe poſtures ſhould flow from a ſenſe of the work we are employ'd in, or the ſpecial immediate relation we bear to God at that particular time, ſo in return will this ſenſe be render'd proportionably intenſe and operative by ſuch acts. Therefore, the more mindful and obſervant we be in each kind of adoration offered to the ſupreme Being, or the better adapted a religioniſt's deportment is to the nature of the duty he is taken up with, ſuch ſervices riſe in value accordingly. And nothing is more unqueſtionably true, than, that we ſhall be accepted and favoured in the degree, in which our hearts are diſpoſed to yield him homage and obedience.

3dly, *Some certain form or forms of words, comprehending the ſeveral matters to be profeſſed in common by every devotioniſt.* If it concerns rational creatures to apply to heaven in times of want and diſtreſs, ſo it is equally their duty, to join in hymns of praiſe for bleſſings, ſeaſonably obtain'd from thence. But the manner of doing this, ſhould be previouſly concerted, and agreed on amongſt themſelves. Becauſe, were not general or particular caſes ſtated in ſome preciſe definite manner, and the words expreſſing the ſeveral ideas they contain drawn out and collected into proper and ſignificant ſentences, as well as digeſted under well-turn'd expreſſive periods, how could the *religious* ſuit one anothers mind in each requeſt they make to the Almighty?

To ſuppoſe that they know beforehand what, upon occaſions, both ordinary and extraordinary will be ſaid, is taking them all to be omniſcient. A property not one of them will preſume to lay claim to; and which, in reality, is the ſole prerogative of the firſt great cauſe, and abſolutely incommunicable to any of his creatures. Some things are ſo neceſſary to our preſervation, that if God ſhould with-hold them from us we ſhould immediately ceaſe to exiſt, or exiſt in a different manner from what we do. Others there be alſo, which, tho' leſs wanted, yet they are what we cannot live either happily or comfortably without. Now the caſe requires, that our neceſſities of all ſorts be delivered with an earneſtneſs adapted to the urgency of them, and that all applications to the Deity ſhould be offered up in terms particularly deſcriptive of our ſtate and condition. For as *prayer*, to uſe the words of an ingenious writer, *is an aſking of God the mercies we ſtand in need of, ſo it is but reaſonable that thoſe publick mercies we all ſtand in need of, ſhould be petition'd for by all in the ſame words.* Which cannot be, unleſs there is ſome general form comprizing and declaring the ſubject-matter of ſuch petition in all its branches. Nor is the matter in the leaſt mended, by confining religious acts and offices to ſome one perſon, who, as repreſentative of the whole, is to ſend up petitions and acknowledgments in behalf of every individual preſent. For it is not to be imagined that ſuch will on each occaſion, addreſs the ſupreme Lord of all in a manner agreeable to the ſenſe of all. Men differ not more in the make and features of the body, than they do in their conceptions and ways of judging. Should therefore what is ſpoke and declared have the approbation and aſſent of ſome, whilſt others abſolutely diſapprove and diſſent from it, this contrariety of ſentiment muſt needs breed great diſcord and confuſion amongſt them, which, at ſuch times, one would think, ought by all means to be avoided.

The fourth and laſt property of religious worſhip, *is a*

number

number of men qualify'd, and authoritatively deſtin'd for thoſe offices. If none were appointed, or ſhould religious miniſtrations lie open to all, how could they be perform'd in that grave orderly manner, which the nature of the duty, and the dignity of its object, plainly and ſolemnly require, or with ſuch attention and compoſure of mind on part of *the audience*, as to obtain their intended effect? Each individual not being equal to ſo intereſting a taſk and weighty employment. It is upon the perſon's thorough knowledge of all particulars which concern it, that the right execution of an office depends. This univerſally holds with regard to every vocation in life. In common equity then, ſhould the province of religious matters devolve upon thoſe, who after previous enquiry into their abilities and diſpoſitions, appear ſufficiently furniſh'd to enter upon it. Unleſs affairs of the greateſt moment are to be adminiſtred by each who ſhall conceit himſelf able to ſuperintend and manage them. A way of thinking, which the common practice of the world, in the nomination of perſons to all other kinds of offices, abſolutely condemns.

One main deſign of publick worſhip, was, to give men an opportunity of meeting together, and laying before the infinitely wiſe diſpoſer of events, the true ſtate both of their ſouls and bodies, earneſtly begging of him to grant them ſuch ſupplies of health, ſtrength, and outward goods, as he ſees to be moſt convenient for them; as alſo, that they might with one heart and voice unite in celebrating his great and glorious name, for all the mercies which from time to time he has been graciouſly pleas'd to impart to them, incomparably above their deſerts, and even beyond what the moſt ſanguine could expect. But it ſeems not poſſible that religioniſts ſhould join in the ſame addreſs, except by attending to one ſpeaker, as the mouth of the congregation, is to offer up their wants and deſires to the ſupreme director of the whole. Beſides, in an aſſembly, where all are at liberty to ſpeak, when, and what comes into their heads,

ſo much diſorder will unavoidably enſue, as to defeat the end of their meeting. Conſequently, would the church avoid the noiſe and clamour of petulant illiterate members, haranguing without order and connection, they muſt limit the reading the whole preſcrib'd form of religious ſervice, to ſuch, as have the neceſſary qualifications and appointments for it.

Thoſe deductions of reaſon are confirm'd by fact. It has been the conſtant and invariable practice of all ages to ſelect an order of men for executing the offices of religion, with the greater decency and comelineſs, to aſſiſt their fellow creatures in their public devotions; to explain and enforce moral duties, from motives of divine favour and diſpleaſure. Becauſe men bred to any particular profeſſion, and who with care and diligence, have apply'd themſelves to gain a competent knowledge of it, a clear and comprehenſive view of what will further, or obſtruct the tendency of its operation, muſt be allow'd better able to perform the attendant duties, than they, whoſe different occupations oblige them to turn their thoughts and ſkill another way, and to make other improvements ſuitable to their different circumſtances and engagements in life.

[*To be concluded in our next.*] R——*.

The FEMALE SCHEMIST.

Mr. STUDENT,

YOUR paper ſeems calculated for the ſuppreſſion of immorality and encouragement of virtue; why may not foibles of *Indecency* be thought proper ſubjects of your cenſure? Mr. ADDISON in his Animadverſions on human life has taken notice of the Prude, the Coquet, the Goſſip and the Tale-bearer, with many other ſpecies of female entertainers, even down to the loud-tongu'd ladies of the *Billingſgate* fiſhery. But I don't remember any remarks made

made on the *Female Schemiſt:* a new ſet of animals, I fancy, ſince his time! or elſe they are ſuch as carry'd on their trade ſo artfully, as to eſcape the reach of his obſervation.

My place of reſidence is in a populous city, and my ſituation ſuch that I have too much reaſon to repreſent to you a paſſion, which I think ſcandalous in itſelf, and hurtful to others. You muſt know then, that we have amongſt us, a choice collection of prim, antiquated widows, and ſtale ſuperannuated virgins, whoſe whole life is ſpent in nothing but ſubtle contrivances how to live from home, and under the maſk of gentility to be always paying viſits. They are not like common mendicants, who beg at your door, or ſupplicate at your window: theſe are of a much politer kind; enter your houſe without heſitation; addreſs you immediately with the moſt accompliſh'd goſſiping eloquence, and ſpin out their pretty inſignificant ſtories till your meat is juſt ready to make its appearance on your table, and then give a broad hint for an invitation, by a well concerted apology for viſiting at ſo improper an hour. I muſt do them juſtice in one particular; they are ſo well bred that they commend every dinner they ſee preparing, and their appetites are ſo complaiſant, that I verily believe nothing is diſagreeable to them——but eating at home.

To people of this diſpoſition of mind, and ready compliance, it muſt be ſome denial not to ſucceed after a morning's project: the appetite muſt receive a freſh edge, when the eyes have been feaſted with the ſight of delicacies; and not *hitching* at any place, muſt create no ſmall degree of mortification. It muſt be a deplorable ſcene to return diſappointed; and a poach'd egg, or a red herring, with poor *Dorothy* in a kitchen, muſt be a very diſagreeable contraſt, and keep the appetite craving, inſtead of pacifying hunger.

The philoſophers tell us, that there are but two things requiſite to make life happy: one is, to moderate our deſires; the other, to make a proper uſe of our wealth.

In

In both which caſes, our *Female Schemiſts* muſt be miſerable. They have fortunes, but want ſpirit to enjoy them: none are better pleas'd with good entertainments, but none greater ſtrangers to making them. Their lives are to be ſpent in a genteel kind of pilfering: diſappointment this day is no diſcouragement to ſallying forth the next; want of ſucceſs does but leave them where they were, whilſt the leaſt invitation is certain profit. Too much ceremony they interpret ſtiffneſs, a ridiculous formality founded on falſe modeſty; and if ever you find them fraying one thread in their whole dreſs to get away from an invitation, you may canonize them as greater Saints than any in the Romiſh Church, who have died martyrs to mortification. Even hints of diſliking their viſits have very little effect: ſome flat denials can't raiſe their reſentment; they are chriſtians of the moſt forgiving tempers; any trifling incident will create a freſh viſit; and they are determin'd not to be overcome by the evil of your diſlike, but to overcome your diſlike by frequent viſits for their own good. Adulation and cant are the flowers of their language; ſhort ſcripture expreſſions are often whin'd out in a deſparing tone to put us in mind of the great duty of compaſſion: hypocriſy, in ſhort, is their principal engine, and if they have any virtue, 'tis that of the *belly*, but not of the *heart*.

Lady CANTWELL is at the head of theſe *Dinner-ſtudents*. I happen'd to be with her laſt week at a neighbour's houſe, where ſhe thought to raiſe an emulation in my friend, by a particular detail of all the delicacies ſhe had met with the day before, at Mr. TREATWELL's. Sure, ſaid ſhe, never was a more courteous, obliging, genteel creature belonging to his ſex. I heard he was going into the country for a month, and I was determin'd to call on him, to wiſh him a deal of rural pleaſure, as ſoon as I could: I choſe to make no formal viſit; but took my daughter LETTY with me and waited on him *en paſſant* the next morning. In the moſt agreeable manner he aſſured us he could not part with

us,

us, and as I am fond of genteel company, and have a very great averſion to rudeneſs, I comply'd with his requeſt, and was entertain'd delicately at dinner: after tea he introduced a ſecond invitation; told us it was a good old cuſtom to ſup where we dine, and he ſhould look upon our refuſing it as not approving his entertainment.

The table was again ſet off with his uſual elegance: I could not avoid giving ſome elogium of his dainties, and upon my commendation, his obliging temper privately ſent to my houſe ſo many good things as feaſted me and my family the next day. I am really in love with the quickneſs of his apprehenſion, and his abſence but one month, almoſt puts me in the vapours.—But I am determined at all hazards to cultivate ſuch genteel acquaintance.

I had not patience to hear any more of her cant, ſo took my leave of my friend, and ſecretly wiſh'd him a happy deliverance. I could tell you a thouſand more tricks of theſe genteel *Mutton-hunters*, but I ſhall leave it to You, or the FEMALE STUDENT to enlarge a little more on ſuch hungry ſchemiſts. Had they *nothing* to ſupport them, a relief would be charity; to feed the hungry is performing a chriſtian duty; giving to the poor is lending to the Lord; but to pamper thoſe who have enough, that they may ſave more, is an encouragement of a ſet of beggars, who are diſguis'd daily in lawn and brocade.

Lincoln, April 3, 1751.

Of the QUALIFICATIONS *requiſite to form a complete* UNIVERSITY BEAUTY.

I Am diverted from my primary intention, of celebrating the celebrated Oxford BEAUTIES, by the many letters I have receiv'd (ſince my laſt) from the pretty Miſs RIDERS, Miſs SLATTERN, Miſs CUTTS, Miſs CASTORS, Lady TRASH's

TRASH's two daughters, and *thirteen* other *celebrated* BEAUTIES, all of them begging the favour of me *not to put them in.* —This requeſt, I imagine, they deſign I ſhould interpret by the figure, *nolo epiſcopari.* But what can I do? Myſelf am a ſtranger to their pretenſions; and my DEPUTY has ſent me an account of no more than *five*:—tho' if we believe, their *own* teſtimony, there are no leſs than *twenty and one* fine, ſweet, pretty, dear, charming creatures (or whatever you pleaſe to call them) that rank themſelves foremoſt in the file of *Oxford* BEAUTIES. Now as I am loth to diſoblige ſo conſiderable a body, I ſhall wave all particular deſcriptions, and have deſired my DEPUTY, from a due conſideration of their general behaviour, to form a juſt criterion, whereby we may judge of the claim which any girl may have, to be deem'd a BEAUTY in either of our two Univerſities. Accordingly I have received the following paper.

" Hon. Madam,

" TO make a *celebrated* Oxford BEAUTY, in the firſt " place I think it not material what is her *parentage*; " tho' perhaps 'tis the better, if ſhe be the daughter of a " *tradeſman*:—I don't mean a vulgar *town-mechanic*, but of " the nobler *matriculated* order; as a bookeller, a barber, " a butler, or cook of a college. By this means the young " fellows may have an eaſier acceſs to *Miſs*, and will vie " with one another, who ſhall get deepeſt in the father's " books.

" As to her *perſon*, in order to be a BEAUTY, there is " no neceſſity ſhe ſhould be *handſome*. 'Tis enough that " ſhe thinks herſelf ſo; and a very little art will make the " whole Univerſity think ſo too. But ſhe cannot be too " forward or too conceited,—I ſhould ſay, too conſcious " of her charms; and as to that aukward thing *baſhfulneſs*, " our girls ſhould never know what it is; becauſe, as it " gives a great *colour* to the face, ill-natur'd people may " perhaps ſay ſhe's *painted*.

" But

" But a particular regard muſt be had to her *education*. " Little Miſs from her infancy muſt be taught to hold up " her head, to liſp prettily, to talk with the *gentlemen*, and " before ſhe is out of her leading-ſtrings, to put on the " *woman* in every thing ſhe does. But let it be remember'd, " that the needle will ſpoil her fingers ends, and much " work or reading impair the brilliancy of her eyes. She " muſt learn to officiate with a good grace at the tea-table, " to practiſe a thouſand little airs at a concert, and above " all (as that is her particular ſphere) to *tread the Mall* in " all the pomp of affectation.

" I need not, I fancy, ſay any thing of her *fortune*, the " ſmallneſs of which will very much add to her other me- " rits, and make her the *better bargain* to whoever is ſo " happy as to have her. For the preſent, ſhe need only be " provided with a ſilk ſack for ſundays; all the reſt of the " week, what can be genteeler than a linnen waſhing-gown " or a light ſtuff *petenlair*. Indeed, if ſhe has ſiſters, they " may now and then *change clothes*, which will make it " be thought by every body, that ſhe has *more gowns than* " *one*, and give her in that point a ſuperiority over all her " rivals.

" Finally, to judge whether ſhe is abſolutely cried up as " a BEAUTY, we muſt conſult the wooden regiſters, the " benches in the public walks, and the window-panes in " coffee-houſes and taverns; where you'll be ſure to ſee her " name in acroſticks, or either emvowel'd, or written in " full length, accompanied with the moſt emphatical en- " dearing expreſſions. But laſtly, to try her utmoſt power, " let her frequently vary the place of her walking: this " evening let her be in St. *John*'s *Grove*, to morrow in " *Chriſt-Church Walk*, the next day let her go *up the Hill*; " and if ſhe is ſtill follow'd by the ſame idle tribe of gaping " lowngers, I may venture to pronounce her, a *celebrated* " Oxford BEAUTY."

Thus far my DEPUTY: and if any *Young Toaſt* of either Univerſity is ambitious of appearing in this work, let her prove herſelf duly qualified by the above laws, and ſhe ſhall have full juſtice done her by

The FEMALE STUDENT.

CAMBRIDGE,
April 6, 1751.

From the HAPPY COBLER *of* Portugal Street.

LETTER III.

Mr. STUDENT,

I Am ſo much employ'd in vamping up old ſhabby ſham-my ſhoes for the preſent mourning, that I can ſcarcely ſpare a moment to write to you; and indeed my ideas are ſo jumbled together, that you muſt not expect a regular well-connected piece from me, but ſomething or nothing, juſt as it occurrs.

Gentlemen of my profeſſion, together with blackſmiths, colliers, chimney-ſweepers, ſhoe-cleaners, devils of printing-houſes, and all other dealers in the *black art*, have vaſtly the advantage, at this juncture, over the reſt of mankind. How many people are reduc'd to the utmoſt neceſſity, by being *japan'd* at this mournful ſeaſon, whereas *we* are always in ſable! But as I love to be at the top of the faſhion, I have turn'd my iron-grey coat, ſent my Coventry-blue waiſtcoat to the dyer's, and beſpoke me a bran-new pair of galligaſkins to be made of beggar's velvet. I drink my porter out of a leathern black-jack, and whenever I ſmoke I glaze the end of my pipe with black wax, as I us'd to do with red.

Neighbour TONY the pawnbroker tells me, that he has ſeveral ſuits of rich brocade from ladies of quality, lately pawn'd with him, to enable them to buy crapes and bombazines;

bombazines; that he has regimentals from officers, laced hats and lac'd waiſtcoats from templars, and the whole wardrobe of an eminent ſilk-mercer in *Cut-and-come-again* court, now in his poſſeſſion.

LOUSON the taylor looks very merry, whilſt his cuſtomers look ſad. You muſt know, he works a good deal for the army-gentry; and laſt night he told us, that his *red cabbage* was all turn'd *black*; and that his *hell* had now more of the *ſooty* than the *flame* colour in it.

But, Mr. STUDENT;—would you believe it? Notwithſtanding the general prevalency of mourning, there are two very conſiderable bodies of men, who ſtill inſolently appear in the lighteſt colours;—I mean, the barbers and the bakers. And, in truth, I know not whether the brick-duſt men in their martial liveries, and the tallow-chandlers in their ſky-colour'd frocks, are not too glaringly offenſive for a loyal eye to bear.

To conclude.—I think, Mr. STUDENT, in ſooth, you *authors* ought to put your works into mourning; and I hope there will be for three months no printing with *red ink*. Let me adviſe you to ſet an example to the reſt of your *brethren*; and prithee let us ſee your next number not only bediſmall'd with broad black lines, death's heads, and croſs marrow-bones, but ſew'd with black thread, and inſtead of your uſual *blue*, ſtitch'd up in *black* paper.

I am, ſir,

Your very humble ſervant,

TIMOTHY BECK.

Dated at my Stall in Portugal-Street, Q.
this 29*th day of* March, 1751.

The LIFE of

Dr. FRANCIS CHEYNEL.

THERE is always this advantage in contending with illuſtrious adverſaries, that the combatant is equally immortalized by conqueſt or defeat. He that dies by the ſword of a hero, will always be mentioned, when the acts of his enemy are mentioned. The man, of whoſe life the following account is offered to the public, was indeed eminent among his own party, and had qualities, which, employed in a good cauſe, would have given him ſome claim to diſtinction; but no one is now ſo much blinded with bigotry, as to imagine him equal, either to HAMMOND or CHILLINGWORTH, nor would his memory perhaps have been preſerved, had he not, by being conjoined with ſuch illuſtrious names, become the object of public curioſity.

FRANCIS CHEYNEL was * born in 1608, at *Oxford*, where his father Dr. JOHN CHEYNEL, who had been fellow of *Corpus-Chriſti* College, practiſed phyſic with great reputation. He was educated in one of the grammar ſchools of his native city, and in the beginning of the year 1623, became a member of the Univerſity.

It is probable that he loſt his father, when he was very young; for it appears, that before 1629, his mother had married Dr. ABBOT, biſhop of *Saliſbury*, whom ſhe had likewiſe buried. From this marriage he received great advantage; for his mother being now allied to Dr. BRENT then warden of *Merton* College, exerted her intereſt ſo vigorouſly, that he was admitted there a *Probationer*, and afterwards obtained a * fellowſhip.

* *Vide* WOOD's Ath. Ox.

Having

Having taken the degree of maſter of arts, he was admitted to orders according to the rites of the *Church* of *England*, and held a curacy near *Oxford*, together with his Fellowſhip. He continued in his college 'till he was qualified by his years of reſidence for the degree of batchelor of divinity, which he attempted to take in 1641, but was denied his *grace* * for diſputing concerning predeſtination, contrary to the king's injunctions.

This refuſal of his degree he mentions in his dedication to his account of Mr. CHILLINGWORTH; "Do not "conceive that I ſnatch up my pen in an angry mood, "that I might vent my dangerous wit, and eaſe my over-"burden'd ſpleen. No, no, I have almoſt forgot the "*viſitation at* Merton *college, and the denial of my grace, the* "*plundering of my houſe, and little library:* I know when, "and where, and of whom, to demand ſatisfaction for "all theſe injuries, and indignities. I have learnt *centum* "*plagas Spartana nobilitate concoquere.* I have not learnt "how to plunder others of goods, or living, and make "my ſelf amends, by force of arms. I will not take a "living which belonged to any civil, ſtudious, learned "delinquent; unleſs it be the much neglected *commendam* "of ſome lordly prelate, condemned by the known laws "of the land, and the higheſt court of the kingdom, for "ſome offence of the firſt magnitude."

It is obſervable that he declares himſelf to have almoſt forgot his injuries and indignities, tho' he recounts them with an appearance of acrimony, which is no proof that the impreſſion is much weakened; and inſinuates his deſign of demanding, at a proper time, ſatisfaction for them.

Theſe vexations were the conſequence rather of the abuſe of learning, than the want of it; no one that reads his works can doubt, that he was turbulent, obſtinate and

* *Vide* WOOD's Hiſt. Univ. Ox.

petulant,

petulant, and ready to inſtruct his ſuperiors when he moſt needed information from them. Whatever he believ'd (and the warmth of his imagination naturally made him precipitate in forming his opinions) he thought himſelf oblig'd to profeſs; and what he profeſs'd, he was ready to defend, without that modeſty which is always prudent, and generally neceſſary; and which, tho' it was not agreeable to Mr. CHEYNEL's temper, and therefore readily condemn'd by him, is a very uſeful aſſociate to truth, and often introduces her by degrees, where ſhe never could have forced her way by argument, or declamation.

A temper of this kind is generally inconvenient and offenſive in any ſociety; but in a place of education, is leaſt to be tolerated; for as authority is neceſſary to inſtruction, whoever endeavours to deſtroy ſubordination, by weakening that reverence which is claimed by thoſe to whom the guardianſhip of youth is committed by their country, defeats at once the inſtitution; and may be juſtly driven from a ſociety, by which he thinks himſelf too wiſe to be governed, and in which he is too young to teach, and too opinionative to learn.

This may be readily ſuppos'd to have been the caſe of CHEYNEL; and I know not how thoſe can be blamed for cenſuring his conduct, or puniſhing his diſobedience, who had a right to govern him, and who might certainly act with equal ſincerity, and with greater knowledge.

With regard to the viſitation of *Merton* college, the account is equally obſcure; viſitors are well known to be generally called to regulate the affairs of colleges, when the members diſagree with their head, or with one another; and the temper that Dr. CHEYNEL diſcovers, will eaſily incline his readers to ſuſpect, that he could not long live in any place without finding ſome occaſion for debate; nor debate any queſtion without carrying his oppoſition to ſuch a length as might make a moderator neceſſary,

ceſſary. Whether this was his conduct at *Merton*, or whether an appeal to the viſitor's authority was made by him, or his adverſaries, or any other member of the college, is not to be known; it appears only, that there was a viſitation; that he ſuffered by it, and reſented his puniſhment.

He was afterwards preſented to a living of great value, near *Banbury*, where he had ſome diſpute with Archbiſhop LAUD. Of this diſpute I have found no particular account. CALAMY only ſays, *he had a ruffle with Biſhop* LAUD, *while at his height.*

Had CHEYNEL been equal to his adverſary in greatneſs and learning, it had not been eaſy to have found either a more proper oppoſite; for they were both to the laſt degree zealous, active and pertinacious, and would have afforded mankind a ſpectacle of reſolution, and boldneſs, not often to be ſeen. But the amuſement of beholding the ſtruggle, would hardly have been without danger, as they were too fiery not to have communicated their heat, tho' it ſhould have produc'd a conflagration of their country.

About the year 1641, when the whole nation was engag'd in the controverſy about the rights of the church and neceſſity of epiſcopacy, he declared himſelf a preſbyterian, and an enemy to biſhops, liturgies, ceremonies, and was conſider'd as one of the moſt learned and acute of his party; for having ſpent much of his life in a college, it cannot be doubted, that he had a conſiderable knowledge of books, which the vehemence of his temper enabled him often to diſplay when a more timorous man would have been ſilent, though in learning not his inferiour.

When the war broke out, Mr. CHEYNEL in conſequence of his principles declared himſelf for the parliament, and as he appears to have held it, as a firſt principle, that all great and noble ſpirits abhor neutrality, there is no doubt, but that he exerted himſelf to gain proſelytes and to promote the intereſt of that party, which he had thought it his duty

to

to eſpouſe. Theſe endeavours were ſo much regarded by the parliament, that, having taken the covenant, he was nominated one of the aſſembly of divines, who were to meet at *Weſtminſter* for the ſettlement of the new diſcipline.

This diſtinction drew neceſſarily upon him the hatred of the cavaliers; and his living being not far diſtant from the king's head quarters, he received a viſit from ſome of the troops, who, as he affirms, plundered his houſe, and drove him from it. His living, which was, I ſuppoſe, conſider'd as forfeited by his abſence, (though he was not ſuffered to continue upon it) was given to a clergyman, of whom he ſays, that he would become a ſtage better than a pulpit, a cenſure, which I can neither confute, nor admit; becauſe I have not diſcovered, who was his ſucceſſor. He then retir'd into *Suſſex* to exerciſe his miniſtry among his friends, *in a place where*, as he obſerves, *there had been little of the power of religion either known, or practiſed.* As no reaſon can be given, why the inhabitants of *Suſſex* ſhould have leſs knowledge or virtue, than thoſe of other places, it may be ſuſpected that he means nothing more than a place where the preſbyterian diſcipline or principles had never been received. We now obſerve, that the methodiſts, where they ſcatter their opinions, repreſent themſelves as preaching the goſpel to unconverted nations. And enthuſiaſts of all kinds have been inclined to diſguiſe their particular tenets with pompous appellations, and to imagine themſelves the great inſtruments of ſalvation. Yet it muſt be confeſſed that all places are not equally enlightned; that in the moſt civilized nations there are many corners, which may yet be called barbarous, where neither politeneſs, nor religion, nor the common arts of life have yet been cultivated; and it is likewiſe certain, that the inhabitants of *Suſſex* have been ſometimes mentioned as remarkable for brutality.

From *Suſſex* he went often to *London*, where, in 1643, he preached three times before the parliament, and returning in *November* to *Colcheſter* to keep the monthly faſt

faſt there, as was his cuſtom, he obtained a convoy of ſixteen ſoldiers, whoſe bravery or good fortune was ſuch, that they faced and put to flight more than two hundred of the king's forces.

In this journey, he found Mr. CHILLINGWORTH in the hands of the parliament's troops, of whoſe ſickneſs and death he gave the account which has been ſufficiently made known to the learned world by Dr. MAIZEAUX, in his life of CHILLINGWORTH.

With regard to this relation, it may be obſerved, that it is written with an air of fearleſs veracity, and with the ſpirit of a man who thinks his cauſe juſt, and his behaviour without reproach; nor does there appear any reaſon for doubting, that CHEYNEL ſpoke and acted as he relates. For he does not publiſh an apology, but a challenge, and writes not ſo much to obviate calumnies, as to gain from others that applauſe, which he ſeems to have beſtowed very liberally upon himſelf, for his behaviour on that occaſion.

Since therefore, this relation is credible, a great part of it being ſupported by evidence, which cannot be refuſed, Dr. MAIZEAUX ſeems very juſtly in his life of Mr. CHILLINGWORTH to oppoſe the common report, that his life was ſhortened by the inhumanity of thoſe, to whom he was a priſoner; for CHEYNEL appears to have preſerved amidſt all his deteſtation of the opinions, which he imputed to him, a great kindneſs to his perſon, and veneration for his capacity; nor does he appear to have been cruel to him otherwiſe than by that inceſſant importunity of diſputation, to which he was doubtleſs incited, by a ſincere belief of the danger of his ſoul, if he ſhould die without renouncing ſome of his opinions.

The ſame kindneſs, which made him deſirous to convert him before his death, would incline him to preſerve him from dying before he was converted; and accordingly we find, that, when the caſtle was yielded, he took

care to procure him a commodious lodging; when he was to have been unſeaſonably removed, he attempted to ſhorten a journey, which he knew would be dangerous; when the phyſician was diſguſted by CHILLINGWORTH's diſtruſt, he prevail'd upon him, as the ſymptoms grew more dangerous, to renew his viſits; and when death left no other act of kindneſs to be practiſed, procured him the rites of burial which ſome would have denied him.

Having done thus far juſtice to the humanity of CHEYNEL, it is proper to enquire, how far he deſerves blame. He appears to have extended none of that kindneſs to the opinions of CHILLINGWORTH, which he ſhewed to his perſon; for he interprets every word in the worſt ſenſe, and ſeems induſtrious to diſcover in every line hereſies which might have eſcaped for ever any other apprehenſion, he appears always ſuſpicious of ſome latent malignity, and ready to perſecute what he only ſuſpects, with the ſame violence, as if it had been openly avowed; in all his procedure he ſhews himſelf ſincere, but without candour.

About this time CHEYNEL, in purſuance of his natural ardour, attended the army under the command of the Earl of ESSEX, and added the praiſe of valour, to that of learning; for he diſtinguiſhed himſelf ſo much by his perſonal bravery, and obtained ſo much ſkill in the ſcience of war, that his commands were obeyed by the colonels with as much reſpect, as thoſe of the general. He ſeems indeed to have been born a ſoldier; for he had an intrepidity, which was never to be ſhaken by any danger, and a ſpirit of enterprize not to be diſcouraged by difficulty; which were ſupported by an unuſual degree of bodily ſtrength. His ſervices of all kinds were thought of ſo much importance by the parliament, that they beſtowed upon him the living of *Petworth* in *Suſſex*. This living was of the value of 700l. per annum, from which, they had ejected a man remarkable for his loyalty; and therefore, in their opinion, not worthy of ſuch revenues. And it

may

may be enquir'd, whether in accepting this preferment, CHEYNEL did not violate the proteſtation, which he makes in the paſſage already recited, and whether, he did not ſuffer his reſolution to be overborn, by the temptations of wealth.

In 1646, when *Oxford* was taken by the forces of the Parliament, and the reformation of the Univerſity was reſolved, Mr. CHEYNEL was ſent with ſix others, to prepare the way for a viſitation; being authoriſed by the parliament to preach in any of the churches, without regard to the right of the members of the Univerſity, that their doctrine might prepare their hearers, for the changes which were intended.

When they arrived at *Oxford*, they began to execute their commiſſion by poſſeſſing themſelves of the pulpits; but if the relation of WOOD * is to be regarded, were heard with very little veneration. Thoſe, who had been accuſtomed to the preachers of *Oxford*, and the liturgy of the church of *England*, were offended at the emptineſs of their diſcourſes, which were noiſy and unmeaning; at the unuſual geſtures, the wild diſtortions, and the uncouth tone with which they were delivered; at the coldneſs of their prayers for the king, and the vehemence and exuberance of thoſe, which they did not fail to utter for *the bleſſed councils*, and actions of the parliament, and army; and, at what was ſurely not to be remarked without indignation, their omiſſion of the Lord's Prayer.

But power eaſily ſupplied the want of reverence, and they proceeded in their plan of reformation; and thinking ſermons not ſo efficacious to converſion as private interrogatories and exhortations, they eſtabliſhed a weekly meeting for *freeing tender conſciences from ſcruple*, at a houſe, that from the buſineſs to which it was appropriated, was called the *Scruple-ſhop*.

* *Vide* WOOD's Hiſt. Antiq. Oxon.

With this project they were ſo well pleaſed, that they ſent to the parliament an account of it, which was afterwards printed and is aſcribed by WOOD to Mr. CHEYNEL. They continued for ſome weeks to hold their meetings regularly, and to admit great numbers, whom curioſity, or a deſire of conviction, or compliance with the prevailing party brought thither. But their tranquillity was quickly diſturb'd by the turbulence of the independents, whoſe opinions then prevailed among the ſoldiers, and was very induſtriouſly propagated by the diſcourſes of WILLIAM EARBURY, a preacher of great reputation among them, who one day gathering a conſiderable number of his moſt zealous followers went to the houſe appointed for the reſolution of ſcruples, on a day which was ſet apart for a diſquiſition of the dignity and office of a miniſter, and began to diſpute with great vehemence againſt the preſbyterians, whom he denied to have any true miniſters among them, and whoſe aſſemblies he affirmed not to be the true church. He was oppoſed with equal heat by the preſbyterians, and at length they agreed to examine the point another day, in a regular diſputation. Accordingly they appointed the twelfth of *November* for an enquiry, *whether in the chriſtian church the office of miniſter is committed to any particular perſons.*

On the day fixed the antagoniſts appeared, each attended by great numbers; but when the queſtion was propoſed, they began to wrangle, not about the doctrine, which they had engaged to examine, but about the terms of the propoſition, which the independent alledged to be changed, ſince their agreement; and at length the ſoldiers inſiſted, that the queſtion ſhould be, *whether thoſe who call themſelves miniſters have more right, or power to preach the goſpel than any other man, that is a chriſtian.* This queſtion was debated for ſome time with great vehemence and confuſion; but without any proſpect of a concluſion. At length one of the ſoldiers, who thought they had an equal right with the reſt to engage in the controverſy, demanded of the preſbyterians, whence

whence they themſelves received their orders, whether from biſhops or any other perſons. This unexpected interrogatory put them to great difficulties; for it happened that they were all ordain'd by the biſhops, which they durſt not acknowledge, for fear of expoſing themſelves to a general cenſure; and being convicted from their own declarations, in which they had frequently condemned epiſcopacy, as contrary to chriſtianity; nor durſt they deny it, becauſe they might have been confuted, and muſt at once have ſunk into contempt. The ſoldiers ſeeing their perplexity, inſulted them; and went away boaſting of their victory: nor did the preſbyterians, for ſometime, recover ſpirit enough, to renew their meetings, or to proceed in the work of eaſing conſciences.

[*To be continued.*]

To the ingenious Authors of the STUDENT.

Gentlemen,

PRAY give me leave to teſtify the regard I have for you and your excellent *Miſcellany*, by throwing my mite into your public treaſure. I ſometimes, by way of relaxation, amuſe myſelf with reading the Greek poets; and what I here ſend you is the tranſlation of an EPIGRAM I found in one of them that pleas'd me. As the EPIGRAM is of the lower ſpecies of wit, I hope no judgment will be made of my abilities from this ſpecimen; nor would I by my example encourage you to throw away your time and talents on this ſort of poetry. I am glad to hear that your undertaking is ſo much encouraged by the heads of houſes and other eminent men in the Univerſities, for 'tis an evident proof that they have the intereſt of their pupils at heart. Your *Miſcellany* will doubtleſs raiſe in our youth a Gentle-

man,

man-like emulation; and laudable emulation is the *veſtigia* to the temple of FAME. A noble mind ſcorns to be out-done; and by daily ſtriving to exceed each other they will in time vaſtly exceed their own expectations, and the moſt ſanguine hopes of their friends. I wiſh for nothing more than to ſee in your work a monument rais'd to the honour of both our univerſities that will baffle and obtund the envious and corroding tooth of time.

Gentlemen, yours affectionately,

MARY MIDNIGHT.

The MISER *and the* MOUSE.

An EPIGRAM from the *Greek*. By Mrs. MIDNIGHT.

TO a Mouſe ſays a Miſer "my dear Mr. Mouſe,
"Pray what may you pleaſe for to want in my houſe?
Says the Mouſe "Mr. Miſer, pray keep yourſelf quiet,
"You are ſafe in your perſon, your purſe, and your diet:
"A lodging I want, which ev'n you may afford,
"But none wou'd come here to beg, borrow, or board."

HORACE, Ode 7. Book 1.

IMITATED.

MOST of thoſe rambling folk who fancy,
To fling away their time beyond ſea,
Think the improvement got by travel,
Is ſhewing they know how to cavil,
At every thing that's to be found,
Within th' extent of *Engliſh* ground.

For

For inſtance, thus their only care is,
To ſhew how *London* yields to *Paris*;
In one, ſay they, you're ſure to meet,
With ſomething new in every ſtreet;
Pleaſures enough for all the day,
At night the opera or play;
Whilſt t'other is enough to choak
The devil and all, with dirt and ſmoak;
Another, who has been at *Rome*,
Deſpiſes modern things at home;
Talks of antiquities and buſtos,
Relievos, car'catures, and guſtos:
In fine, can't for his blood refrain,
From blaming all that's *Tramontane*.
But let 'em e'en go on, and blame,
I can't be brought to think the ſame;
For, as to me, there's not a ſpot,
I'd ſooner chuſe to have my lot,
Than that ſame piece of *Finchley* ground,
With quickſet hedges compaſs'd round;
For tho' but plain and old the place is,
It has for me ſo many graces,
That were I judge, I'd give it fairly
For that, before *Verſailles* or *Marly*.
Such ſtore of fruit the orchard bears,
Such bluſhing plumbs, ſuch baking pears;
Not that *Heſperian* tree of old,
Bore golden-pippins more like gold,
Nor ſon of ADAM yet e'er paſs'd,
The tempting fruit without a taſte,
Or taſted, but with joy confeſs'd
Of ev'ry apple 'twas the beſt.
And if by chance the low'ring ſky,
Deſcend in rains and winds blow high,

Yet

Yet ſtill the next day calm and fair,
With ſky ſerene and fragrant air;
Shews nature means, by ſorrows paſt,
For preſent joys to whet our taſte.
Thus thou, O MARSHALL! if the Gods
Should ſet good luck and thee at odds,
Be it in country or in town,
At *Charter-houſe*, or *Kentiſh-town*,
Remember ſtill to eaſe thy brain,
With good Frontiniac and Champaigne:
As knowing well the low'ring ſky,
Will turn to ſunſhine by and by.
So I, dear friend, when we came over,
To *Calais* head, from beach of *Dover*,
When I beheld with viſage grave,
And lengthen'd face, the riſing wave;
Yet not abaſh'd, but look'd around,
Our cares ſaid I ſhall firſt be drown'd.
Cheer up, my mates, and let the glaſs,
Thrice at the leaſt thus brimming paſs;
Who has not left his cares behind,
Now let him give them to the wind;
This reverend gentleman in black,
Secures our perſons from a wreck;
A man ſo good, ſo learn'd as he,
Was never born to drown at ſea.
My mind on his ſure fate relies;
He'll be a biſhop e'er he dies.
Stout hearts and true, who oft have known,
Worſe perils than this day has ſhewn,
Fill up the glaſs, the ſparkling juice
New hopes and vigour will infuſe,
And then to-morrow once again,
We'll tempt the winds, and plow the main.

On

On the prefixing the Names of

The MUSES *to the* STUDENT.

WHATEVER ſubjects poets chuſe,
They pray th' aſſiſtance of their muſe;
Nor can indite a ſingle line,
Unleſs they're aided by the nine.
No rhyming ſcribbler pens a rebus,
Without petitioning his PHOEBUS;
Nor COLIN praiſes CELIA's eyes,
If ERATO her help denies:
Nay I my ſelf, in humble ſtrain,
Have ſued the nymphs, but ſued in vain:
At length ('tis ſcarce to be believ'd)
This cruel anſwer I receiv'd:
" We by command of great APOLLO,
" Forbid you thus our mount to follow;
" And henceforth charge ye to forbear,
" Nor peſter us with idle pray'r;
" Your ſuit, fond ſwain, is quite imprudent,
" We're all engag'd to write *The* STUDENT."

We are indebted to the ingenious author of a poem call'd the PROGRESS OF ENVY, *for the above polite compliment.*

RURAL HAPPINESS.

An ODE to R—— L——, Eſq; *By a country Clergyman.*

I.

ERE yet, my friend, approach the evil day,
From the town's noiſe and vanity retreat;
Seek Happineſs without it's baſe allay;
And leave ambition to the wretch of ſtate;
Oh! bid again thy tott'ring manſion riſe,
There ſeek for independent bliſs—all elſe deſpiſe.

II.

There nor the pride of office, frown of pow'r,
The courtier's promiſe, nor the law's delay,
Nor pallid envy e'er ſhall curſe the hour,
Calm and ſerene, or innocently gay;
Your joys no luxury ſhall know to cloy,
Nor *Tantal* avarice ſhall e'er forbid t' enjoy.

III.

There decency ſhines forth in home-ſpun veſt,
There innocence with ever chearful ſmiles,
And health with all her fragrant roſes dreſt,
Uncertain phyſic's greedy art beguiles;
Whilſt laviſh plenty, with her joyous train,
Sings thro' th' extended vale, and laughs along the plain.

IV.

More ſweet than ſouthern gales her breath's perfume,
With beauty's ev'ry charm her cheeks array'd,
Excelling, FLORA, all thy gayeſt bloom,
Excelling bluſhes of the city maid.
Long, *Britain*, may thy fields with plenty ſhine,
And matchleſs beauty, bleſſed iſle, be ever thine.

V.

Since wealth ſufficient grateful fields can give,
Let paſſion's rage, and humour's wiſh ſubſide;
From nature joy and ſtudy both receive,
And know the bar to inward peace is pride:
For happineſs, to no one ſtate confin'd,
Scorns every other empire—throned in the mind.

VI.

Ere yet the early lark ſalutes the ſkies
With gratitude, that man forgets to pay;
From his low turf-built cot ſee labour riſe,
With hands induſtrious to prevent the day,
Or view him bleſt at morn or noon's repaſt,
With appetite unknown to lux'ries ſplendid feaſt.

Nor

VII.

Nor treachery's art his humble meal annoys,
Nor poiſon fears he in his homely bowl;
With pleaſure all the hours of day employs,
Smiles at his taſk, enjoying all it's toil;
Tho' on vile flocks his wearied limbs he lay
The night's unbroken ſleep renews them for the day.

Q. Q.

On Mrs. WALKER's POEMS,

Particularly that on the AUTHOR.

By the late Mr. CHRISTOPHER PITT.

BLUSH, WILMOT, bluſh; a female muſe,
Without one guilty line,
The tender theme of love purſues
In ſofter ſtrains than thine.

'Tis, thine the paſſion to blaſpheme,
'Tis her's with wit and eaſe
(When a mere nothing is the theme)
Beyond thyſelf to pleaſe.

Then be to her the prize decreed,
Whoſe merit has prevail'd;
For what male poet can ſucceed,
If ROCHESTER has fail'd?

Since PHOEBUS quite forgetful grows,
And has not yet thought fit
In his high wiſdom to impoſe
A *ſalique* law on wit;

Since of your rights he takes no care
Ye PRIORS, POPES, and GAYS;
'Tis hard!——but let the women wear
The breeches and the bays.

HABAKUK, Chap. iii. PARAPHRAS'D.

Beginning at the third verſe.

FROM lofty *Teman*, and the airy height
Of *Paran*, cloath'd in majeſty divine,
Deſcended the moſt high. Heaven's azure vault,
The world's bright canopy, was overſpread
With his tranſcendent glories: earth was fill'd
With his ineffable eternal praiſe.
Clear as the moſt ſerene, unſully'd beams
Of firſt-born light, the brightneſs of his face
Outſhone irradiant. From his conq'ring hand
Iſſued effulgent rays, which dazzling hid,
And inacceſſibly obſcur'd his power
From mortal eye. Before his preſence went
The peſtilence wide-waſting: burning coals
Shot glaring from his feet. He ſtood, and turn'd
His compaſſes around, and circumſcrib'd,
The world's due bounds. At his tremendous ſight
The guilty lands, confounded and appall'd,
Hurried precipitant. Unſhaken mounts,
With all their pond'rous load of ſhadowy groves,
Were driven from their centers: laſting hills,
Aw'd by his preſence, bow'd their craggy tops
Obſequious. Struck with horrour, I beheld
How *Cuſhan*'s tents in conſternation mourn'd
Diſcomfited; how thro' the *Midian* court
The curtains trembled. Was the mighty Lord

Wroth

Wroth at the rivers? was his fury pour'd
'Gainſt the vaſt ocean, when with warlike ſteeds
And flaming chariots of ſalvation born,
He voyag'd o'er th' unfathomable deep?
Prompt hung thy never-erring bow, prepar'd
With winged arrows, ready to fulfil
Thy ſacred promiſe, ratify'd by oath
Inviolable. Clov'n at thy command
Dry, thirſty, barren deſarts, flinty rocks
Guſh'd into living fountains. Ridges bleak
Of high out-ſtretching hills, thy dread approach
Beheld, and trembled. The redundant floods,
Wave crowding after wave, with rapid tide
Gave way obedient. With up-lifted voice,
In token of rev'rence to their ſov'reign Lord,
The deeps reſounded. Fix't in his career
The day's bright regent ſtood, and night's due courſe
Adjourn'd: directed by thy flaming ſhafts
And luſtre of thy glitt'ring ſpear, he went
Forgetful of his ancient road. Incens'd
With indignation, thro' the trembling land
Thou marchedſt uncontroll'd. Cruſh'd with the weight
Of thy avenging arm, the heathen ſunk
Beneath thy fury. Girt with matchleſs force
Thou rodeſt forth omnipotently; bent
On the ſalvation of thy choſen race,
Thine own anointed. Wounded with the ſtroke
Of thy relentleſs wrath, proud potentates,
Hurl'd from their impious dominations, fell
Dethron'd, diveſted of all pow'r. Their ſtaves,
Brandiſh'd aloft by thy victorious hand,
Came ruſhing down reſiſtleſs, cleaving ſheer
The execrable heads of towns, devote
To thy dread vengeance. As when adverſe winds,
Encount'ring with tempeſtuous onſet, rage
Amidſt the troubled element; ſo they

Attack'd

Attack'd me, ſtorming, reſolutely bent
To end them unrepriev'd. For if by plot
Of latent miſchief, they could cruſh the poor,
'Twas deem'd a matter of the higheſt joy.
Array'd in all thy equipage of war,
Thou marchedſt o'er th' unbounded deep, while wall'd,
The unfroze waters marvellouſly ſtood,
Aw'd by thy potent voice. At the report
Of thy tremendous acts, deep horrour chill'd
My ſinking heart: my quivering lips forgot
Their fault'ring ſpeech: a ſhudd'ring damp ran thro'
My rotten bones. A total palſie ſhook
My trembling frame. Awaken'd by theſe fears,
My mind was entertain'd with lively hopes
Of future mercies, in that dreadful day
Of threat'ned ſorrows. When his num'rous hoſt
The mighty warriour marſhals forth, with ſway
Reſiſtleſs to invade the trembling lands.
Then tho' the fig-tree ſhall no more unfold
Her tender bloſſoms; tho' the mantling vine
No more exert her curling tendrels, hung
With purple fruitage; tho' the olives mock
The dreſſer's hopes; tho' the deluded hind
Bewail his luckleſs glebe, devoid of corn,
Support of human body; tho' the folds
Stand empty of their bleating charge; the ſtall
Afford no ſhelter to the ſinking herd;
Yet will I ne'er deſpond, but fix my joy,
My endleſs joy, in the Almighty God
Of my ſalvation. He's alone my ſtrength,
Alone my fortreſs. He will make my feet
Outvie the ſwiftneſs of the roe; that I,
Loos'd from my captive chains, may roam at large
On the bleſt ſummits of my native hills.

The LOWNGER.

I Riſe about nine, get to breakfaſt by ten,
Blow a tune on my flute, or perhaps make a pen;
Read a play 'till eleven, or cock my lac'd hat;
Then ſtep to my neighbour's, till dinner, to chat.
Dinner over, to * *Tom*'s, or to *Clapham*'s I go,
The news of the town ſo impatient to know;
While LAW, LOCKE, and NEWTON, and all the rum race,
That talk of their modes, their ellipſes, and ſpace,
The ſeat of the ſoul, and new ſyſtems on high,
In holes, as abſtruſe as their myſteries, lie.
From the Coffee-houſe then I to Tennis away,
And at ſix I poſt back to my college, to pray:
I ſup before eight, and ſecure from all duns,
Undauntedly march to the *Mitre* or *Tuns*;
Where in punch or good claret my ſorrows I drown,
And toſs off a bowl, to the beſt in the town:
At one in the morning, I call what's to pay,
Then home to my chambers I ſtagger away,
Thus I tope all the night, as I trifle all day.

Gratulatio ad REGEM PRUSSIÆ.

De Juſtitiâ reduce.

UT ſolet humanis vitium ſuccedere rebus,
Quum bona per longum deperiere diem:
Sic quoque Clivenſes afflaverat improbus oras
Stultitiæ, fraudis, perfidiæque furor:
Juraque perraro ſub vindice muta tacebant,
Et pro cauſidico rabula multus erat.

* *Noted coffee-houſes in* Cambridge.

Quod

Quod niſi ſanaſſes, putri mox parte reſecta,
Vulnera Cocceii, rex Frederice, manu,
Temporibuſque tuis hæc debita dona putaſſes;
Sævior in populus peſtis itura fuit:
Hoc quoque poſt belli potuit reſtare labores,
Et pacis titulos, totque tropæa, tibi:
Hoc etiam, antiquo Themidem deducere cœlo,
Et terris facilem conciliare deam!
Eſt aliquid rigidi per mille pericula Martis
Heroum ſummis laudibus ire parem;
Eſt aliquid ſemper victricia ponere caſtra,
Multaque fortunæ, plura referre ſibi;
Eſt aliquid placidæ laurum connectere olivæ,
Gradivoque ſuos impoſuiſſe modos;
Eſt aliquid doctis famam committere chartis,
Et primum in Pindo promeruiſſe locum.
Magna quidem ſunt hæc, atque immortalia, regum
Maxime, nec, ſine te, poſthabitura fidem:
Sed tamen Herculeis tot monſtra domare lacertis,
Fallimur, aut ſæcli gloria major erit.

CORNELIUS VALERIUS VONCK.

We ſhould be glad if ſome of our ingenious correſpondents would favour us with a verſion of this little poem.

END of the ſeventh number.

THE INSPECTOR:

NUMBER III.

FOREIGN NEWS.

RUSSIA.

AT a time when the European dominions are just recovering from the ravages of war, and the inhabitants of the Continent gathering the product of the vintage or cultivating their desolated plains, in all the security and tranquility of peace; how melancholy is the reflection, to think that this rising scene of felicity, may be speedily frustrated by the artifices of one prince, and the silken thread of society rudely untwisted by the ambition of another? through these artifices, excited by this ambition, France, in the year 1741, kindled up the embers of dissention between the courts of Petersburgh and Sweden, only as a preparatory step towards that general Conflagration that soon afterwards burst out, in every territory from the borders of the Po to the most distant banks of the Danube. Sweden then found herself abandoned to the resentment of the Muscovite, and France is now encouraging a more formidable enemy to clip the wings of the Russian Eagle: this is the Prussian monarch, who has taken an opportunity of irritating the Russian ministry; and though a method for adjusting the differences subsisting between the two courts, has been undertaken by the mediatorial offices of the courts of Vienna and London, it seems to be attended with no salutary consequences: M. Wahzendorff the late Prussian minister at Petersburgh, attributes the declaration made to him, on his departure from that court, as the sole act of the Russian chancellor; but the court of Petersburgh insists upon the authenticity of that declaration, as the act of the whole ministry: both courts appear satisfied with the conduct of their respective ministers; both are making the necessary preparations, in case of hostilities, and the troops of the two powers are in full march to their respective frontiers: his Prussian majesty is contracting new alliances, and several foreign generals are making interest to get into his service: the Czarina is formidable enough to oppose such an antagonist with her own force; but, if assistance is necessary, the court of Vienna is obliged, by the treaty concluded on the 20th of March 1746, to furnish her with a succour of 30,000 men within 3 months from the day of the requisition. The Russians were also apprehensive of a disturbance from the Swedes, and are not less suspicious of an insult from the Turks and Tartars: however, they are vigilant in every defensible precaution, having the fleet at

Cronſtadt in readineſs to put to ſea with a great number of tranſport ſhips on the Duna; and having aſſembled a conſiderable body of troops along the Ukraine and in the conquered provinces; the command of the latter being proviſionally given to general Lieven, it being currently reported that field marſhal count Lacy was actually dead at Riga. The court of Peterſburgh, in purſuance of their eccleſiaſtical ſyſtem, not to ſuffer in the empire any ſect whoſe opinions may affect the doctrines of the Greek church, or create theological diſputes, has ordered the Herenhutters, or Moravians, to depart the country immediately; and an edict has alſo been publiſhed, prohibiting the importation of books printed abroad: but it is now reported that the election of a duke of Courland will be deferred, till the troubles in the north are appeaſed.

SWEDEN.

The court of Stockholm has equipped a fleet at Carelſcroon, conſiſting of twenty ſhips of the line and twelve frigates; but all the appearance of a commotion with the Ruſſians, ſeems extinguiſhed in the death of his Swediſh majeſty, who died lately at Stockholm, in the 75th year of his age, and is ſucceeded by Adolphus Frederic, duke of Holſtein, biſhop of Lubeck, who, by the treaty of Abo, concluded between the courts of Peterſburg and Stockholm on the 4th of July, 1743, was appointed prince ſucceſſor to the Swediſh crown. This prince is uncle to Charles Peter Ulric, the reigning duke of Holſtein Gottorp, and apparent ſucceſſor to the imperial throne of all the Ruſſia's: he is indebted for his Inveſtiture with the Swediſh diadem to the czarina, and, if gratitude was the moſt prevalent principle in the boſom of monarchs, her imperial majeſty could expect nothing but the moſt durable amity with the ſovereign of Sweden: but as this prince, on the 28th of July, 1744, married the princeſs Louiſa Ulrica, ſiſter to his Pruſſian majeſty, it is uncertain how far this tie of affinity may engage him in the intereſt of that monarch; eſpecially if count Teſſin is continued to preſide at the head of the Swediſh cabinet, and the court ſhou'd be ſtill retained in the ſubſidiary ſervitude of France.

DENMARK.

His Daniſh majeſty ſtill perſiſts in the pacific ſentiments of his predeceſſor, and has given a favourable attention to the negociation of the baron de Fleming, the Swediſh miniſter; who was diſpatched to Copenhagen to corroborate the union between the two courts, and to contract a marriage between the prince royal Guſtavus of Sweden with the princeſs royal of Denmark, the proviſions of which are ſettled, and it is aſſured that the Swediſh ambaſſador is ordered to make the demand of that princeſs in form. The Daniſh monarch, ever aſſiduous to the promotion of commerce, and the proſperity of his ſubjects, has ordered four men of war, and ſix frigates, to be equipped with all poſſible diligence, in which 600 regular troops are to be embarked, with the view of eſtabliſhing a new ſettlement on the coaſt of Africa: he has alſo publiſhed an edict, prohibiting the importation of any kind of raſped wood for dying, under the penalty of 100 rix dollars, and confiſcation.

GERMANY.

The election of a king of the Romans, the principal affair in agitation among the imperial princes, is ſtill undecided. The French miniſters, at the ſeveral courts of the empire, have made a declaration, that his moſt chriſtian majeſty will not interfere in this election, unleſs obliged thereto in quality of guarantee of the treaty of Weſtphalia. His Pruſſian majeſty is ſtill ſo averſe from exalting the arch-duke Joſeph to that dignity, that he has acquainted the marquiſs de la Puebla with his intentions to oppoſe it; alledging, for his motives, the obſtacles which the empreſs had raiſed againſt putting into execution ſeveral ſtipulations of the treaty of Dreſden; ſuch as the guarantying Sileſia by the empire, and the regulation of a future commerce: he complained of the ſteps taken by his Britannic majeſty, whom he called the *cadet of the electoral college*, as illegal, and prohibited by the golden bull: he added, that to carry things to ſuch a length, as to elect a king of the Romans, againſt the opinion and advice of ſome of the moſt ancient houſes of the empire, was to ſacrifice the rights, and ſuffer the op-

oppreſſion of the Germanic body, which wou'd be abjectneſs, rather than complaiſance. This makes it evident, that his Pruſſian majeſty is highly affronted, that the Britiſh court in the meaſures which it has taken to bring about the above election, have neglected him, ſo as not to ſollicit his vote, nor even to conſult him on that occaſion: he has alſo ſent a long letter to the elector of Mentz, containing his reaſons for oppoſing the election of a king of the Romans at this juncture, which his electoral highneſs has communicated to their imperial majeſties, whoſe ſentiments in regard to this affair are ſtill the ſame as were lately ſet forth in their memorials; their intentions are to leave the deciſions of the electoral college free; and to take no other ſteps, in this reſpect, than ſuch as may be judged neceſſary by that auguſt body, and conformable to the fundamental principles adopted by its principal members. The deceaſe of the late emperor Charles VI. gave France an opportunity of promoting the elector of Bavaria to the imperial throne, which occaſioned the late war in Germany: the horrors of that war were too recent in the memory of his Britannic majeſty, and ſome other princes of the empire, who ſaw the dangers that muſt attend another interregnum, and therefore exerted their intereſt to prevent it by the election of a king of the Romans: they have ſo far ſucceeded as to obtain a majority in the electoral college, which is proved, by an eminent civilian, from the bulla aurea, and eight inſtances of election of kings of the Romans, ſufficient to decide it; and that an urgent exigency has, and ought to preponderate againſt any delays on account of a minority: however, if the Auſtrian prince ſhou'd be elected without the concurrence of his Pruſſian majeſty, it would be equally conſiſtent with the imperial conſtitution, as the election of a duke of Bavaria to the empire, on the 24th of January, 1742, when, through the corruption of France, and the artifices of his Pruſſian majeſty, the queen of Hungary was diveſted of her right in the electoral college by the ſuſpenſion of the vote of the electorate of Bohemia.

The court of Vienna ſeems alarmed at the motions of a conſiderable body of Ottoman troops on the confines of Hungary, where an imperial army is order'd to aſſemble: the court is alſo conſulting the moſt expedient meaſures in caſe of a war, by ordering four large magazines of proviſions to be erected in Hungary, three in Bohemia, three in Italy, two in Moravia, and two in Auſtria.

It is reported, that M. Ammon, chamberlain to the king of Pruſſia, has ſucceeded in the commiſſion he went to execute at the court of Verſailles, by which that court is to furniſh his Pruſſian majeſty, in caſe of need, with a contingent of 30,000 foot and 10,000 horſe. At the ſame time another report is current, that the elector of Cologne has retracted his engagements with the maritime powers, and renounces the ſubſidies which they had engaged to pay him by the late treaty; looking on himſelf to be free from all engagements in this reſpect, in the ſame manner as if that treaty had never been made.

On the demiſe of his Swediſh majeſty, his brother prince William ſucceeds to the landgraviate of Heſſe-Caſſel, whoſe ſon is married to the princeſs Mary, fourth daughter of his Britannic majeſty; by whoſe aſſiſtance it may be naturally expected, that the houſe of Heſſe will ſucceed in its favourite view, by attaining the honour of a tenth electorate.

ITALY.

The pope and conclave of cardinals have applied to his Sardinian majeſty, to conſent that the ceremonial to be obſerved with their eminences may be definitively ſettled; and, in conſequence, to order his ambaſſadors and miniſters at foreign courts to yield the cardinals precedency wherever they meet together: but his majeſty being informed that the ſame application had been made to the other catholic powers, anſwer'd his holineſs, that he could not come to any reſolution about an affair of this nature, ſince it equally concerned the other Roman catholic courts; and therefore he wou'd wait for their verdict on his claim of the

cardinals, to declare his ſentiments afterwards as he ſhould ſee occaſion.

His holineſs will ſpeedily promote nine cardinals, to diſpoſe of the hats vacant in the ſacred college. His Sicilian majeſty is cauſing ſeveral men of war and frigates to be built, for the ſuppreſſion of the piratical inhabitants of Barbary. The three men of war belonging to the emperor are returned to Leghorn. The commercial company lately eſtabliſhed in the Modeneſe, has a very promiſing aſpect; their ſcheme of traffic having gained the approbation of ſeveral Britiſh merchants, who have contracted for ſhares. Two Venetian ſhips of war have ſunk three corſairs of Tripoli near Corfu, and taken two pirates belonging to the ſame ſtate.

FRANCE.

This power can never be taxed with inactivity, while there is any view of promoting diſſentions among the European princes: accordingly, the greateſt part of the troops remaining in the interior parts of the kingdom, have orders to join thoſe already upon the frontiers of the empire and of Brabant, to be in readineſs to aſſiſt the allies of his moſt chriſtian majeſty, in caſe they ſhou'd happen to be engaged in any military contentions. The French are vigilantly increaſing their marine, having lately put three new men of war on the ſtocks at Toulon, where they are likewiſe building eighteen ſloops of war of a new invention: from whence the French writers have authority enough to affirm, that, in a ſhort time, the world will ſee their marine on a very reſpectable footing, and directed too by able heads. The great addition to the naval force of France, is too melancholy a truth to eſcape the obſervation of any honeſt Engliſhman: the French never entertained the thought of rivalling the maritime powers, till their ſagacious Colbert convinced Lewis XIV. that it was his indubitable intereſt to acquire a degree of potency on the cerulean world: ſince which time the French were never able, in the very meridian of their glory, to equip a fleet of more than 45 ſhips of the line, 67 frigates, and 55 gallies: theſe were reduced in the late war to 31 ſhips of the line, and 7 frigates, of which ſeven were old and unſerviceable: but we are now told that the navy of France is more numerous than ever; it conſiſts of 100 ſhips of force; and their mercantile veſſels are not leſs in number than before the war, though they loſt 2185 ſhips before the concluſion of the peace. Nor is the political intereſt of France leſs exerted than her military or naval forces; all calculated for ſuppreſſing the Auſtrian power; all actuated to pave the way for univerſal empire.

The jubilee to be held in the dioceſe of Paris has been proclaimed, and is to continue from the firſt Sunday after Eaſter to Whitſuntide: though at Vienna, and ſome other places, they have no leſs than ſix months allowed them to earn the indulgences or treaſure of the church; but French vivacity can diſpatch a buſineſs of this importance in as many weeks.

The inhabitants of France have been in the utmoſt conſternation, occaſioned by a furious hurricane, which began on the 7th of March, and has done incredible damage; particularly at Nantes in Britany, where it began with a tempeſtuous wind at ſouth-weſt, and at three o'clock the next morning turned to the north-weſt, accompanied with thunder, lightning, and ſuch terrible noiſes both at ſea and land, as ſeemed to proceed from an earthquake. The rivers were overflowed, and the Loire ruſhed over its banks in a dreadful inundation; woods were tore up by the roots, and houſes overthrown: but the greateſt damage that happened was in the road of Paimbœuf, adjacent to Nantes, where, of ſeventy ſhips, there were only four that rode out the tempeſt; ſeveral were left upon the points of the rocks; ſome were thrown by the waves upon the Quay; ſome few were driven out to ſea and eſcaped; ſome foundered at their anchors, and others were forced on ſhore in different places and loſt: about 800 ſailors periſhed in the ſtorm: the firſt chamber of inſurance loſt 1,200,000 livres in conſequence of it; and the whole loſs to the town of Nantes, is computed at ten millions of livres. When the hurricane was over, the land floods

ruſhed

ruſhed down ſo precipitately as to ſweep every thing before them: ſeveral perſons were drowned in the Loire, and the prejudice done to the country is ſo great, that the inhabitants of Touraine are going to draw up a memorial to the king, to repreſent their loſſes, and their inability to pay the taille, or land tax. This hurricane was followed by other calamities in different parts of the kingdom, particularly in the neighbourhood of Paris, where a ſtorm did conſiderable damage, and the waters of the Seyne roſe in ſuch a prodigious manner that it wanted but two feet of being as high as it was in the year 1740: ſeveral parts of the metropolis were overflowed; and the inundation ſpread ſo far in the country, as daily to bring down an abuudance of dead rabbits, hares, and other game, floating in the river: the road between Paris and Verſailles was rendered impaſſable; and the provoſt of the merchants, ordered all the inhabitants on ſeveral of the bridges, to remove immediately, with their goods and other effects, to places of ſecurity.

It is reported that the ſtupendous work of the Provence canal will be ſpeedily put into execution: its ſource will be from the Durance, and at ſome diſtance there will be formed a baſon of diviſion, from whence are to iſſue two canals; that for navigation, after paſſing a little above Aix, will terminate in the ſea near Marſeilles; the other for irrigation, after a courſe through very extended plains, is to join the Rhone near Taraſcon; and the whole work is agreed, which is conducted by a company, to be carried on, within the ſpace of ſix years, to Aix and Marſeilles.

NETHERLANDS.

The intelligence from this country, is no more than a repetition of what has been retailed to us, from week to week, for a conſiderable time together.

TURKEY.

The Ottoman forces have been almoſt enervated by their long inactivity; but a conſiderable number of theſe troops are now aſſembling in Servia, Beſſarabia, and the Circaſſian Tartary. It is uncertain whether this formidable ſhew is actually intended to raiſe this ſtorm of war on the frontiers of Ruſſia and Hungary; or whether it is only an artifice of the Divan to keep the troops in exerciſe, and remove if not ſuppreſs, the inſolence of the turbulent janizaries. That the influence of France is very conſiderable at Conſtantinople is ſufficiently manifeſt; but it may be doubted whether this influence is ſufficient to rouze the martial genius of the Turks; eſpecially when we conſider how poſitively they rejected the ſollicitations of the marquis de Caſtellane, the French ambaſſador, when he preſented his memorial on the 10th of February 1746, to the grand Vizir, with a view to prevail on the Porte to make an invaſion upon the Auſtrian or Ruſſian dominions, at a time when the court of Vienna was in the utmoſt diſtreſs. The conſultations in the cabinet at Conſtantinople are carefully concealed: at this time, it is impoſſible to predict what the Turks will actually undertake: the late revolution ſeemed unfavourable to their neighbours, the new high admiral, high treaſurer, and ſecretary of the grand Vizir, having leſs pacific ſentiments, than their predeceſſors; but there is now intelligence, that all the great officers, both civil and military, except the grand Vizir, have been depoſed; ſince which the ſyſtem of the Porte is altered.

The Algerines, and the other piratical ſtates on the coaſt of Barbary, ſtill continue their depredations in the Mediterranean: ſucceſs encourages them to acts of audacity in ſight of the European ports: nevertheleſs they are not entirely free from uneaſineſs; becauſe they are informed that the chriſtian powers are preparing not only to clear the Mediterranean of pirates, but even to attack them in their ports, with powerful ſquadrons, and make deſcents upon their coaſts. They hear that Spain in particular is making great armaments in her ports, and marching troops towards the ſea coaſt; that her men of war are to be joined by ſeveral Portugueſe, Venetian, and Genoeſe ſhips; and this great armament is deſigned againſt Algiers, or Tunis: but as ſuch a rumour was ſpread laſt year, and nothing followed, they ſtill hope it will

will prove groundleſs this year. However, they take all the neceſſary precautions at thoſe places, as well as at Tripoli; to which they are the more encouraged by the emperor of Morocco, who has offered them aſſiſtance in caſe of neceſſity.

SPAIN.

The directions for building new and repairing old ſhips, are executed with great alacrity in all the ports of this Kingdom; where the woollen manufactures go on very proſperouſly; Mr. Keene has renewed his complaints, about the Britiſh ſhips viſited and ſeized in the Weſt Indies, by Spaniſh privateers or Garda de la Coſtas: upon which his moſt catholic majeſty has ſent over orders, for puniſhing with death the captains of ſuch privateers, if it ſhall appear that they ſeized or ſtopped ſuch Engliſh ſhips upon illegal pretences. Mr. Keene has alſo propoſed to the miniſtry of Madrid, to conſider of ſome expedient for terminating the difficulties concerning the navigation of Britiſh ſhips in the bay of Honduras: but we may venture to propheſy that the Spaniards will perpetually viſit our ſhips if they are driven on, what they arbitrarily call, their own Latitudes; nor can we ever expect that they will grant the Britiſh Logwood cutters an unmoleſted navigation: however there is talk of another affair ſtill more important, which is to be the ſubject of a new negotiation between the courts of London and Madrid; perhaps a new definitive Convention, to explain and amend the laſt and former indefinitive ones.

DOMESTICK NEWS.

IT is reported, that the Bill for preventing the conſumption of cheap compound ſpirits, propoſes an additional duty of 8 l. per ton on all malt ſpirits to commence from Lady day laſt.

A propoſal is delivered to both houſes for purchaſing the Iſle of Man, from the Duke of Athol; in order to annex it to the crown; that iſland in its preſent ſtate of independence, ſerving as a ſtorehouſe to the French for wines, teas, and other commodities, whence they are run into the Britiſh dominions, by which the loſs to this nation, and the gains to the French are very conſiderable.

On the 22d of march the royal aſſent, on account of the death of his royal highneſs Frederic prince of Wales, was given by commiſſion to the mutiny bill; to a bill for enabling his majeſty to raiſe the ſeveral ſums of money therein mentioned by exchequer bills, to be charged on the ſinking fund, and for other purpoſes therein mentioned; to a bill to indemnify perſons who have omitted to qualify themſelves for offices and employments within the time limitted by laws, and for allowing farther time for that purpoſe; to a bill for granting an aid to his majeſty of 3 s. in the pound by a land tax, to be raiſed in Great Britain for the ſervice of the year 1751, a bill for the better regulating of trials by juries; and to ſeveral road and private bills.

On account of the demiſe of his royal highneſs the prince of Wales: It was order'd in council, that in all the church ſervice where the royal family are appointed to be particularly prayed for, the following form and order ſhall be obſerved: "their royal highneſſes the princeſs of Wales, the duke, the princeſſes, the iſſue of the prince and princeſs of Wales, and all the royal family."

Both houſes of parliament preſented addreſſes of condolement to his majeſty on this deplorable occaſion.

The lord chamberlain's order was iſſued on the 23d for the courts going into mourning on the 31ſt on this melancholy occaſion: the ladies to wear black bombazine, plain muſlin, or long lawn, crape hoods, ſhamey ſhoes and gloves crape fans — undreſſed, dark Norwich crape.—The men to wear black cloth, without buttons on the ſleeves or pockets, plain muſlin or long lawn cravats and weepers, ſhamey ſhoes and gloves, crape hat-bands, and black ſwords and buckles,—undreſſed; dark gray frocks. The ſame day the lord marſhal's order iſſued, to give notice, that all perſons were expected to put themſelves into the deepeſt mourning

And

And, on the 24th, notice was given by order of the lord chamberlain, that the time fixed for deep mourning will end on Sunday June 30th next; that on Sunday July 7th will commence the 2d mourning, and end on Sunday October 6th.

The body of his royal highneſs was embalmed on the 23d, after which his bowels were put into an urn, and depoſited in Henry 7th's chapel on the 26th; the body was removed from Leiceſter houſe to the Jeruſalem chamber on the 11th inſtant, where it lay in ſtate till the 13th, when it was privately interred in the family vault in Henry 7th's chapel. Prince George will ſoon be created prince of Wales, and, together with the princeſs and the reſt of her children, will reſide at St. James's.

The reading the 3d time the bill for naturalizing foreigners, was put off to this day, the time appointed for a call of the houſe of commons; who have not yet come to any concluſion on the gin act; nor is the alteration of the new-ſtile entirely ſettled; but they have ordered an inſpection to be made into the ſeveral parochial methods of employing the poor throughout England and Wales.

The play-houſes were open'd on the 8th inſtant.

We are informed that the Britiſh and French commiſſaries have at laſt come to ſome definitive reſolutions concerning their poſſeſſions in America: the lords commiſſioners of trade and plantations, to whom the memorial of the marquis de Mirepoix was referred, have allowed the claim of France to the property of St. Martin: in conſequence of which the earl of Albemarle is to acquaint the miniſtry of Verſailles, that orders ſhall be ſent for evacuating that iſland by the Engliſh, and procuring a proper indemnification for the ſubjects of his moſt chriſtian majeſty, whenever they repoſſeſs themſelves of their old ſettlements. But will the neutral iſlands be evacuated by the French before this affair is abſolutely terminated? Are not the French ſtill continuing their invidious practices, and amuſing us with an exterior ſhew of ſettling the limits between Nova Scotia and Canada? by which they will have an opportunity of conveying arms to the Indians and French inhabitants of Acadia, to enable theſe revolters to retard the colonization of the country.

A LIST of DEATHS.

Matthias Stafford Howard, earl of Stafford, aged 32.

Sir James Dalrymple, auditor-general of Scotland.

Mr. Batty Langley, ſurveyor and architect.

Lord viſcount Mountgaret, firſt viſcount of Ireland.

Henry Lowther, lord viſcount Lonſdale, and baron Lowther of Lowther, Weſtmoreland.

March 18. Wm. Coventry, earl of Coventry, viſcount Deerhurſt and baron Coventry; who is ſucceeded by his eldeſt ſon George William lord viſcount Deerhurſt, now earl of Coventry.

20. Between ten and eleven at night all Britain felt a fatal blow in the death of his royal highneſs Frederic prince of Wales, which was occaſioned by the breaking of an impoſthume between the pericardium and diaphragm, which threw the matter contained in it upon the ſubſtance of the lungs. Never was a prince more univerſally beloved when living, never was a man more ſenſibly lamented when dead. His virtues entitled him to royalty, but in every action of his life, the man ſtill roſe ſuperior to the prince. Magnificence and oſtentation were by him deſpiſed, for that patriot paſſion which delights in promoting the general happineſs of mankind: other princes may receive eulogiums paid more to the reſpect of dignity than merit; but the memory of this excellent prince is carved deep in the heart of every honeſt Briton; nor will the glorious image ever be effaced, while the ſentiments of virtue are prevalent on the minds of men. For him the Britiſh genius weeps o'er the ſolitary beach: for him public virtue drops the tear of agony: in him each connubial joy is periſhed; each parental, each domeſtic

worth

worth extinguiſhed! Come, ye ſons of England, ſwell the tender ſtream of ſorrow; throng round his monumental pile, and dew his aſhes with the grateful tears of ſincerity; the moſt illuſtrious prince, the moſt excellent man, the moſt endearing huſband, the moſt affectionate father, the moſt amiable friend, the patron of arts, and the benevolent comforter of affliction, alas! is now no more.

21. Baptiſt Noel, earl of Gainſborough; a nobleman, whoſe private virtues were adequate to his public eminence, who is ſucceeded by his eldeſt ſon lord Cambden.

Lieutenant-general Fleming.

25. The counteſs of Portland, formerly governeſs to the princeſſes Amelia and Caroline, and grandmother to the preſent duke, and a daughter of the great ſir William Temple.

29. Mr. Thomas Coram, aged 84, who, by his ſole application obtained the royal charter for the Foundling-hoſpital, and the bounty on naval ſtores imported from the Britiſh plantations; he was alſo eminently concerned in the colonies of Georgia and Nova Scotia; and had made a conſiderable progreſs in a ſcheme, which it is hoped will be completed, for uniting the Indians in North America more cloſely to the Britiſh intereſt, by an eſtabliſhment for the education of Indian girls: his thoughts, for 40 years paſt, had been aſſiduouſly employed in ſchemes for the public utility, which he reſolutely conducted againſt the ſneer of prejudice and the frown of oppoſition: his character is meritorious of the higheſt encomiums, and when others are remembred by titles, and adulation, his ſhall be the more exalted fame, whoſe tomb bears the true inſcription, that its poſſeſſor lived above the fear of every thing but an unworthy action. The public virtues of this gentleman when living, could not eſcape the obſervation and regard of thoſe who had any affection for their country; nor was a due regard to his memory wanting in the laſt moment that reſigned his body to the earth, which was interred on the 3d of April, purſuant to his deſire, in the vault under the chapel of the Foundling-hoſpital, attended by the governors, and the children of both ſexes: a great number of gentlemen and ladies were aſſembled on this occaſion in the galleries of the chapel, where the burial ſervice was ſung by the gentlemen belonging to the choir of St. Paul's, which was compoſed by doctor Boyce, who played the ſame on a ſmall organ ſet on one ſide of the chapel; and when the miniſter had read all the ſervice but the laſt collect, an anthem compoſed by Dr. Boyce, was ſung by Mr. Beard, Mr. Mence, and Mr. Savage, and the chorus parts by the other gentlemen of Weſtminſter and St. Paul's.

31. The right honourable Robert earl of Orford.

Charles Hay, eſq; nearly related to the marquis of Tweedale, and heir to the late lord Bamff.

George Proctor, eſq; member for Downton in Wilts.

THE STUDENT, OR THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

URANIA.

ESSAY VI.

——— *Volvuntur varia pereuntium forma, et omni imagine mortium.* Tacit. Hiſtor. l. 3. c. 28.

SUCH and ſo great is the power of deceit, that while health is our own, ſpecious ſhews and fair appearances will blind the judgment of the deepeſt obſerver.

For neither man nor angel can diſcern
Hypocriſy, the only evil that walks
Inviſible, except to God alone. MILTON.

In order therefore to know the true ſtate of the human heart, we muſt wait till the cloſing hour of life, for then only, in the hearts of many, ſincerity takes poſſeſſion; then indeed whatever ſhews we may have made, if they were

falſe, the proſpect of approaching death, will ſoon diſcover the deceit.

Full of theſe reflections I fell aſleep, and was methought inſenſibly conveyed on to an eminence, whence I ſaw a city crouded with inhabitants, who ſeemed in general afraid of a *ſpectre* that conſtantly ſtalk'd among them arm'd with a dart, with which whoſoever was ſtruck immediately expir'd. Some indeed I obſerv'd who ſeem'd not *to fly from him*, but I perceiv'd nevertheleſs that whenever *he paſs'd* they ſhrunk *and turn'd pale*. His arm was conſtantly employ'd: ſome, and thoſe the moſt indeed, he met and kill'd, while he follow'd others and ſtruck them unſeen or unapprehended. I long'd eagerly to go among them, becauſe I ſaw that whenever DEATH (for it was he) lifted up his arm to ſtrike any one, his *breaſt appear'd tranſparent*, ſo that one might behold what paſs'd within; but tho' my *ardent curioſity* excited me to join them, yet the *ſtronger fear* of the ſpectre reſtrain'd me.

While I was thus agitated by fear and deſire, a Youth approach'd me with an inſtrument in his hand, open'd my breaſt, took thence my heart, and preſſing it, the *fomes peccati* flow'd out ſo abundantly, that I was ſtruck with ſhame at the ſight; he then breath'd freſh vigour into it, replaced it in me, clos'd the wound, and diſappear'd.

Every one will imagine I was not a little ſtartled at this operation, but I was not leſs pleas'd with the wonderful effects of it that I felt in me; all fear of the late-dreaded ſpectre vaniſh'd, and I deſcended the hill, and made one in the croud. As I was under no apprehenſion or concern for myſelf, I kept near him, in order to obſerve the hearts of thoſe he approach'd.

We enter'd a houſe together, where I heard a confus'd noiſe in a room which we made up to; it proceeded from a ſet of *atheiſts* and *blaſphemers*, one of whom was particularly loud in praiſe of the poor arguments of *Spinoſa*; As

Over

— Over him triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delay'd to ſtrike, ——

I diſcover'd his heart, wherein ſat *Ignorance with her eyes ſhut*, and *Fear*, who upon ſight of the uplifted dart, forc'd him upon his knees, made him beg his life, renounce his principles, and own the Deity. Upon the ſpectre's withdrawing his arm, and ſtalking out of the room, I follow'd him, rejoicing at this wretch's apoſtacy, when I was ſurpriz'd with hearing the noiſe renew'd afreſh; and his voice diſtinguiſh'd in blaſphemies and lies above the reſt.

The next was indeed a ſight of pity: A *young lady* in the bloom of beauty lay expecting the final ſtroke. I will not deſcribe the affecting ſcene of mourners round her; indeed it is not to be deſcrib'd: but ſhe herſelf moſt engag'd (as ſhe moſt merited) my attention. I trembled, while I ſaw the uplifted hand of DEATH; but the view of her heart diſpell'd that concern and fill'd me with a generous pleaſure. I there beheld FAITH with a ſmile upon her countenance as expreſſive—nay, nothing could be ſo expreſſive of expected happineſs; VIRTUE, in the form of an angel, and RELIGION with uplifted hands and eyes, were the viſible inmates of her heart. The dart deſcended; ſhe dy'd (angelic creature!—) and ſoar'd to the ſeats of immortal life and joy.

We then approach'd a Youth whoſe heart, at ſight of the impending dart, was in wonderful agitations; hope and fear, rage and trembling reign'd in it alternately; it ſometimes ſhrunk to nothing, and immediately after ſwell'd to a more than ordinary ſize; but when the dart, after ſome delay, ſtruck him, it burſt amidſt the moſt dreadful execrations imaginable.

I was in amaze at his fearful exit, and was ſomething pleas'd at hearing another whom we approach'd, profeſs an entire reſignation to providence; when the dart was rais'd I examin'd his breaſt, but could perceive *no paſſage from*

his heart to his tongue; he ſtill continued his proteſtations, when he was ſtruck with a lye in his mouth.

Leaving him DEATH follow'd ſeveral, but at laſt turn'd into the houſe of one of *my friends*: tremblingly I follow'd: but how delighted was I to find that while the dart was pendent over him, *religion*, *peace*, and *quiet* reign'd in his breaſt. His tongue, from the ſincerity of his heart, breath'd unaffected piety. When DEATH brought down his arm, he clos'd his eyes, and dy'd in the utmoſt ſerenity of ſoul and body.

I cou'd relate many more occurrences, but thro' fear of being too long I forbear; tho' I cannot but mention *one in a red coat*, was notorious for perpetual boaſting how little he fear'd any thing, who, but upon the diſtant proſpect of the ſpectre, *fainted*, *ſunk*, and *dy'd away*.

After many ſlaughters the *horrid image* fac'd about, and turned upon me. I remember that I was under no manner of ſurprize or concern, but upon his ſtriking me, fell, in hopes of ſoon finding my ſelf in ſome *Elizium*, but to my ſorrow found I was in bed, and that all had been a dream.

This uſe however let me (and with me, my readers) make of it, that it may be my care, *to die the death of the righteous, and that my laſt end may be like his.*

On the SYMPATHY *between the* BREECHES-POCKET *and the* ANIMAL SPIRITS.

Mr. STUDENT,

THE following important diſcovery is recommended to the *literati* in general, but more particularly to the *College of Phyſicians*; as it may be of the greateſt conſequence to them in their future practice.

You muſt know then, that a wonderful connection and ſympathy has lately been obſerv'd between the BREECHES-POCKET

POCKET and the ANIMAL SPIRITS; which continually riſe or fall, as the contents of the former ebb or flow; inſomuch, that from conſtant obſervation I cou'd venture to gueſs at a man's current caſh, by the degree of vivacity he has diſcover'd in his converſation. When this cutaneous reſervoir is fluſh, the ſpirits too are elate: when that is ſunk and drain'd, how flat, dull and inſipid, is every word and action! The very muſcles and features of the face are influenc'd by this obſcure fund of life and vigor.——The heart proves to be only the inert receptacle of the blood, and thoſe groſſer ſpirits, which ſerve for the animal function: but the pocket is fraught with thoſe finer and more ſublime ſpirits, which conſtitute the *wit*, and many other diſtinguiſhing characters.

I cou'd tell, how a certain *poet*'s finances ſtood by the very ſubject of his muſe: —— gloomy elegies, biting ſatires, grave ſoliloquies, and dull tranſlations, were certain indications of the *res anguſta*; as pindaric odes, and pointed epigrams, intimated a freſh recruit.— So a grave *politician*, who frequented a noted coffee-houſe, when theſe pocket-qualms were on him, us'd to give the moſt melancholy and deplorable account of the ſtate of the nation; the encreaſe of taxes, abuſe of the public revenue, the national debt, the decay of trade, and the exceſs of luxury, were the continual topics of his diſcourſe: but when the cold fit of this intermitting diſorder left him, the ſcene was quite alter'd, and then he was eternally haranguing on the power, grandeur, and wealth of the *Britiſh* nation. In ſhort this barometer of ſtate always roſe or fell, not as the *quick*, but *current* ſilver contracted, or expanded itſelf within its ſecret cell.

Under the influence of the ſame powerful charm, I have remark'd a certain *phyſician* in the chamber of a wealthy patient clear up his countenance, and write his recipe with infinite vivacity and good humour; but in the abode of poverty what a clouded brow,—hopeleſs vibration of the head ——and languor of the nerves? like the ſenſitive plant he ſhrunk from the cold hand of neceſſity.—Not that the doc-

tor

tor wanted humanity, but when a patient becomes a meer *caput mortuum*, and the *anima ſacculi* expires, what ſympathizing heart but muſt be ſenſible of ſo dire a change!

'Tis impoſſible to record a tenth part of the wonderful effects this latent ſource of life and ſpirits has produc'd on the animal œconomy.—What ſmiles of complacency and cringing adulation to my Lord BLOODRICH, who no ſooner turns his back, than contempt and deriſion overtakes him! what can this be owing to, but the ſecret influence of the divinity which threw a ſort of awe and veneration about him? What but this magic power cou'd have transform'd NED TRAFFIC into a gentleman, juſtice ALLPAUNCH into a *wit*, or ſquire JOLTER into a man of taſte? What but this could have given poignancy to the moſt inſipid jokes, and weight to the moſt ſuperficial arguments of Alderman HEAVYSIDE? What leſs than this divinity could make circumciſion become uncircumſion; convert *Gideonites* to *Chriſtians*, or *Chriſtians* to *Gideonites?*——'Tis this, that with more than tutelary power protects its votaries from inſults and oppreſſions; that ſilences the enraged accuſer, and ſnatches the ſword from the very hand of *juſtice*. Towns and cities, like *Jericho*, without any miracle have fallen flat before it; it has ſtopp'd the mouths of cannons, and more ſurprizing ſtill, of faction and ſlander.

It has thrown a ſort of glory about the globoſe and opaque ſculls of quorum juſtices; it has imparted a dread and reverence to the enſigns of authority;——and ſtrange, and paſſing ſtrange to ſay, it has made youth and beauty fly into the arms of age and impotence; given charms to deformity and deteſtation; transform'd *Hymen* into *Mammon*, and the *God of Love* into a *Satyr*——It has built bridges without foundations, libraries without books, hoſpitals without endowments, and churches without benefices. It has turn'd conſcience into a deiſt, honour into a pimp, courage into a modern officer, and honeſty into a ſtock-jobber.——

In

In ſhort, there is nothing wonderful it has not effected, except making us wiſe, virtuous and happy.——

I could ſpin this ductile, golden thread *ad infinitum*; but I fear, here is already as much as the patience of the candid reader will allow him to wind up: ſo cutting it ſhort, and kiſſing your hand,

I am, dear brother Student

Greſham-College, yours, &c.
April 1, 1751.

SARCASTICUS.

Of the SUPERLATIVE ADVANTAGES

Ariſing from the uſe of the new-invented SCIENCE, *call'd*

THE HUMBUG.

Παῦλες μεν ὑμβυγιω πεϱσιφλαγονιαι βαμβουζλιϱτες ὐι σοφοι.
PARAPHYLLIDES.

THIS SCIENCE, which has been lately introduc'd in our language, (and indeed ours has the honour of giving it the firſt admittance of any) is compos'd of the following *tropes* and *figures*, viz. the *metaphor*, the *irony*, the *catachreſis*, the *hyperbole*, and the *ſarcaſm*. Theſe are ſo intimately blended, that the one is not to be diſtinguiſh'd from the other; and the whole is a ſort of a kind of a *chaos* of ſounds, ſo contriv'd as to paſs upon the vulgar for a mixture of wit and learning. Hence is it of excellent uſe to gentlemen, who have been unſucceſsful in their ſtudies at the Univerſities, and are willing to make a figure, as they call it, and paſs for wits without the proper requiſites to ſupport that character. A man who has learn'd but the boſh of argument, that has only ſeen the ſhadow of a ſyllogiſm, and but barely heard talk of rhetoric and poetry, may by the uſe of this ſcience, and a little modern effrontery, baffle

one

one of real learning, ſilence genius it ſelf, and put the moſt exalted merit out of countenance.

Tho' the power, force and utility of this SCIENCE have been but very lately known to us here; yet the advantages ariſing from it are ſo evident, ſo obvious to every capacity, that the whole town have put themſelves in practice: even the ladies are engag'd in the laudable deſign, and are ſo expert at it, that, when a country gentlewoman, or a foreigner comes to town, they know not how to behave: 'tis odds but they are HUM'D out of their MODESTY *in a month after their arrival*, which you know is a prodigious advantage; for when once they are got rid of that troubleſome companion, their virtue will give them but very little uneaſineſs. In ſhort, people of all degrees and profeſſions are eagerly engag'd in the purſuit of this ſtudy. FRONT is now become the FASHION, and he is a fool that don't follow it.

By a dexterous uſe of this SCIENCE, a man may live with comfort and credit, without either money, or any other means of ſupport. I know a gentleman who has been travelling in a fine vehicle round *England* this twelvemonth, merely upon the reputation of *The* STUDENT; of which he profeſſes himſelf the author, and has receiv'd ſeveral preſents, together with the adulation, congratulation, and every other compliment that is due to the merit of that work. A lady in my neighbourhood has an annuity of four hundred a year ſettled upon her ſon, only for paſſing herſelf upon a noble family for the author of *The* MIDWIFE; when I am confident ſhe never ſo much as ſaw that venerable OLD WOMAN. What a delightful HUM had we about a poor man's getting into a *Quart-Bottle!* How were people of learning and good underſtanding HUM'D out of their money and judgment, by a certain perſon's being a little too free with the character of poor MILTON! But the HUMBUG ſhews itſelf to moſt advantage when it interferes between man and wife, and puts a family into a ferment. Mr. * * * * had a very handſome wife, who brought him ſeveral fine children; and they lived

lived ſo happy, and ſo mutual was their felicity, that they became the envy and admiration of the neighbourhood; 'till Mr. FROLICK, a great maſter of the HUMBUG, turn'd his point upon them. This Gentleman having procur'd a friendly letter that was wrote from Mrs. * * * * to a lady of her acquaintance, ſet himſelf down for a whole month to ſtudy her hand, and having made himſelf ſuch a maſter of her manner of writing as not to be diſcover'd, he immediately pen'd ſeveral amorous letters in her name, to ſome young gentlemen in the neighbourhood; who tickled with the fancy of being admir'd by a lady of eſtimation and merit, diſcover'd the affair to their ſeveral friends as a ſecret, which, we know, was the moſt effectual method to propagate the ſcandal. Vanity induc'd ſome of theſe pretty fellows to write to the lady on the occaſion, and the letters were receiv'd by the huſband, who at firſt took little notice of it, till this circumſtance was corroborated by all the tongues in the pariſh, and ſome body either out of good or ill will, no matter which, brought one of theſe forged letters to the huſband, which ſo ſtrengthen'd every thing that had been ſaid before, that the good man ſtood confirm'd in the opinion that his wife had abus'd him, and immediately left her. A duel was fought upon the occaſion; the children were divided among the relations; the wife unable to bear the loſs of her huſband and her reputation, is now at the point of death; the man is little better than a lunatic, and we have had a moſt delightful HUM of it indeed!

As the HUMBUG has gain'd ſuch footing in our Univerſities, and worm'd it ſelf as it were into the affections of our young *Students*, who you know are to be our tutors and preceptors by and by; 'tis but meet, I think, that it ſhould be claſs'd with the reſt of the SCIENCES, and I would with great ſubmiſſion humbly propoſe that it ſhould follow *Rhetoric* and *Logic*, and be ſtudied immediately after them; for as *Rhetoric* is the art of perſuaſion,

and *Logic* that of reaſoning, nothing will ſo naturally follow as the HUMBUG, which is the art of *running-down, lying, and conquering, by mere dint of clamour and countenance.* By this a man may give a *coup de grace* to his antagoniſt, and end a diſpute in a few minutes, which might otherwiſe have taken up many volumes in folio.

Perhaps the grave old dons may object to this propoſal, and muſter up ſome arguments in oppoſition to it; but pray let them be HUM'D if you pleaſe; or let them conſider what a world of time and pains, and paper, and ink, and books, may be ſaved by the inſtitution of this one SCIENCE! Was this to prevail, there wou'd be little occaſion for ſtudy; and inſtead of reading, writing, and hearing lectures and ſermons, gentlemen might employ their time to very good purpoſe in lownging, drinking fat ale, and hunting after a HUM, which, I will venture to ſay, wou'd be more agreeable to moſt of you, than frequenting the churches, or the ſchools.

I am, dear Stud.

George's Coffee-houſe, Temple Bar, May 3, 1751.

Your's, without a HUM,

TOM. WHISTLE.

The LIFE of Dr. FRANCIS CHEYNEL, CONTINUED.

EARBURY exulting at the victory, which not his own abilities, but the ſubtilty of the ſoldier had procured him, began to vent his notions of every kind without ſcruple, and at length aſſerted, that *the Saints had an equal meaſure of the divine nature with our Saviour, though not equally*

equally manifeſt. At the ſame time he took upon him the dignity of a prophet, and began to utter predictions relating to the affairs of *England* and *Ireland.*

His prophecies were not much regarded, but his doctrine was cenſured by the Preſbyterians in their pulpits; and Mr. CHEYNEL challenged him to a diſputation to which he he agreed, and at his firſt appearance in St. *Mary*'s church addreſſed his audience in the following manner:

" Chriſtian friends, kind fellow-ſoldiers, and worthy " ſtudents, I, the humble ſervant of all mankind, am this " day drawn, againſt my will, out of my cell, into this " public aſſembly, by the double chain of accuſation and " a challenge from the pulpit; I have been charged with " hereſy, I have been challenged to come hither in a letter " written by Mr. FRANCIS CHEYNEL. Here then I " ſtand in defence of myſelf and my doctrine, which I ſhall " introduce with only this declaration, that I claim not " the office of a miniſter on account of any outward " call, though I formerly received ordination, nor do I " boaſt of *illumination*, or the knowledge of our Saviour, " though I have been held in eſteem by others, and " formerly by myſelf. For I now declare, that I know " and am nothing, nothing, nor would I be thought of " otherwiſe than as an enquirer and ſeeker."

He then advanced his former poſition in ſtronger terms, and with additions equally deteſtable, which CHEYNEL attacked with the vehemence, which, in ſo warm a temper, ſuch horrid aſſertions might naturally excite. The diſpute, frequently interrupted by the clamours of the audience, and tumults raiſed to diſconcert CHEYNEL, who was very unpopular, continued about four hours, and then both the controvertiſts grew weary and retired. The Preſbyterians afterwards thought they ſhould more ſpeedily put an end to the hereſies of EARBURY by power than by argument; and, by ſolliciting General FAIRFAX, procured his removal.

Mr. CHEYNEL publiſhed an account of this diſpute under the title of *Faith triumphing over Error and Hereſy in a Revelation*, &c. nor can it be doubted but he had the victory, where his cauſe gave him ſo great ſuperiority.

Somewhat before this, his captious and petulant diſpoſition engaged him in a controverſy, from which he could not expect to gain equal reputation. Dr. HAMMOND had not long before publiſhed his *Practical Catechiſm*, in which Mr. CHEYNEL, according to his cuſtom, found many errors implied; if not aſſerted, and therefore, as it was much read, thought it convenient to cenſure it in the pulpit. Of this Dr. HAMMOND being informed, deſired him in a letter to communicate his objections; to which Mr. CHEYNEL returned an anſwer written with his uſual temper, and therefore ſomewhat perverſe. The controverſy was drawn out to a conſiderable length, and the papers on both ſides were afterwards made public by Dr. HAMMOND.

In 1647. it was determined by Parliament, that the reformation of *Oxford* ſhould be more vigorouſly carried on; and Mr. CHEYNEL was nominated one of the viſitors. The general proceſs of the viſitation, the firmneſs and fidelity of the ſtudents, the addreſs by which the enquiry was delayed, and the ſteadineſs with which it was oppoſed, which are very particularly related by WOOD, and after him by WALKER, it is not neceſſary to mention here; as they relate not more to Dr. CHEYNEL's life than to thoſe of his aſſociates.

There is indeed ſome reaſon to believe that he was more active and virulent than the reſt, becauſe he appears to have been charged in a particular manner with ſome of their moſt unjuſtifiable meaſures. He was accuſed of propoſing, that the members of the Univerſity ſhould be denied the aſſiſtance of council, and was lampooned by name, as a madman, in a ſatire written on the viſitation.

One

One action which ſhews the violence of his temper, and his diſregard both of humanity and decency, when they came into competition with his paſſions, muſt not be forgotten. The viſitors being offended at the obſtinacy of Dr. FELL, Dean of *Chriſt Church*, and Vice-chancellor of the Univerſity, having firſt deprived him of the Vice-chancellorſhip, determined afterwards to diſpoſſeſs him of his deanery; and, in the courſe of their proceedings, thought it proper to ſeize upon his chambers in the college. This was an act which moſt men would willingly have referred to the officers to whom the law aſſigned it; but CHEYNEL's fury prompted him to a different conduct. He, and three more of the viſitors went and demanded admiſſion; which, being ſteadily refuſed them, they obtained by the aſſiſtance of a file of ſoldiers, who forced the doors with pick-axes. Then entring, they ſaw Mrs. FELL in the lodgings, Dr. FELL being in priſon at *London*, and ordered her to quit them; but found her not more obſequious than her huſband. They repeated their orders with menaces, but were not able to prevail upon her to remove. They then retired, and left her expoſed to the brutality of the ſoldiers, whom they commanded to keep poſſeſſion; which Mrs. FELL however did not leave. About nine days afterwards ſhe received another viſit of the ſame kind from the new Chancellor, the Earl of PEMBROKE; who having, like the others, ordered her to depart without effect, treated her with reproachful language, and at laſt commanded the ſoldiers to take her up in her chair, and carry her out of doors. Her daughters and ſome other gentlewomen that were with her, were afterwards treated in the ſame manner; one of whom predicted without dejection, that ſhe ſhould enter the houſe again with leſs difficulty, at ſome other time; nor was ſhe miſtaken in her conjecture, for Dr. FELL lived to be reſtored to his deanery.

At

At the reception of the Chancellor, CHEYNEL, as the moſt accompliſhed of the viſitors, had the province of preſenting him with the enſigns of his office, ſome of which were counterfeit, and addreſſing him with a proper oration. Of this ſpeech, which WOOD has preſerved, I ſhall give ſome paſſages by which a judgment may be made of his oratory.

Of the ſtaves of the beadles he obſerves, that "ſome "are ſtained with double guilt, that ſome are pale with "fear, and that others have been made uſe of as crutches, "for the ſupport of bad cauſes and deſperate fortunes;" and he remarks of the book of ſtatutes, which he delivers, that "the ignorant may perhaps admire the ſplendour of "the cover, but the learned knew that the real treaſure is "within." Of theſe two ſentences it is eaſily diſcovered, that the firſt is forced and unnatural, and the ſecond trivial and low.

Soon afterwards Mr. CHEYNEL was admitted to the degree of Batchelor of Divinity for which his grace had been denied him 1641. and as he then ſuffered for an ill-timed aſſertion of the Preſbyterian doctrines, he obtained that his degree ſhould be dated from the time at which he was refuſed it; an honour, which however did not ſecure him from being ſoon after publicly reproached as a mad-man.

[*To be continued.*]

The

The Adventures of a GOOSE-QUILL.

In the manner of Mrs. MIDNIGHT'S TYE-WIG.

Dùm nihil habemus majus CALAMO *ludimus.* PHÆDRUS.

Oxford, March 2, 1751.

GOING t'other day to the bookſeller's with my idea-pot brim-full, and ready to run over, I ſtole up, as uſual, into the AUTHOR'S COENACULUM.—This, by the bye, is an apartment at the top of BARRETT'S houſe in the *High-ſtreet*; where all, who ſpin brain for *The* STUDENT, are ſure to find pen, ink and paper, (which poſſibly they cannot have at home) and ſome few of an extraordinary merit, among whom I may reckon myſelf, are allow'd a moderate proportion of ale, and as much tobacco as we can ſmoke.—As ſoon as I was ſeated, I ſnatch'd up a venerable old PEN, black with age, and almoſt worn down to the ſtumps in the ſervice; then giving a full ſcope to the rapidity of my invention, we together compos'd the very beſt piece in this number; I need not tell thee, gentle reader, which. After this, I ſolac'd myſelf in a genial mug of *Mildo*; whilſt, with pipe horizontally erected,

Joyous I ſate, and impotent of thought
Puff'd away care and ſorrow from my heart.

SOMERVILLE.

Hence falling into a pleaſing reverie, in a ſtate neither ſleeping nor waking, — looking ſtedfaſtly on the inſtrument I had juſt uſed, which lay before me on the table, I imagin'd the PEN rear'd himſelf up on his feather-end, ſpread his plumes, open'd his ſlit, and articulately utter'd the following addreſs.

Mr.

Mr. AUTHOR,

An impertinent kinſman of mine having preſum'd to peſter the publick with an idle inſipid recital of his pretended adventures, I think I may be allow'd to ſpeak in my turn; and, as I have often related thoſe of others, to let you into the anecdotes of my own tranſactions.

I need ſay but little of my birth, parentage, and education: I came into the world by the uſual way; that is, I was born in the wing of a GOOSE. Our family were numerous; and, as they grew up, they were differently diſpos'd of: ſome were connected with corks, and ſent a fiſhing; others were promoted to tooth-picks; while others were employed in the ignoble offices of oiling jacks, and the like: my poor mother herſelf, after her main ſupport GOOSE had been condemned to the ſpit, was wholly reſign'd up to the houſe maid, and employ'd in the daily drudgery of bruſhing duſty furniture. Myſelf, with the beſt proportion'd of my brethren, was reſerv'd to higher fortune; and being ſent to an eminent Engroſſer and Conveyancer in *Chancery-lane*, I quitted my ſtate of *quill-hood*, underwent the uſual circumciſion, was gutted of my pith, commenc'd PEN, and enter'd directly into matrimony with *Ink-bottle*.

In this my firſt ſervice I ſuffer'd great hardſhip, and was unknowingly the inſtrument of much harm. Many an eſtate have I *convey'd* away from it's right owner; many a mortgage has a crafty old uſurer by my means *engroſs'd* to himſelf; and many a young *blood* have I help'd to *ſet his mark* to his abſolute ruin. But alas! being continually impair'd, and curtail'd of my original height by that keen enemy to our ſpecies, the *penknife*, I ſhould ſoon have been *cut off*, and gone the way of all quills, had not a young clerk providentially carried me with him, by accident, in his hat to the chop-houſe; where he flirted me away with great diſdain, as having degraded him by a diſcovery of his plebeian occupation.

And

And here I had a very narrow eſcape: for lo! a grim exciſeman, who had juſt devoured his dinner, took me up, and brandiſhing the fatal blade over me, was juſt going to qualify me for the vile office of jaw-raker; but obſerving me look pretty bobbiſh, he contented himſelf with only whipping off my head, and clapping my remains quietly into the bottle in his button-hole. Thus was I at once depriv'd of my lofty ſnow-white creſt, which was preſently pick'd up by the kitchen-boy, and afterwards gave flight to the ſoaring ambition of a *ſhuttle-cock*.

My new maſter had but little employment for me; and we drawl'd away our time pleaſantly enough in ſauntering about from one tap-houſe to another, to which he was a very welcome gueſt; his good-natur'd conſcience not ſcrupling ſometimes, for charity ſake, and to ſerve a poor ſubject, to cheat the King of his duty. However, after a while, I was freed from this inactive, inglorious ſervice, by a very odd accident. It chanc'd one evening, my maſter *got a drop* by way of *huſh-liquor*; and as he was reeling home, he made a *faut pas*, which ſuddenly jerk'd me out of the bottle in which I was ſtuck up, and left me forlorn and friendleſs on a heap of reeking horſe-dung.

Here my memoirs had probably ended, but that a grave gentleman, in a brown thread-bare coat and ruſty tye-wig, happen'd to come by juſt in the nick; who wiſely concluding, that not only a *penny*, but a *pen* ſav'd is a *pen* got, ſoberly took me up, wip'd me on his ſleeve, and plac'd me very orderly along the whole length of his tobacco-box. I travell'd very ſnugly in his pocket, 'till at my releaſe I found myſelf elevated forty feet above-ground in *Porridge-pot-alley*. I ſoon ſaw, by the ſcrubby, dirty appearance of every thing about me, that I was now in the poſſeſſion of an AUTHOR. This was my firſt engagement in the ſervice of the republic of letters; to which I have been ever ſince devoted. I was immediately ſet to work and kept almoſt inceſſantly employ'd; and, without

vanity, I may ſay, that, for the little time I was with him, I wrote ſome good things.

A young *Oxford* ſcholar, coming one day into our garret to *humbug* the poor poet, took it into his head to *make* me (that is, in plain *Engliſh*, ſtole me) and ſoon after brought me down with him to this antient ſeat of learning, as a precious curioſity. I lay by for a conſiderable time in his bureau, my new owner having very little reliſh for *reading*, much leſs, you may imagine, for my province. But, as at laſt he took orders, I was call'd in as acceſſary to his pious depredations; being employ'd ſometimes in ſtealing a ſentence from TILLOTSON, an argument from BARROW, or an inference from ATTERBURY, and frequently pilfering whole ſermons:—ſo that by my aid and aſſiſtance he might fairly be ſaid to have *pen'd* many excellent diſcourſes.

At length, being almoſt worn out, and no longer reſpected for my former merit, I was diſcarded, and flung aſide among a parcel of old books, which (as good luck would have it) were purchas'd by your publiſher, by which means I was with them tranſmitted to his ſhop. Maſter BARRETT (who loves nothing ſhould be waſted) ſpied me out, reſcued me from my obſcurity, vamp'd me up afreſh, and plac'd me (as you ſee) in this *loft of genius*; where, without a compliment, I have ever ſince been conſecrated to *wit*, *ſenſe*, and *learning*:—nay, give me leave to tell you, Sir, that the vaſt ſucceſs, which *The* STUDENT has hitherto met with, is in ſome meaſure owing to your humble ſervant.

Thus have I faithfully given an account of my whole life: but I cannot conclude without acquainting you, with the higheſt ſatisfaction, that throughout the whole courſe of my adventures, my honour has been unſtain'd by vice and corruption. I never once gave expreſſion to a thought that was indecent or immoral: nor have I ever proſtituted one drop of ink to the diſgrace or diſſervice of my country.

Q.

A new SYSTEM *of* CASTLE-BUILDING.

BOOK II. CHAP. I.

On the folly, ſin and danger of being excellent.

AS this is a ſubject ſomewhat curious, I intend to treat it methodically. In the firſt place therefore, I ſhall conſider the folly of excelling, which need not much be inſiſted upon, ſince it is obvious to the firſt glance. Every thing is fooliſh that anſwers no intent or purpoſe: It is the property of wiſdom to aim at an end, and have a ſettled point in view. It follows then of neceſſity that excellence in times like theſe is fooliſh, becauſe it anſwers no intent or purpoſe whatſoever.—It not only has not *intereſt* enough to get a man bread, but is denied even the cheap reward of empty praiſe—and the niggard public refuſes it, what it will even give the poor—The places which were deſtin'd for it's nurture have baniſh'd it, and inſtead of a merit it is reckon'd a diſqualification, and all the blockheads ſerve it, as the atheiſt does his God, are afraid of, tho' they deny its exiſtence. At it's firſt appearance they attempt to nip it in the bud, and overlay it in it's infancy. To illuſtrate which aſſertions——as *Phædrus* ſays, *narrabo tibi memoriâ quod factum eſt meâ.* A young man, at a certain place of education, publiſh'd a little poem, which with the judicious few was reckon'd admirable—This, by univerſal conſent, was not allow'd to be his own; and, inſtead of being encouraged as a genius, he was damn'd for a plagiary.——Well—the next year he publiſhed again, and the intoxicated multitude, like SHAKESPEARE's drunken CASSIO, ſaid, "it was a more exquiſite ſong than t'other."—Here they were a little gravell'd—for to ſay this likewiſe was not his own, was rather too ſtale, and was by no

means probable; ſo they went another way to work, "'Twas a tolerable thing, but nothing like JACK SUCH-"A-ONE's Ode, or DICK TINKLE's Paſtoral," and, in ſhort demoliſh'd him with odious compariſons. Our ſanguine young ſcribbler, nothing daunted, in a ſhort time comes out with a third compoſition—What could they do now, you'll ſay? Why, when they choſe no longer to compare him with others, they found out a method of invidiouſly comparing him with himſelf: "Why, his parts are on "the decline, this is nothing like his laſt peformance;" with ſeveral good-natured obſervations to the ſame purpoſe

Et dubitamus adhuc virtutem extendere factis?

or ſhall we not rather pronounce it worth no man's while to be ſo fooliſh as to excel.

I am, in the next place, to conſider the ſin of excellence; and ſurely it is a ſin, or why ſhould almoſt everybody be for puniſhing it?—Secondly, whatever is unnatural is rank'd under this denomination; now we are all by nature equal, to excel then muſt be unnatural, becauſe it neceſſarily deſtroys that equality.

Having ſufficiently, I preſume, clear'd this point, I come laſtly to conſider the danger of excelling; and this is as evident, as it is imminent. A man that riſes upon the baſe of eminence, ſets himſelf up as a mark for the arrows of envy, and, what is ſtill more dangerous, to the flattery of his friends, who indeed ſhoot the arrows with the feathers foremoſt, but the wound is actually more mortal; for, as Mr. WHITEHEAD well obſerves,

— If the officious zeal unbounded flows,
The friend too partial is the worſt of foes.

Add to this, that Excellence is often the mother of Vanity, which makes a man an enemy to himſelf—while his pride is ſooth'd by his friends, his temper is ſoured by his enemies—and, in fine, we ſhall be convinced, if we duly weigh

weigh his ſtate; a man of ſhining talents is rather an object of pity, than admiration—Upon the whole then, if my readers find me dull for the future, they muſt conſider it as an action in my own defence, and that I had rather neglect pleaſing their palates, than run the hazard of provoking their indignation—In a word, I am determined to be as ſtupid as my contemporaries, in order to make myſelf POPULAR.

CHIMÆRICUS CANTABRIGIENSIS.

On ACADEMICAL POLITENESS.

By the FEMALE STUDENT.

'TIS a general complaint againſt our Univerſities, that many of the Members (eſpecially among the ſenior part) are extremely deficient in the point of GOOD-MANNERS. This indeed is in ſome meaſure owing to that conciouſneſs of ſuperiority, which every one feels from the moment of his matriculation. A young fellow, on putting on the gown, is by that badge of learning mark'd for a ſcholar; and tho' his ignorance be really beyond the art of a tutor to cure, yet does he imagine the world will certainly miſtake him for a man of knowledge, and therefore he prizes himſelf vaſtly beyond the reſt of mankind. His conceit habitually improves in him, as he advances in *degrees:* but the firſt time that he begins to aſſume a more than ordinary importance, is upon being dubb'd A. M. A magiſterial ſtrut, a wiſe gravity of countenance, and a general ſtiffneſs in all his actions denote him for a man of conſequence. He is taught to entertain a ſovereign contempt for undergraduates, and, forſooth, ſcorns to demean himſelf by converſing with his

his inferiors. Hence the whole ſcene of his life is confin'd to thoſe of his own ſtanding: and the college-hall, the common-room, the coffee-houſe, and now and then a ride on Gog-magog-hills, is all the variety he has a taſte for enjoying. One half of the human creation, (which men have complaiſantly term'd the *Fair)* he is an utter ſtranger to; and that ſoftneſs, that delicacy, that *je ne ſcai quoy* elegance of addreſs, which our company imperceptibly inſpires, is in his eyes a fooliſh impertinent affectation. Thus does he gradually degenerate into a mere —— what I don't care to name; 'till at laſt he has liv'd ſo long at college, that he is not fit to live any where elſe.

That I have traced the true ſource of ACADEMICAL ILL-BREEDING, is plain from the aukward carriage of our ruſty *dons*, whenever they are *ſaddled* with the company of ſtrangers. But at the ſame time let me do juſtice to thoſe of our *younkers* (eſpecially among the fellow-commoners) who by ſtudied grimace, formal elocution, and forc'd action, are equally exceſſive in the practice, as others are in the neglect, of POLITENESS. This affectation I attribute to the vain ambition of monopolizing the regards of what they call BEAUTIES amongſt us, who (poor ſouls!) deal out their good graces indiſcriminately to all that dance after them. However, as the honour of ſauntering with them in publick, is ſeldom indulg'd but to the *jaunty*, he is ſure to have the *reputation* at leaſt of being a favourite, who by this mark of their eſteem is prefer'd for POLITENESS.

But 'tis time to have done with this ſubject, which, to ſay the truth, hangs but heavy on my hands; and I gladly embrace the opportunity of relieving myſelf, by inſerting the following letter, verbatim, as it came to me from *Oxford.*

To

To the FEMALE STUDIENT at *CAMBRIDGE.*

" Hon. Madam,

" I write this, on purpoſe to let you know that I am a " beauty, and to deſire you to put my name in print, as " you ſaid you wou'd any body's, who anſwer'd the qua- " lifications, as you call'd it. Now I think I do *to a te*, " as you ſhall ſee by what I ſhall tell you. I am " turn'd of fourteen, and have been a woman this two " years; and my mother ſays, and ſo does the gentlemen, " that I am exceeding handſome, which I know is true " too, becauſe I have look'd in the glaſs, and can ſee " myſelf. We have company moſt an ends every day to " drink tea with me, and go out a walking with me, and " you can't imagine how many knights and barrow- " knights are in love with me, thof my father is but a " taylor; but what then? He ſarves moſt of the gound, " and has got the cuſtom of a great many tutorers. And " ſo do pray put me in, for I long to ſee myſelf in print.

" From your humble ſarvant,

" URSULA FLYFLAP."

A COMMENTARY

On the Inſcription prefix'd to Mr. ASHLEY's Punch-houſe, on *Ludgate-hill.*

Mr. STUDENT,

IT is allowed, that no nation in the world can boaſt of ſo much public ſpirit as the *Engliſh*. Our views in this *princely* land (as SHAKESPEARE terms it) are not contracted

tracted within the narrow ſphere of ſelf-intereſt, and private advantage; we love to look abroad, and every individual thinks himſelf bound to contribute his ſhare of benefits to the community. In promoting and erecting public works, inſtitutions, and ſocieties, where is to be found a greater unanimity, a more univerſal deſire of doing good than among Us? I need only mention the herring-fiſhery, and the foundling-hoſpital, as recent and glorious inſtances of what I have here advanc'd. This train of thinking I was accidentally led into this morning, as I paſs'd by Mr. ASHLEY's *Punch-Houſe*; the title-page to which, every true *Briton*, whoſe buſineſs ever call'd him from *Fleet-ſtreet* into the city, has undoubtedly peruſed with infinite ſatisfaction. The *Great Soul* of Mr. ASHLEY breathes thro' every line of this inſcription. Had Mr. ASHLEY's birth or good fortune thrown him into a more exalted ſtation; had it made him a Lord Mayor of *London*, a Prime Miniſter, or even a King, what noble effects muſt have been produced from his heroic diſpoſition? A man who could *reduce punch to it's original price, and bring that liquor into univerſal eſteem*, would certainly have ſhone in hiſtory, had his talents found an opportunity of exerting themſelves, in any character higher than that of the FOUNDER OF A PUNCH-HOUSE. Some dogmatical cavillers may object, that this piece of ſervice which *pro* BONO PUBLICO Mr. ASHLEY has ſo generouſly undertook, and ſo ſucceſsfully executed, is of a very trifling and inconſiderable nature. But I would aſk, what has our nation been doing for this laſt thirty years? In this age, the reducing punch to it's original price, and bringing that liquor into univerſal eſteem, may paſs for a great and public benefit. In our late wars have we made any new conqueſts? Have we of late conſtituted any new laws for the ſuppreſſion of vice and luxury? Have any ſchemes been ſet on foot for raiſing humble merit, or for advancing the cauſes of learning and religion? In ſhort, Mr. ASHLEY has

has ſtruck out ſomething new, *inſigne, recens, indictum ore alio*, for the ſervice of his countrymen; and as there are ſo few men, in theſe degenerate times, who deſerve ſtatues, I recommend Mr. ASHLEY as a proper perſon to be immortaliz'd in marble, with this inſcription:

Sacred to the MEMORY of

JAMES ASHLEY,

WHO,

Firſt of *BRITONS!*

Reduc'd PUNCH to it's ORIGINAL PRICE;

AND

Brought that LIQUOR into univerſal eſteem.

Dear STUDENT, when you come to *London*, you and I will drink three penny-worth together at ASHLEY's.

Newgate-ſtreet,
May 9, 1751.

Your's,

A LIVERYMAN.

Original LETTER *of Biſhop* ATTERBURY, *when Priſoner in the* TOWER.

To the Right Hon. Lord Viſcount TOWNSEND.

My Lord,

I'M thankful for the favour of ſeeing my daughter any way: but was in hopes the reſtraint of an officer's preſence, in reſpect of her, might have been judg'd needleſs, at a time when her huſband is allow'd to be as often, and as long with me as he pleaſes, without a witneſs: eſpecially ſince we have been parted now for near eight

months, and may ſoon, if the bill takes place, be ſeparated for ever. My Lord, I have many things to ſay to her, in relation to her ſelf, her brother, and my little family affairs, which cannot with eaſe to her or me, be ſaid in the preſence of others. And I dare ſay your Lordſhip does not apprehend, that the ſubject of our converſation will be of ſuch a nature, as to deſerve to be in any degree watch'd or reſtrain'd.

She has been the comfort of my life, and I ſhall leave her with more regret than I leave my preferments: (tho' when I am ſtript of them, I ſhall have nothing to ſupport me). Nor is there any loſs, beſides that of my country, that will touch me ſo nearly.

Your Lordſhip, who is known to be a tender father, will feel what I ſay, and conſider how far it is fit to indulge me in ſo innocent a requeſt. It is a little thing that I aſk; but nothing is little that can give relief to my ſad circumſtances, which deſerve your Lordſhip's compaſſion, and I hope will obtain it.

I am, with all reſpect,

Your Lordſhip's moſt humble,

And moſt obedient ſervant,

Tower, April 10, 1723. F. ROFFENSIS.

On reading HEBREW *without* POINTS.

BROTHER STUDENT,

October 10, 1750.

WHEN we determined to apply ourſelves to a critical peruſal of the old teſtament, in its original language, the firſt point to be ſettled was, whether we ſhould adhere to, or reject the maſorete points and accents? And we will now take the opportunity of acquaint-

ing

ing the reſt of our brethren, thro' you, what were our reaſons for rejecting them, and in what manner we have ſupplied that defect.

In the firſt place we concluded, that if we tied ourſelves down to the preſent points and accents, there would be very little uſe in reading the original, ſince we are thereby oblig'd to affix the ſame meaning to the words as our tranſlators have already done: But as many words in their formations may proceed from different roots, and thoſe roots have very different meanings, when the points are rejected, we are at liberty to apply them to ſuch as ſhall beſt ſuit with the context.

2. The points are univerſally allow'd to be no original, and conſequently no eſſential part of the language. We look upon them as a valuable commentary; and a very valuable one they would be, could we be aſſured that we had them according to their original punctuation. But every writer and every printer muſt be ſenſible, that no ſort of characters can be more liable to errors of the pen or preſs.

3. They in general inform us how the language was antiently read and ſpoke; but, as it is now entirely become a dead one, that is matter of curioſity only, and does by no means compenſate for the trouble of informing one's ſelf in the rules that direct their application, ſince three parts in four of the rules in the *Hebrew* grammars relate to them, and indeed without them an *Hebrew* grammarian would have very little trouble; but by their means, the moſt ſimple language now in being is become the moſt difficult to a learner.

4. They have been thought abſolutely neceſſary to determine the conjugations of verbs, and conſequently to aſcertain the ſenſe of moſt paſſages; but 'tis our opinion that ſome of the conjugations are meer inventions of the grammarians; and that their general rules, with reſpect to others, have ſo many exceptions, as will ſcarcely allow them to be call'd *general*. Let any *Hebrew* reader judge,

whether pihel can properly be ſaid, *in general*, to augment the ſignification, or hiphel to be cauſative, &c. The truth appears to us to be, that the ſeveral conjugations are uſed very indiſcriminately; and whether they are to be taken actively, paſſively, cauſatively, or abſolutely, muſt be determined by the context.——Beſides, in the formation of the verbs by the points, we are led away ſo far from the original ſound of the root, that it muſt be by inſpection only (or a continued and laborious application) that we can gueſs whence the word is derived. Whereas, in the method we have laid down to ourſelves in reading, the ſound of the root is always ſo far retain'd in all the formations, that by hearing the word as well as ſeeing it, we know to what, or to ſome of which roots, to apply it: —Our method is this—we conſider none of the letters in the text as quieſcent, but pronounce them all, aleph always ſounds **a**—jod we always read either as the j conſonant, or as the i vowel—vau is either the v conſonant, or the o or u vowel; according to particular rules which we have laid down to ourſelves, which will in ſome meaſure appear in the ſpecimen we have given. By this means we have four of the vowels in the language, without making uſe of any points; and where there are none of theſe after a conſonant we always inſert an **e**; ſo we read péked as root, and in the formations pékedeh, pékedeth, pékedthi, nepéked, hepékid, apékid, &c. always laying the emphaſis or accent upon the firſt ſyllable of the root. —

With reſpect to the conſonants we ſound them be, ge, de, he, &c.—chaph ſounds ch, and koph k—ſamech always ſ, and ſhin always ſh—teth is t, and thau always th, never regarding the dageſh in any of the letters—the letter hajin or gnajin, we pronounce an or han, as coming neareſt to the ſound which the *Greek* tranſlators have commonly given to that letter; and as beſt expreſſing, *talem ſonum qualem vitulus edit abſente matre*, according to the rule of the grammarian.

If

If any of your correſpondents think proper to take any notice of this method of reading, either in approbation or diſapprobation, they may, if you pleaſe, ſpeak of it under the title of *The* STUDENT'S *new Method of reading* Hebrew *without Points*; whereof we will give you a ſpecimen from the 1ſt ſtanza of the 119th pſalm, and are

Your humble ſervants,

ALEPH, BETH, GIMEL, &c.

Aſheri thémimi dérech, hehélechim bethúreth Jehovah.
Aſheri nétzeri aúdethiò, bechél leb jedéreſhutiò.
Aph la péhaulu aúvleh bedérechiò hélechu.
Atheh tzévitheh pékedica leſhémer méad.
Ayeli jechénu dérechì leſhémer yékica.
Az la abéveſh behebítì al chel metzúthicà.
Avédià bejéſher lebeb, belémedì, meſhépeti tzédikcà.
Ath yékicà aſhémer, al theháuzebnì aud mad.

EPIGRAM.

On two fine GENTLEMEN *diſputing on* RELIGION.

ON grace, free-will, and myſt'ries high,
Two wits harangu'd the table;
B——Y believes he knows not why,
N——H ſwears 'tis all a fable.

Peace, ideots, peace, and both agree,
N——H kiſs thy empty brother,
Religion laughs at *foes* like thee,
But dreads a *friend* like t'other.

DESPAIR

DESPAIR *an* ELEGY.

By a Gentleman of the Univerſity of ABERDEEN.

Quid Juvenis, magnum cui verſat in oſſibus ignem
Durus amor?

VIRG. GEOR. III.

I.

NO more I ſeek the panſie-paven vale,
Whoſe borders brown the branching beech o'erſhades;
The golden crocus, and the jeſs'min pale,
Before my ſight, in ſickening colours fades.

II.

The lark no more, gay minſtrel of the morn,
Chants merry muſic to my loathing ear;
After ſoft ſhow'rs, no more the dewy thorn
With fragrance can my drooping ſpirits chear.

III.

Farewel the liquid lapſe of tinkling ſtreams,
Farewel the ſun with noontide glory glad;
Farewel in daiſied dales delicious dreams,
Farewel the mead in cowſlip-mantle clad.

IV.

Beneath yon' willow, eldeſt of the bank,
By *Tay*'s meand'ring wave, I'll lay me down;
There mix my ſad ſighs with his vapours dank,
And weave, ill-fated wretch, a cypreſs crown.

HYMN

HYMN *to the* PARACLETE.

O Thou, the third in that eternal trine,
In individuate unity divine!
Tho' me my humble fate denies to raiſe
The votive temple, ſacred to thy praiſe,
Where columns in extended ranks retire,
And ſounding arches echo to the choir:
Where in the ample dome the central eye,
Beholds the imitated round of ſky;
Where on the roof the well-rang'd colours glow,
Whoſe height and diſtance juſter grace beſtow,
Where order and magnificence combine,
The poliſh'd marble, and the golden mine:
Yet thine the temple of my breaſt ſhall be,
If purify'd and conſecrate by thee:
Thither ſerene, indulgent gueſt! repair,
And fix thy bleſt abode for ever there!
Whether the plaſtic ſpirit thou deſcend,
And o'er my ſoul thy dove-like wings extend:
The warring ſeeds of nature to ſubdue;
And call thy fair creation forth anew.
Whether the advocate by heav'n aſſign'd
At once to comfort and convince the mind,
The fiery-parted tongues, th' impetuous wind,
Tho' bellying clouds the ſable ſkies inveſt,
And pois'nous vapours breath the direful peſt,
Yet thoſe before th' impetuous wind retire,
And theſe are purg'd by thy celeſtial fire.
Thou the chief boon propitious heav'n beſtows,
To whom her force recruited nature owes!
Diſpel the gloom of melancholy fear,
That all within may ſhine ſerenely clear,
Nor ſuffer guilt, a worſe contagion, there.

Within

Within my heart, if thou deſcend to dwell,
To thee the ſhrine, and to my ſoul the cell —
If thither thou deſcend, a decent band,
Shall all thy graces at thy altar ſtand:
Here Faith to heav'n ſhall lift her eagle-eye,
And prompt Obedience wait attentive by;
Here Penitence ſhall drop a ſilent tear,
And holy Hope the penſive mourner chear;
Here Piety ſhall her oblation bring,
Her prayer the fragrance of an Eaſtern ſpring;
In proſtrate adoration here ſhall lie,
Upon the ſacred floor, Humility;
Here heavenly-minded Wiſdom from above,
Shall to the ſerpent reconcile the dove;
Here Charity her offspring ſhall embrace,
And in her boſom lull her tender race;
Here rev'rend Truth, and Purity of mind,
And calm Content to providence reſign'd:
Here arm'd with fiery darts ſhall Love divine,
A ſeraph wing'd reſide; and Peace ſhall twine,
Her everlaſting olives round thy ſhrine.

My ſoul illumin'd with an heavenly beam,
Should ſlake her thirſt at thy diffuſing ſtream;
Then heav'n-ward ſhe ſhould wing her noble flight,
And float upon the vaſt abyſs of light:
Or from the chains of ſenſe and matter free,
Mount on a fiery car of zeal to thee:
Yet This ſince frail mortality denies,
To thee ſhe brings her humble ſacrifice;
Content, if thou her pious hopes inſpire,
That when thy choſen ſhall complete thy choir,
To thee ſhe then may ſing, to thee may touch the lyre.

ODE

ODE *to* HORROR.

In the ALLEGORIC, DESCRIPTIVE, ALLITERATIVE, EPITHETICAL, FANTASTIC, HYPERBOLICAL, and DIABOLICAL STYLE of our modern ODE-WRIGHTS, and MONODY-MONGERS.

—— *Ferreus ingruit Horror.* VIRG.

O Goddeſs of the gloomy ſcene,
Of ſhadowy ſhapes thou black-brow'd queen;
Thy treſſes dark with ivy crown'd,
On yonder mould'ring abbey found;
Oft wont from charnels damp and dim,
To call the ſheeted ſpectre grim,
While as his looſe chains loudly clink,
Thou add'ſt a length to every link:
O thou, that lov'ſt at eve to ſeek
The penſive-pacing pilgrim meek,
And ſett'ſt before his ſhudd'ring eyes
Strange forms, and fiends of giant-ſize,
As wildly works thy wizard will,
Till fear-ſtruck fancy has her fill:
Dark pow'r, whoſe magic might prevails
O'er hermit-rocks, and fairy-vales;
O goddeſs, erſt, by * SPENSER view'd,
What time th' enchanter vile embru'd,
His hands in FLORIMEL's pure heart,
Till loos'd by ſteel-clad BRITOMART:
O thou that erſt on fancy's wing
Didſt terror-trembling † TASSO bring,

* SPENSER's Fairy Queen, B. 3. Canto 12.
† Gier. Liberat. B. 14.

To groves, where kept damn'd furies dire
Their blazing battlements of fire:
Thou that thro' many a darkſom pine,
O'er the rugged rock recline,
Did'ſt wake the hollow-whiſpr'ing breeze
With care-conſumed ELOISE:
O thou, with whom in chearleſs cell,
The midnight clock pale pris'ners tell;
O haſte thee, mild *Miltonic* maid,
From yonder yew's ſequeſter'd ſhade;
More bright than all the fabled Nine,
Teach me to breathe the ſolemn line!
O bid my well-rang'd numbers riſe
Pervious to none but *Attic* eyes;
O give the ſtrain that madneſs moves,
Till every ſtarting ſenſe approves!
What felt the *Gallic* * traveller,
When far in *Arab*-deſert drear,
He found within the catacomb,
Alive, the terrors of a tomb?
While many a mummy thro' the ſhade,
In hieroglyphic ſtole array'd,
Seem'd to uprear the myſtic head,
And trace the gloom with ghoſtly tread;
Thou heardſt him pour the ſtifled groan,
HORROR! his ſoul was all thy own!
O mother of the fire-clad thought,
O haſte thee from thy grave-like grot!

* Alluding to a ſtory of a French gentleman (mention'd by ſeveral Oriental travellers) who going into the catacombs, not far from Cairo, with ſome Arabs his guides, was there robb'd by them, and left; a huge ſtone being plac'd over the entrance. I don't remember that any poetical uſe has been made of this ſtory.

What

(What time the witch perform'd her rite,)
Sprung from th' embrace of TASTE and Night!
O queen! that erſt did'ſt thinly ſpread
The willowy leaves o'er ISIS' head,
And to her meek mien didſt diſpenſe
Woe's moſt awful negligence;
What time, in cave, with viſage pale,
She told her elegiac tale:
O thou! whom wand'ring WARTON ſaw,
Amaz'd with more than youthful awe,
As by the pale moon's glimm'ring gleam
He mus'd his *melancholy* theme:
O curfeu-loving goddeſs haſte!
O waft me, to ſome SCYTHIAN waſte,
Where, in *Gothic* ſolitude,
Mid proſpects moſt ſublimely rude,
Beneath a rough rock's gloomy chaſm,
Thy ſiſter ſits, ENTHUSIASM:
Let me with her, in magic trance,
Hold moſt delirious dalliance;
Till I, thy penſive votary,
HORROR, look madly wild like thee;
Until I gain true tranſport's ſhore,
And life's retiring ſcene is o'er,
Aſpire to ſome more azure ſky,
Remote from dim mortality;
At length, recline the fainting head,
In *Druid*-dreams diſſolv'd and dead!

Chriſt-church,
April 11, 1751. CHIMÆRICUS OXONIENSIS.

The FAIR RECLUSE.

An ODE by Mr. SMART.

I.

YE antient patriarchs of the wood,
That veil around theſe awful glooms;
That many a century have ſtood
In verdant age, which ever blooms!

II.

Ye GOTHIC tow'rs, by vapours denſe
Obſcur'd into ſeverer ſtate!
In paſtoral magnificence,
At once ſo ſimple, and ſo great!

III.

Why all your jealous ſhades on me
Ye hoary elders do ye ſpread?
Fair innocence ſhould ſtill be free,
Nought ſhou'd be chain'd, but what we dread.

IV.

Say, muſt theſe tears for ever flow,
Can I from patience learn content?
While ſolitude ſtill nurſes woe,
And leaves me leiſure to lament?

V.

My guardian ſee—who wards off peace,
Whoſe cruelty is his employ;
Who bids the tongue of tranſport ceaſe,
And ſtops each avenue to joy.

Freedom

VI.

Freedom of air alone is giv'n,
To aggravate, not ſooth my grief;
To view th' immenſly-diſtant heav'n,
My neareſt proſpect of relief.

HORACE, Ode 25. Book 3.

WHither BACCHUS, wouldſt thou bear me?
To what grot, or hallow'd grove?
Say, what ſacred cave ſhall hear me
Sing great CÆSAR, ſon of JOVE:

Where enraptur'd ſhall I raiſe him,
To the ſynod of the ſky?
In unrival'd ſongs I'll praiſe him,
High as mortal ſtrains may fly.

Full of thy inſpiring potion,
Glowing with a new-born fire;
All my ſoul in wild commotion,
Louder notes ſhall wake my lyre.

Thus amaz'd on airy mountains,
Rouz'd from reſt thy vot'ries glow,
Viewing HEBRUS' fabled fountains,
THRACIA clad in ſhining ſnow.

How it's ſolemn proſpects pleaſe me,
Wand'ring o'er the ſilent grove!
What extatic tranſports ſeize me!
While on pathleſs rocks I rove.

Hear me, BACCHUS, pow'r victorious
O'er the fierce lymphatic train;
Nothing groveling, or inglorious
Shall my ſacred ſong profane.

Tho' th' advent'rous theme alarm thee,
Still, my muſe, be blithe and gay;
Let the thought of danger warm thee,
Vine-crown'd BACCHUS leads the way.

EPIGRAM on the POWER of LOVE.

By Mr. ABRAHAM COWLEY.

N. B. *This is deliver'd down by tradition as a production of that celebrated poet; and was ſpoken at the* Weſtminſter-*ſchool election, on the following ſubject:*

—— *Nullis amor eſt medicabilis herbis.* OVID.

SOL DAPHNE ſees, and ſeeing her admires,
Which adds new flames to his celeſtial fires:
Had any remedy for love been known,
The God of Phyſic ſure had cur'd his own.

CASÆ INSCRIPTUM.

UTcunque has intra ſedes non fulgeat aurum,
Non ſpargat rutilas Indica gemma faces;
Attamen hîc, numen geminâ pretioſius Indo,
Hic latet, anguſto ſub Lare, Diva Quies;
Pacem animi hæc ſervat ſublimia tecta peroſam,
Arcta hæc, Divitibus non habitanda, Domus.

A DIALOGUE.

M. GET along, Sir—I hate you: that's flat—
Let me go then—Lord bleſs me!—be quiet—
If you won't keep you hands off—take that:—
D' ye think I came here to a riot?

N. Why, madam,—how now?—Do you ſcratch?
In ſhort, miſs, I won't bear this uſage—
You're a little, unthinking croſs-patch—
And yet you're of miſs I know who's age.

M. Of this, or of that miſs's age,
What bus'neſs have fellows with me, Sir?
Put yourſelf into ne'er ſuch a rage,
I care not three ſkips of a flea, Sir.

N. Lord, madam, I hope no offence;—
My words ſeldom bear any meaning:—
Beſides, you're a lady of ſenſe,
And anger would ſcorn to be ſeen in.

M. Such rudeneſs would ruffle a ſaint;
I wiſh you could learn to be civil.—
N. One kiſs, and I will, I'll maintain't—
M. Well! ſure you're an impudent devil.

There!—now you are ſatisfied?—*N.* No:
M. What again!—how can folks be ſo teazing?
N. While your lips ſo much ſweetneſs beſtow,
Your nails can do nothing diſpleaſing.

ODE

O D E

Ad PAMELAM Canem dilectiſſimam.

CHARA, quæ ſemper ſtudio fideli
Me ſequi gratum ſolita es magiſtrum;
Quæ colis multo officio, vocanti
PAMELA, adeſdum!
Tu comes, lætos quoties per agros
Tendo, ſectaris, leviterque circum
Curſitans, caſſis volucri fugaci
Morſibus inſtas:
Sive neglectos repetam libellos,
Accubas leni reſoluta ſomno;
Apta tu vati comes ambulanti,
Apta legenti!
Tu mones, ſiquis per operta noctis
Ingruat ſerus; ſociiſque menſis
Aſſidens, quæris tua, certus hoſpes,
Jura patellæ.
Seu petam remo facili fluenta
Iſidis, læves per aquas eunti
Adnatas, curſu vel amas propinquam
Stringere ripam.
Quin canum Tu nobilium eminebis,
Qualis errantis memor Ille Ulyſſis,
Qualis aut felix mediis refertur
Sirius aſtris.

Trin. Coll. April. 30. FRANCISCUS EVANS.

END of the eighth number.

THE STUDENT, OR THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

POLYHYMNIA.

On REPROOF.

Ridebit monitor non exauditus.—— HOR.

As an ear-ring of gold, and an ornament of fine gold, ſo is a wiſe reprover upon an obedient ear. Prov. xxv. 12.

THE *art of reproving* is ſo ſeldom found in perfection, and the want of REPROOF is ſo general, that he who could lay down any infallible rules for the giving or receiving it to uſeful purpoſes, would certainly do great ſervice to mankind. It is a ſaying of a celebrated author, that were Virtue to aſſume a viſible form, none could avoid loving her for her own native charms: the ſame may be ſaid of REPROOF with equal truth and certainty. Every one muſt receive her as a friend, could ſhe be ſtripp'd of the diſagreable diſguiſe, which ill-nature and peeviſhneſs

on one ſide, and impatience of controul on the other, put upon her natural and proper appearaance.

A principle of ambition, which, improv'd by religion, becomes the author of almoſt all generous and heroic actions among men, is the cauſe of that reſtleſsneſs and inquietude we experience when we are ſubjected to cenſure, or are obliged by any ties of duty or intereſt, to the ungrateful taſk of hearing our faults pointed out and examined. When the ſentence proceeds from a ſuperior, it ſeems an arbitrary conſequence of *their* power: from an equal, or an inferior, it appears an inſolent encroachment on *our own*. The very ſame cauſe which occaſions our uneaſineſs under REPROOF meant to ourſelves, produces our bent and readineſs, upon all opportunities, to give it to others; either tacitly in our boſoms, privately to the offenders, or publicly to the world. There are, indeed, few people ſo thoroughly infatuated with an high opinion of themſelves, but that they will allow they *have* faults, and are, in ſome degree, ſenſible what thoſe faults are; but they have ſtill a pleaſing confidence, that they only are in the ſecret: on the other hand, there are, poſitively, none but what think they have ſome excellencies: and all would have the public eye directed to the amiable ſide of their character, and deſire to draw a veil over the leſs ſhining parts of it. REPROOF convinces them, that the opinion of their faults being entirely conceal'd was a very vain one; and that the hope of their virtues being exalted without oppoſition was equally uncertain. The world is an *Argus* to take notice of errors, a *Polyphemus* to diſcover virtues that do not dazzle the ſight. Many excellent qualities are neither glaring in their appearance, nor fond of public inſpection; but, like rivers that run under-ground, are to be gueſs'd at and diſcovered, not by their outward ſhow, but by the uncommon verdure and fertility of the ſoil through which they paſs. Crimes, on the contrary, as they are real invaſions of the univerſal happineſs, how-

ever

ever pleaſing they may be to the private paſſions of individuals, muſt of courſe be public, and demand a public notice. It is the duty of all magiſtrates to detect them, and the intereſt of all ſubjects to aſſiſt the magiſtrates in their enquiry. Theſe contradictory motions in the moral world, like hurricanes, earthquakes, and cataracts in the natural, are noiſy and boiſterous; while the virtues, like the ſeaſons, in their proper courſe, perform their operations in ſilent beauty, and with ſcarce viſible regularity. The ſmaller errors of conduct cannot more reaſonably hope for concealment: they are the game of the inquiſitive, the idle, and cenſorious; who, like the inſect tribe of verbal critics, that pore over a celebrated volume to cenſure the author for a miſplaced comma, or a falſe ſpelling, examine into the beauties of a character, merely to find out it's defects. Nor can inferior blemiſhes in manners expect the leaſt quarter, while their purſuers, which are the trifling and and inſignificant, continue, as they always muſt continue, the greater part of mankind.

If this be no falſe repreſentation of things, REPROOF muſt be abſolutely neceſſary, and abſolutely unavoidable. It is indeed no virtue itſelf, but may produce them all. The means of its producing them muſt be ſupplied by the prudence and affability, the juſtice and moderation of the perſon from whom it proceeds; from the temper and coolneſs, the gratitude and reſolution of the perſon to whom it is addreſſed. Advice of this kind to the peeviſhly froward or obſtinately vicious, is like the rays of the ſun upon a rock, or any other impenetrable ſurface: they are reflected back, indeed, with double brightneſs to their own ſource, but impart no beauty to their dull and refractory object.

In order to ſet this *ſcience of reproving* properly in its natural, and therefore amiable, light, let us conſider the the neceſſary qualifications of the perſon who cenſures, or, to give it a milder term, adviſes to improvement. Pride, which

which is too often the ſole motive, ought to have no ſhare in the character: it is againſt this paſſion that we riſe in arms, and oppoſe any remedy, however dangerous our illneſs may be, that is applied by ſo odious an aſſiſtant. As pride in the abſtract is to be baniſhed, ſo likewiſe are all the modes of *reproving*, that are derived from that original. The air of diſdain, of anger, and authority, (tho' certainly the vices, that are blamed, deſerve the exertion of them) muſt not be expreſſed: I ſpeak not of reproofs from magiſtrates or parents, but from friend to friend. We that offend are not cool enough, when we obſerve the dart levell'd, to ſeparate our faults from ourſelves, to conſider, that the ſame boſom, which thus openly declares war againſt them, may have an affectionate regard to our perſons. We too frequently look upon habits ſo long encouraged, as natural ingredients in our conſtitutions, and reſent the diſlike they meet with, as affronts offered to ourſelves. 'Tis at this criſis, that very often the zeal of our friends is at once render'd uſeleſs; a quarrel, or at leaſt an indifferency, a diſlike enſues; and we are ſhock'd at the next appearance of counſel. Hence too it is, that REPROOF is more ſucceſsful when inſinuated, than when fully expreſſed. A reader has double pleaſure in peruſing an author who leaves ſomething for him to find out: we moſt admire *his* genius, when he thus pays a compliment to *ours*, and does not write the name under a picture that bears a ſtriking likeneſs to the original. The caſe is the ſame, the deſign as effectual, the pleaſure as great, in the ſubject we are now conſidering. The perſon to blame is delighted to think he knows how to apply the balm to his own wounds, which his artful benefactor recommended in general terms: or if he is wiſe enough to ſee plainly the hint was deſigned directly to himſelf, he cannot fail of embracing a remedy ſo engagingly offered, and muſt, of neceſſity, love the phyſician, who at once adminiſter'd it with the delicacy of an artiſt and the tenderneſs of a friend.

In

In order to inure ourſelves to bear REPROOF, as well as improve ourſelves in the art of giving it, we ſhould make ſtrict enquiry into our own boſoms, fairly take our diſpoſitions to taſk, and the beſt of us would, upon the reſult of ſuch an examination, almoſt adore the friendly hand that would aſſiſt us in reforming the many vices we are addicted to, in continuing thoſe virtues we enjoy in any degree of vigour, and in giving a new luſtre and poliſh to thoſe we have neglected to keep in order and beauty. We are apt to exclaim againſt the cenſorious diſpoſition of the world, that is continually employ'd in diſcovering flaws in the brighteſt characters, exaggerating their guilt, and publiſhing it in all companies. 'Tis hard, we think, that our acquaintance watch our unguarded hours, to blame the errors they lead us into; and that even our friends are more frequently endeavouring to correct our faults, than to praiſe and exalt our virtues. But rather let us admire the goodneſs and wiſdom of our Creator, who has made vice and error ſo troubleſome to us; who has made an ill life and a good reputation ſo inconſiſtent; who has made ſo many mouths ready to exclaim againſt and guard us from our faults, and ſo few to puff us up with vanity: ſo many means to regulate our moral attainments by religious humility, ſo few to overblow thoſe frail flowers by too much ſubmiſſion and reſpect.

A juſt way of thinking, therefore, will make a reproof acceptable either from a friend or an enemy. How glorious are our atchievements, when we are not only poſſeſs'd of ſuch a chriſtian ſpirit as enables us to forgive our calumniators, or thoſe who induſtriouſly obſerve us to criticiſe on every failing, but alſo endued with ſo much worldly wiſdom and prudence as can turn their malice to our own advantage, and ſet them up as mirrours to ſhew us our defects, and incline us to reform them! A generous ſoul would diſdain to let his actions incur the cenſure of a malevolent enemy, who riſes, in his own conceit, by the

ſame

ſame degrees, as the more amiable character ſinks, in the opinion of the world.

A reproof is ſeldom or never given, but where there is a fault, or at leaſt the appearance of one. If it is no more than the appearance of a fault that we can be accus'd of, yet that appearance ought to be corrected. Virtue, like CÆSAR's wife, ſhould ſeem what ſhe is: it is a vice not to be anxious for the adorning our virtue with every exterior grace we can give it: and, of courſe, we ought to be extremely cautious, that it always preſerves its real dignity. *Friendly* REPROOF is the careful handmaid that watches every motion of VIRTUE her miſtreſs, that is ever ready to ſet a wand'ring curl again in order, and to preſerve the beauty and becomingneſs of her dreſs. The man that bears it with humility, whether it proceeds from an envious or an affectionate heart, acts in both caſes equally for his own intereſt; he diſarms his enemy, and rewards his friend. One more advantage ſuch a perſon is always ſure of; the world will certainly judge *him* to be *leaſt* deſerving of REPROOF in the general, who can ſubmit to particular inſtances of it, with a becoming ſubmiſſion, and an affable compliance.

A POET's WILL.

London, June 3, 1751.

LAST week died of an atrophy, at his apartment up three pair of ſtairs in *Pipemaker's Alley*, the famous poet TAG-RHYME, who has left behind him a diſconſolate widow and four children, with no other proviſion than what is made in the following will.

I SAMSON TAG-RHYME of the pariſh of St. *Giles* in the county of *Middleſex*, Eſq; being of good memory, ready wit, and ſound judgment, do make and conſtitute this

this my laſt will and teſtament in manner and form following; to wit,

Imprimis, I commend my fame, which can never die, to poſterity: and as to my earthly part, I reſign it to the ground; deſiring that my body may be interr'd on that ſide of *Weſtminſter-abbey* call'd *Poet's Corner*, and an handſome monument erected to my memory, adjoining to SHAKESPEARE's, and inſcribed with my epitaph on myſelf:——the expence to be defray'd from the ſale of an elegy on my death, which I long ago compos'd and made ready for the preſs.

Item, I bequeath to my dear and loving wife TABITHA, whom I conſtitute my whole and ſole executrix, all my works already printed, in folio, quarto, octavo, duodecimo, &c. and I do hereby ſettle on her, and leave intirely to her diſpoſal, all the profit that ſhall hereafter accrue from any future editions.

Item, Whereas my eldeſt ſon MUSOPHILUS, notwithſtanding the great pains I have beſtowed on him, could never compoſe one himſelf, I do hereby bequeath him —— a diſtich.

Item, I give to my friend TOBIT STITCH-SHEET, in truſt for my ſon PHILOBIBLIOS, my collection of conundrums, rebuſes, riddles, anagrams, and acroſtics, to apprentice him (when he ſhall be of proper age) either to himſelf or ſome other learned bookbinder: as alſo my new verſion of Paradiſe Loſt in rhyme, and the tranſlation of POPE's Eſſays into blank verſe, together with my play of Othello alter'd with great improvements from SHAKESPEARE; to maintain my ſon till and during his apprenticeſhip, and to ſet him up when he ſhall be out of his time.

Item, From the great affection which I have always had for my daughter URANIA, and in reward for the aſſiſtance ſhe has given me in my lucubrations, I hereby bequeath her

(pro-

(provided ſhe don't marry a mechanic) my tragedy call'd BLOOD *upon* BLOOD; which was rejected at *Drury-Lane*, but may be acted at the other houſe, and will run many nights.

Item, I give my daughter POLLY, *alias* POLYHYMNIA, my poems in imitation of the antients, together with my complete *Engliſh* ſet of the *Greek* and *Roman* claſſics; BYSHE's Art of Poetry, the Britiſh Muſe, Flos Poetarum, DENNIS's Remarks, Academy of Compliments, and DYCHE's Spelling-book.

Item, All my other books I bequeath to my 'foreſaid daughter URY, provided, that if any books in *Latin* or any other heathen language be found amongſt them, they may be given to the curate of our pariſh, if he can read them.

Item, All my unfiniſh'd tragedies, comedies, farces, interludes, rhapſodies, and other imperfect poems, or pieces, together with my large common-place book of thoughts, and dictionary of rhymes, I do give and bequeath to my dear brother FIT, in conſideration of his numerous family, and the ſmall means he has to ſupport them.

Item, I order, that my ſcheme for paying the national debt be ſold to the beſt advantage, for the diſcharging my own.

Item, I will, that my pindaric odes be appropriated to the uſe of *Bethlem* hoſpital, (where moſt of them were wrote) as an acknowledgment for the benefit I received therein during a ſeven months confinement.

LASTLY, My houſhold-goods (which otherwiſe ſhe might ſeize for arrears of rent) I leave, out of pure generoſity, to my landlady.

IN WITNESS whereof I have this day, &c.

A new SYSTEM *of* CASTLE-BUILDING.

BOOK II. CHAP. II.

Being the CHAPTER OF HATS, *or an Eſſay on the Expediency of* BOWING.

The high-hill Power, whoſe bowels are of gold,
Seems near to eaſy and unpractic'd ſight,
But many grow in going to it old,
And have miſtook the diſtance by the height.

THESE are four admirable lines in Sir WILLIAM D'AVENANT'S GONDIBERT, and the obſervation in his time, perhaps, might be juſt; foraſmuch as the art and myſtery of bowing was not ſo well known, nor ſo ſucceſsfully practiſed in his days, as in our more *happy* and more *enlighten'd* age; in which no more than the very firſt elements of dancing are required to obtain preferment, riches, and honour. And here, in juſtice, let me obſerve, that many of our heads of houſes (tho' none of 'em can be ſuſpected ever to have learn'd to dance) pull off their hats to their ſuperiors in as genteel a manner, and make as pretty a bow, as a body wou'd wiſh to ſee. The conſequence has anſwer'd their expectations; and ſome of them by *ſcraping* acquaintance with the miniſtry have *bowed* themſelves into biſhopricks.

I know one of the moſt eminent divines in *England*, who is ſtarving upon a paltry vicarage, merely becauſe he cannot make a bow; and who, upon making application to a certain great man, received for anſwer, "That it was "impoſſible a fellow with ſuch a damn'd hobble in his "gait ſhou'd ever riſe in the church."

The expediency of this *art* (for it is certainly an art, if not a ſcience) is ſo evident, that it is cultivated in all

places of ingenuous education. In ſome colleges this piece of urbanity and good-manners is carried to ſuch an height, that the youth are obliged to perform it to their ſuperiors at two hundred yards diſtance; a very great (I ſhould think) and a very reſpectful diſtance.

Whenever I obſerve a quaker-like connection between the hat and the head, I cannot look upon the wearer without ſome degree of pity and contempt; of the former, becauſe I am confident he is not in the road to fortune; and of the latter, becauſe he is deſtitute of a very gentlemanly accompliſhment, a very eminent *out-ſide* virtue.

I am credibly informed, that a certain great man, duly ſenſible of the merit and advantage of the art above-mentioned, and more particularly captivated with it, ſeeing it is of *French* extraction, intends to found a Profeſſorſhip of Dancing in both the Univerſities. I confeſs myſelf to be charmed with the ſcheme; and ſincerely hope to ſee it carried into execution, which I hear will be done, like other affairs of conſequence, *with all convenient ſpeed.* That academical ruſticity, ſo often and ſo juſtly complained of, will infallibly be poliſh'd by a Profeſſor of Bowing and Saltation. Indeed, there is a report, that the ſame great perſonage intends alſo to introduce a Profeſſor of *Tumbling.* This (they ſay) is contrived to promote a quickneſs of ſucceſſion, *viz.* that while one ſet of men are *bowing* themſelves into preferment, another may be obliged to *tumble* out of it.

Furthermore, it is not more a conveniency than a virtue to *duck* to one's betters. It is an emblem of humility, a qualification highly, or rather lowly adapted to the ſubaltern ſtate of poverty, expectation, and dependency. It ſeems likewiſe to be neceſſary, and reſulting (to uſe Mr. SQUARE's expreſſion) from the *fitneſs of things.* As in the univerſe there is a ſeries of beings, ſo in this world there is a concatenation of *ducking:* The peer ducks to the prince, the knight

knight to him, to him the ſquire, and ſo we go on, till we deſcend to the dog who fawns upon his ragged maſter.

But, after all, how great an advocate ſoever I may appear for this art, or virtue, or both, yet I would not have it ſtrain'd to an extream; I would not have *ducking* degenerate into proſtration, nor complaiſance into idolatry. I do therefore ſincerely and heartily recommend to the Profeſſor of Dancing the following method, *viz.* to ſeparate *ducking* analytically into its reſpective gradations and rank, according to order; the nod, the bob, the ſtoop, the bow, the ſcrape, the capping or uncovering the jobberknol, and bend of one knee; which laſt need not be taught but to young gentlemen of quality, becauſe it ought to be made uſe of only to the ſovereign.—As for the reſt, *viz.* the nod, the bob, the ſtoop, the ſcrape, the bow, *&c.* he muſt teach his pupils to apply them *pro gradu et dignitate prætereuntium.* This if he does, I heartily wiſh him ſucceſs, and beg he would take under his patronage this CHAPTER OF HATS, with a *do*, *dico*, *dedicoque*; and the beſt *bow* that an uninſtructed collegian can make him.

CHIMÆRICUS CANTABRIGIENSIS.

The LIFE of Dr. FRANCIS CHEYNEL, CONCLUDED.

BUT the vigour of CHEYNEL was thought by his companions to deſerve profit as well as honour; and Dr. BAILEY, the Preſident of St. *John's College*, being not more obedient to the authority of the Parliament than the reſt, was deprived of his revenues and authority, with which Mr. CHEYNEL was immediately inveſted; who,

with his uſual coolneſs and modeſty, took poſſeſſion of the lodgings ſoon after by breaking open the doors.

This preferment being not thought adequate to the deſerts or abilities of Mr. CHEYNEL, it was therefore deſired by the committee of parliament, that the viſitors would recommend him to the lectureſhip of divinity founded by the Lady MARGARET. To recommend him and to chooſe was at that time the ſame; and he had now the pleaſure of propagating his darling doctrine of predeſtination, without interruption and without danger.

Being thus fluſhed with power and ſucceſs, there is little reaſon for doubting, that he gave way to his natural vehemence, and indulged himſelf in the utmoſt exceſſes of raging zeal, by which he was indeed ſo much diſtinguiſhed, that, in a ſatire mentioned by WOOD, he is dignified by the title of Arch-viſitor; an appellation which he ſeems to have been induſtrious to deſerve by ſeverity and inflexibility: For, not contented with the commiſſion which he and his collegues had already received, he procured ſix or ſeven of the members of parliament to meet privately in Mr. ROUSE's lodgings, and aſſume the ſtile and authority of a committee, and from them obtained a more extenſive and tyranical power, by which the viſitors were enabled to force *the ſolemn League and Covenant*, and the *negative oath* upon all the members of the Univerſity, and to proſecute thoſe for a contempt who did not appear to a citation, at whatever diſtance they might be, and whatever reaſons they might aſſign for their abſence.

By this method he eaſily drove great numbers from the Univerſity, whoſe places he ſupplied with men of his own opinion, whom he was very induſtrious to draw from other parts, with promiſes of making a liberal proviſion for them out of the ſpoils of heretics and malignants.

Having in time almoſt extirpated thoſe opinions which he found ſo prevalent at his arrival, or at leaſt obliged thoſe, who would not recant, to an appearance of conformity,

formity, he was at leiſure for employments which deſerve to be recorded with greater commendation. About this time, many Socinian writers began to publiſh their notions with great boldneſs, which the Preſbyterians conſidering as heretical and impious, thought it neceſſary to confute; and therefore CHEYNEL, who had now obtained his Doctor's degree, was deſired in 1649 to write a vindication of the doctrine of the Trinity, which he performed, and publiſhed the next year.

He drew up likewiſe a confutation of ſome Socinian tenets advanced by JOHN FRY, a man who ſpent great part of his life in ranging from one religion to another, and who ſat as one of the judges on the king; but was expelled afterwards from the houſe of commons, and diſabled from ſitting in parliament. Dr. CHEYNEL is ſaid to have ſhewn himſelf evidently ſuperior to him in the controverſy, and was anſwered by him only with an opprobrious book, againſt the Preſbyterian clergy.

Of the remaining part of his life there is found only an obſcure and confuſed account. He quitted the preſidentſhip of St. *John's*, and the profeſſorſhip in 1650, as CALAMY relates, becauſe he would not take the engagement; and gave a proof that he could ſuffer as well as act in a cauſe which he believed juſt. We have indeed no reaſon to queſtion his reſolution, whatever occaſion might be given to exert it; nor is it probable, that he feared affliction more than danger, or that he would not have born perſecution himſelf for thoſe opinions which inclined him to perſecute others.

He did not ſuffer much on this occaſion; for he retained the living of *Petworth*, to which he thence-forward confined his labours, and where he was very aſſiduous, and, as CALAMY affirms, very ſucceſsful in the exerciſe of his miniſtry; it being his peculiar character to be warm and zealous in all his undertakings.

This

This heat of his diſpoſition, increaſed by the uncommon turbulence of the time in which he lived, and by the oppoſition to which the unpopular nature of ſome of his employments expoſed him, was at laſt heightened to diſtraction, ſo that he was for ſome time diſordered in his underſtanding, as both WOOD and CALAMY relate, but with ſuch difference, as might be expected from their oppoſite principles. WOOD appears to think that a tendency to madneſs was diſcoverable in a great part of his life; CALAMY, that it was only tranſient and accidental, though in his additions to his firſt narrative, he pleads it as an extenuation of that fury with which his kindeſt friends confeſs him to have acted on ſome occaſions. WOOD declares that he died little better than diſtracted; CALAMY, that he was perfectly recovered to a ſound mind before the reſtoration, at which time he retired to *Preſton*, a ſmall village in *Suſſex*, being turned out of his living of *Petworth*.

It does not appear, that he kept his living till the general ejection of the Nonconformiſts; and it is not unlikely, that the aſperity of his carriage, and the known virulence of his temper might have raiſed him enemies, who were willing to make him feel the effects of perſecution which he had ſo furiouſly incited againſt others; but of this incident of his life there is no particular account.

After his deprivation he lived (till his death, which happened in 1665) at a ſmall village near *Chicheſter*, upon a paternal eſtate, not augmented by the large preferments, waſted upon him in the triumphs of his party; having been remarkable throughout his life, for hoſpitality and contempt of money.

S. J——N.

ESSAY

ESSAY VII.

Audite paucis: quod cum dixero, ſi placuerit,
Facitote. —— —— ——
Ego vos credere hoc mihi vehementer velim,
Me, Hujus quicquid faciam, id facere cauſâ meâ.
Verùm ſi idem vobis prodeſt, vos non facere inſcitia eſt.

TER. Eunuch. A. 5. Sc. ult.

NOthing, I am ſenſible, is ſo grating to nature, as to be ſlighted and diſregarded; I propoſe therefore taking notice of ſome of my correſpondents, whom I have hitherto neglected, in this paper; and do hereby thank the ingenious gentleman, who gave me good advice, and read me a lecture on the difficulty of writing.

Receiv'd a letter from one who ſigns *Hiſtoricus*, in which there is a tedious ſtory begun, continued through a whole ſheet, and then broke off unconcluded with *(to be continued in my next)* at the bottom.

Anſwer. I deſire it may not be continued in his next.

I muſt beg of Mr. STUPE, who is ſo earneſt to have me publiſh his letter, and adds, that it will almoſt fill a whole paper, to conſider, that when all the nonſenſe is extracted from it, ſix lines of ſenſe will take up but very little room.

To the Queriſt, who deſires to know which was right, TOM POSITIVE, or his wife, in an inſignificant quarrel, which he relates.

Anſwer. Much may be ſaid on both ſides.

Having thus anſwer'd theſe few, I ſhall give the public the following epiſtle, as I think it ſomething curious, without alteration or omiſſion of any thing, but a compliment in the beginning, which the author muſt excuſe my not inſerting,

SIR

SIR,

* * * * * * I make no doubt, therefore, but you will diſagree with many of my ſentiments, eſpecially with this that I ſhall lay down as a principle, *that it is more eligible to ſeem than to be learned*; ſo that if I have any acuteneſs of thought, or delicacy of phraſe, (how ſmall a ſhare of both which I poſſeſs, there is no neceſſity to tell thoſe who do not know me, and thoſe who do, need no aſſurances of that ſort) If I have in me any care or diligence (both which, I own, I always abhorr'd) now is the time when I muſt call in all theſe abilities, ſuch as they are, to my aſſiſtance, and do my utmoſt endeavour with the ſhadow of learning (for what ſhou'd hinder me from owning that I am unable to do it with the ſubſtance?) to ſhew how much better 'tis to *ſeem* a ſcholar, than to *be* one.

There, Sir, is rhetorical beginning! — TULLY's famous exordium to his oration for *Archias* is not, I'll be bold to ſay, more beautiful; nor does it abound more in that agreeable figure call'd *egotiſm*. But I ſhan't have much to ſay to TULLY; he was really learned:——tho' this I muſt obſerve, that had he handled every other ſubject as he did himſelf, he had certainly *been one of us*.

I know I need not enlarge upon the beauties of learning to you; nor would it be agreeable to me to meddle with ſo hackney'd a ſubject; it is ſufficient, if I own they are very conſpicuous and beaming, but then——Lord, Sir! they are ſuch a trouble to gain! One cannot poſſibly go through the fatigues of real ſtudy, the ſleepleſs nights and tedious days that are to be undergone, the weak'ning of the eyes, and pains of the head—what an army of diſorders to lay ſiege to a man's brain! which they ſoon take, and as quickly diſpoſſeſs his wits of that throne they once held.

Now if people would take my advice, they ſhould put on the maſk, and only be learned in appearance: that will

will at once ſave all the trouble; and it is worth their while, for the ſhadow of learning is generally (like the ghoſts of deceas'd perſons)

More fiercely bright, and larger than the life.

Thus would you ſeem a poet: Have always ready ſome lines of HOMER to repeat, or (for the ſake of their brevity) of VIRGIL's hemiſtics; be airy in your gait, ſeem ſometimes in ſecret raptures of inſpiration—then you are a ſon of PHOEBUS.

But if the aſpiring youth would gain the graver character of a mathematician, let him affect a downcaſt look, and contracted eye-brow; let him diſpute in every company, and yield not the moſt trivial point without mathematical demonſtration; when he walks (tho' that ſhould be but ſeldom, and always alone) let his hands fall in perpendicular lines exactly parallel to his ſides, and there ſuſpend unmov'd.—Then what pointing as he goes along! and what whiſpering, *There goes the mathematician!*—And is not this now a better method than the dry one of real ſtudy?—Dear Sir, there is no compariſon.

But, ſays an objector, ſhould I fall into company that would diſcover me? Should a man of ſenſe and real learning expoſe me; What is to be then done?—This, I own, is a deplorable caſe; and we have nothing left for it, but to exclaim with the truly learned PARTRIDGE, (and with an application as juſt as his)

Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.

But let a really wiſe man be always avoided, and let a ſcholar of mine ever ſuit his company to his own capacities; to this end, let him frequent female aſſemblies, where he may deſcant on the moſt faſhionable cut of a coat, or harangue upon the bewitching beauties of a curl, while

all the fair circle ſtands wrapt in ſecret admiration of his redoubted abilities. Theſe are the methods to be taken, and ſuch the paths to purſue them in.

I think it was a part of CATO's character, that he had rather *be* than *ſeem* learned; but CATO, I peremptorily affirm, (men of my ſect always *peremptorily affirm)* was a blockhead; and, to the immortal honour of the preſent age be it ſaid, there are few ſuch now; ſome indeed there are, I am not afraid to ſpeak my thoughts when I ſay, that one the moſt like him is no leſs a man than our preſent Lord Chancellor, let him reſent it as he will.

Well, Sir, when I firſt began this letter I thought to have made it as long again, in order for the greater ſhew of learning, but I recollect that I may poſſibly be miſtaken; I ſhall deſiſt therefore, and not lead you on with tireſome enlargements.—nothing is ſo tedious as your enlargements, —I hate your enlargements;—one is ſo tir'd with preambles and circumlocutions, that one is always wiſhing an end to ſo diſagreeable a diſcourſe, which fills the mind with——Well, Sir, don't be angry and I will have done, ſuffer me only to conclude with

Whoe'er he be that to be learn'd aſpires,
Let him read this, and be what he deſires.

I am, SIR, Yours, &c. &c.

PSEUDOSOPHUS.

I cannot diſmiſs this letter without an obſervation, that the writer is not juſt enough to the ladies, when he adviſes his ſcholar to frequent female aſſemblies in general; methinks if he had named the giddier part of that ſex, it would have been civiller to them, and really better advice to the perſon he would inſtruct; for ſhould his pupil once fall into the company of EUDOXIA, CLARISSA, or the ſteady ARPASIA, he would make himſelf as ridiculous as if he were in the preſence of the moſt thinking among men.

FURTHER THOUGHTS *On* ASHLEY, *and his* PUNCH-HOUSE, *with a few Hints concerning* PORTER.

NOthing can be more agreeable, than to give encouragement to extraordinary merit. We are therefore very glad, that the notice taken in our laſt of the celebrated ASHLEY, and his *Punch-Houſe*, has in any wiſe attracted the attention of the public. We acknowledge to have received (accompanied with a cag of excellent ſhrub) a very polite letter from that eminent retailer of warm rum, acquainting us, that ſince our laſt number he has had a more than ordinary demand for three-penn'orths: and this he is grateful enough to attribute to our honourable mention of him in our work.

In return, we ſhall endeavour to ſerve him ſtill further by printing, and recommending to the peruſal of his cuſtomers, the following epiſtle, lately ſent us from LONDON.

To the STUDENT.

Mr. STUDENT,

IT was with the higheſt degree of ſatisfaction, that I ſaw juſtice done to one of the worthieſt of my fellow-citizens, in your laſt number. Mr. ASHLEY's public ſpirit has been long known; but ſuch is the grudging ingratitude of the times, never commended, till the honeſt LIVERYMAN generouſly exerted himſelf in his behalf, and ſecured him immortality in URANIA. But, I muſt beg leave to obſerve, the LIVERYMAN omitted one circumſtance, which would have heighten'd Mr. ASHLEY's patriotiſm

with all the force of contraſt. On the other ſide of the way, diametrically oppoſite to Mr. ASHLEY both in ſituation and ſpirit, is written on a ſign,

HERE LIVES BRAVO

SUI IPSIUS COMMODO.

Virtue and vice, light and darkneſs, ſomething and nothing, cannot differ more from one another, than Mr. ASHLEY and this BRAVO. The former declares, that his labours are dedicated to the *public*; the latter, that his cares are all center'd in *himſelf*. The former ſells punch for fame and the utility of the common-wealth, the latter retails beer, for private gain and domeſtic emoluments. In a word, as much as punch excells beer in the liquid creation; ſo far is Mr. ASHLEY ſuperior to BRAVO in the animal one.

Your's,

An ANTI-GALLICAN.

We in the main muſt ſubſcribe to the *Antigallican*'s opinion.—But while we are thus laviſh in the praiſes of that exotic compoſition PUNCH, (which, to ſay the truth, partly contributes to aggrandize our natural enemies, the *French)* let us not derogate from the merits of PORTER,—a liquor entirely *Britiſh*,—a liquor that pleaſes equally the mechanic and the peer,—a liquor which is the ſtrength of our nation, the ſcourge of our enemies, and which has given *immortality* to ALDERMEN.

'Tis with the higheſt ſatisfaction that we can inform our *Oxford* Students, that *Iſis* herſelf has taken this divine liquor into her protection, and that the *Muſes* recommend it to their votaries, as being far preferable to *Hippocrene*, *Aganippe*, the *Caſtalian* ſpring, or any poetical *water* whatever.

ever. Know then, that in the middle of the *High-ſtreet*, at the ſign of the *King's-Arms*, oppoſite to it's oppoſite, JUGGINS's *Coffee-Houſe*, lives CAPTAIN JOLLY; who, maugre the ſelfiſh oppoſition of his brother-publicans, out of a pure affection to this Univerſity, and regardleſs of private profit, reduc'd PORTER from it's original price of *Six-pence*, and in large golden characters generouſly informs us that he ſells

LONDON PORTER

at Four-pence a Quart.

As the *Captain* is a genius and a choice ſpirit, he meets with the greateſt encouragement from the *gown*, and ſends PORTER to all the *common-rooms*. He, therefore, intends ſhortly (in imitation of the great ASHLEY) to have the front of his houſe new vamp'd up, and decorated with the following inſcription.

PRO BONO ACADEMICO.

HERE LIVES CAPTAIN JOLLY,

WHO FIRST

REDUC'D PORTER TO IT'S PRESENT PRICE,

AND

BROUGHT THAT LIQUOR INTO UNIVERSITY ESTEEM.

P. S. We have juſt receiv'd a letter from JONATHAN TYERS of *Vaux-Hall*, Eſq; deſiring that his name may be immortaliz'd (with Mr. ASHLEY's) as the original projector of *Public Gardens*, or *Ridottos al Freſcos*, in this Kingdom.

LETTER

From a PHYSICIAN *at* PETERSBURGH.

THE following is an accurate tranſlation of an original Latin letter, ſent from an eminent Phyſician at *Peterſburgh*, when the *Plague* was laſt in *Calabria*. This, we imagine, will be highly acceptable to the reader, as it contains ſeveral curious and uſeful particulars; and at this time eſpecially, as that diſtemper now makes great havock in *Turkey*.

SIR,

AT the particular inſtance of a friend of your's in theſe parts, I ſhall give you a ſuccinct account of the PESTILENTIAL DISEASE which happen'd in the *Ukrain* a few years ago, and at which place I was preſent during the whole progreſs of the diſeaſe.

There was no evident cauſe or change either in the air or diet, that could be ſuppoſed to give riſe to this diſeaſe. In *June* there were many *acute fevers*, eſpecially the *ſpotted*, in which the urine was like pale beer. In *July* the PLAGUE began (which continued till winter) and was attended with buboes in the groin and under the arms; theſe laſt were not ſo frequent. A few had *parotides* or ſwellings behind the ears. In the infected places no birds appeared in the air; but there was a kind of miſt, though the ſky was otherwiſe ſerene.

Thoſe who fell ſick felt inexpreſſible anxieties about the heart, a pain in the ſide, internal heat, a red countenance, with an outragious *delirium*. They died on the ſecond or third day; and when they were open'd there appear'd ſmall livid ſpots on the lungs.

In

In ſome it began with ſhivering, cold, and a very ſlow weak pulſe; to theſe ſucceeded a heat and burning, with a hard quick pulſe; an anxiety; a palpitation of the heart; a raving, or ſleepineſs; extreme laſſitude; a preſſure and burning at the pit of the ſtomach; a *nauſea*, bilious vomiting of a blackiſh green, and fetid. If they did not vomit, the ſtools were of the ſame colour. When the diſeaſe was upon the decline, there was no fever, or other ſymptoms but buboes and carbuncles.

When the plague was at the height, if the buboes and carbuncles tended to ſuppuration on the fifth day, the other ſymptoms decreaſed, and in five or ſix weeks they recover'd, the ſores running moſt of the time.

The carbuncles firſt appeared as a red ſpot under the cuticle, then the adjacent parts began to be livid, at length black and ſwelled. The circumference was of an oval figure, of the ſize of an egg, with ſpots or puſtules. Sometimes the puſtules had a white *apex* exactly like the ſmall pox; which was ſalutary.

Many were killed by terror only. Many old men died, but no buboes or carbuncles appeared. Children under eight were all untouch'd; women ſuffer'd greatly; eſpecially virgins ripe for matrimony. Drunkenneſs was no preſervative: women to the fourth month of their pregnancy, all eſcap'd: after the fifth to the ſeventh, the infected died. Thoſe who had old ulcers were in no danger; nor yet thoſe who had conſumptions of the lungs. Such as had the bloody flux were ſure to periſh.

Amulets were of no uſe; bleeding doubtful; ſmoaking was ſaid to be a preſervative. But the ſafeſt practice was to ſeparate the ſick from the ſound. The common alexipharmacs were uſeleſs. Thoſe who had a looſeneſs were cured with emollient clyſters with turpentine and the yolks of eggs.

The cure was begun with a vomit of the *Indian* root

or

or white vitriol. Tartar emetic created ſpaſms. To ſtop the vomiting a plaiſter of *Venice* treacle was applied outwardly, and a proper doſe given inwardly. When the diſeaſe was young, it was mitigated with rob of elder; with crabs eyes; ſpirits of hartſhorn; theriac and vinegar; bezoardic vinegar; nitre mixt with four grains of camphire. Acidulated, diluting hot liquors were very beneficial. When the buboes appeared, hot broths with ſorrel. Bliſters laid on the buboes as ſoon as poſſible, were very ſalutary. A large hard bubo was opened with a lancet, and brought to ſuppuration with white precipitate and a digeſtive ointment. Hard axillary tumours were taken out entire. It was always neceſſary to ſcarify the live parts near the carbuncle to promote a ſuppuration.

The beſt preſervative, in my opinion, is to take every night a grain of camphire mixt with a grain of *mercurius aulcis*. If infected, to take *ipecacuanha* as above, with a little nitre, or white vitriol. Then to take every three hours, fifteen grains of unwaſh'd diaphoretic antimony; a grain of *mercurius dulcis*, and two grains of camphire; drinking a draught of milk or water gruel after them. To the groin apply melilot plaiſter with camphire. If the groin ſeems tenſive, or the buboes lie deep, lay on a bliſter. If the ſkin looks red and ſwells, with heat, burning or pain; or if ſpots appear, a carbuncle may be expected; and then lay ſomething to draw it, and take a dram of the bark every four hours, drinking milk water after it.

This is all I have to obſerve in particular, which, if agreeable to your expectation, will be a great pleaſure to

SIR, &c.

S * * *.

A PASSAGE *in* MILTON *reſtored.*

MILTON in his *Poem on the Death of a fair Infant, a Nephew of his,* (or, as Mr. PECK obſerves, more properly his *Niece*) *dying of a Gough,* has the following ſtanza, as it is printed in all the editions.

VIII.

Or wert thou that JUST MAID, who once before
Forſook the hated earth, O tell me ſooth,
And cam'ſt again to viſit us once more?
Or wert thou that ſweet-ſmiling YOUTH?
Or that crown'd MATRON ſage white-robed TRUTH?
Or any other of that heavenly brood,
Let down in cloudy throne to do the world ſome good?

Here MILTON, as the ancients have done before, repreſents the *moral Virtues* as *Perſons.* JUSTICE is aptly deſcribed as a *Maid,* TRUTH as a *Matron:* But whom does he deſign for the *Youth?* Beſides, the *deficiency in the verſe* is obvious at the firſt ſight. All the verſes in the other ſtanzas (except the laſt, which is an *Alexandrine*) conſiſt of *ten* ſyllables. But the line in queſtion

Or wert thou that ſweet-ſmiling Youth?

contains only *eight.* That a word of two ſyllables is dropt out of the original text, is therefore manifeſt; and this we ſhall now ſupply from our author himſelf.

MILTON in his *Ode on the Nativity of* CHRIST joins MERCY as a companion to JUSTICE and TRUTH: and they are generally joined together in *Scripture.*

XV.

Yea TRUTH and JUSTICE then
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a rainbow and like glories wearing:
MERCY will ſit between,
Thron'd in celeſtial ſheen,
With radiant feet the tiſſued clouds down ſteering.

The reader, I doubt not, has by this fill'd up the line in queſtion,

Or wert thou [MERCY] *that ſweet-ſmiling Youth.*

The propriety of repreſenting MERCY as a *Youth*, the ſeaſon of life when our affections are moſt compaſſionate and tender, need not to be inſiſted on.

On the SCHEME *for the Relief of* CLERGYMENS WIDOWS.

THE SCHEME, which was publiſh'd in the fourth number of this work, *for the relief of* CLERGYMEN's *widows*, has greatly excited the attention of the Public in general, and of the CLERGY in particular. Many uſeful hints have been ſent us on this occaſion; and we have the pleaſure to inform our readers, that the affair is now under the conſideration of thoſe whom it moſt concerns. We ſhall therefore take leave of this ſubject for the preſent with the following letter, the concluſion of which we could wiſh to ſee put in immediate execution.

Mr. STUDENT,

AGreeably to the addreſs made to the *Clergy of Great-Britain*, in the ſeventh number of your Miſcellany, deſiring their opinion of the SCHEME publiſhed in the fourth

fourth number of that work, *for raiſing a fund for the maintenance of the widows and children of the inferiour Clergy*, I have ventur'd to ſend you mine, to be communicated to the ſociety of clergymen, who are ſo benevolent as to aſſemble weekly for the promotion of that good deſign.

In the firſt place then, I fear that one day's pay in the year of every *eccleſiaſtic*, even from the *archbiſhop* to the *curate*, would ſcarce be ſufficient to anſwer the demands of all ſuch poor *widows* and *orphans* of clergymen, as might ſtand in need of relief.—And in the next, I greatly ſuſpect that ſuch of the *dignify'd clergy and pluraliſts*, who may be ſuppoſed leaſt concerned in the ſucceſs of ſuch a SCHEME, tho' moſt able to promote it, would be very unwilling to let the world know the exact income of their different preferments; without which knowledge it would be impoſſible to levy a day's pay upon them. And as in fact, the richer part of the clergy have all along oppoſed an attempt made for a more exact valuation of benefices, ſo 'tis highly probable that they will ſtill continue to do the ſame; tho' ſuch a valuation ſhould tend ever ſo much to the relief of their *inferiour brethren*, upon whom too many of the *great-ones* are apt to look down with an eye of *contempt*, inſtead of *pity*. So that if the ſucceſs of this SCHEME is to depend upon the protection and encouragement it meets with from the heads of the church, I fear it will ſoon prove abortive; as another very plauſible one did, a few years ago, notwithſtanding the plan thereof was put into the hands of every Biſhop and Dean in the kingdom; of which an abſtract was publiſh'd in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1745, p. 166.

The only method therefore that I can think likely to ſucceed, is, to have a number of petitions to the Houſe of Commons drawn up, which might be diſperſed, by proper perſons, into every diſtinct dioceſe, in order to get them ſigned by the *inferiour Clergy themſelves*, which

might eaſily be effected at the *archidiaconal viſitations* of each, where the Clergy would of courſe be aſſembled together, and glad to embrace ſuch an opportunity of giving their unfeigned aſſent to a SCHEME which ſeems ſo likely to prevent thoſe various diſtreſſes which muſt otherwiſe almoſt unavoidably fall upon their widows and children.—If this were done, there could be no room to doubt of the concurrence of Parliament, inaſmuch as an act was paſs'd (upon their petitioning for it) a few years ago, for providing a maintenance for the *widows of miniſters in Scotland.* Which act it would not be amiſs to conſult, as it may probably afford ſome hints for the better proſecution of ſo neceſſary a deſign.

I am, ſir, yours, &c.

June 3, 1751.

A YORKSHIRE CLERGYMAN.

On the SIN *of* LIVING SINGLE.

By the FEMALE STUDENT.

Vidi ego jam juvenem, premeret cùm ſerior ætas,
Mœrentem ſtultos præteriiſſe dies.

TIBULL.

AS I have already acquainted the reader with the circumſtances of my life and my preſent ſituation, he will doubtleſs be ſurpriz'd that I ſhould chuſe to handle a ſubject which ſeems to reflect a diſcredit on my ſelf. But at the ſame time I beg him to conſider, that tho' I am (in the vulgar phraſe) a fuſty OLD MAID, yet I am not ſo by deſire or inclination. Nor would I be thought to write out of pique, peeviſhneſs, or reſentment.

I look back with pleaſure on the paſt tranſactions of my life, and reflect on the many opportunies, which pride or caprice

caprice prevented my embracing, with a moſt philoſophical indifference. Indeed, I am univerſally allow'd to be a very good-humour'd ſpinſter for my years.

Can there be a creature more ridiculous and contemptible than an OLD MAID? (A freedom of expreſſion may fairly be allow'd *me*, who am a woman, and tho' much againſt my will, of that ſpecies my ſelf.) An OLD MAID is continually uneaſy; froward, petulant, and ſuſpicious; aſſuming to herſelf a prerogative of ſuperiority on account of her great prudence, forſooth, in having ſteer'd ſafely thro' the ocean of life without ſplitting on that dangerous rock, *Matrimony*. Thus does ſhe turn diſlike into choice, and wiſely makes a virtue of neceſſity.

The great cauſe which contributes to OLD MAIDISM is the natural vanity inherent in our ſex; and which makes us believe, that at any time we may inſure to ourſelves what we hold indiſpenſably our duty for a while to reject. In the ſunſhine of our youth we ſee a ſwarm of lovers perpetually buzzing about us, which gradually leſſens and flies off, as the evening approaches. We do not ourſelves indeed know, that our charms imperceptibly loſe their attractive force; and while we can reign alone in the tyranny of beauty, we are loth to have our power diminiſh'd by reſigning the empire.

Tho' *Cambridge* is a place, where (as I have already ſhewn) GALLANTRY is cultivated with the utmoſt ſedulity, yet this SIN OF LIVING SINGLE groſsly prevails in it. But this is, in ſome meaſure, owing to too great abundance, for plenty makes a difficulty of choice: our girls are too ſcrupulouſly nice, and by aiming above the mark, frequently fall ſhort of it. I have known many inſtances of celebrated BEAUTIES, who, after having triumph'd in the wantonneſs of power, have ſeen themſelves diſregarded, deſerted, and deſpiſed.

Miſs BETSY PEEVISH is a beautiful *young lady* of this place. As it is impertinent to enquire ſtrictly into the age

age of *young ladies*, we cannot exactly aſcertain the years of this amiable ſpinſter: but, upon a moderate computation, 'twould be unjuſt to ſuppoſe her much turn'd of fifty. I remember, I had the honour to ſucceed her in quality of a TOAST; and when I began firſt to be in vogue, Miſs was then upon the decline. This lady entertains the higheſt notions of *virtue*; and having repented of her former follies, has made a moſt ſolemn vow of *chaſtity*, which ſhe is determin'd by no temptations whatever to break. She has the utmoſt abhorrence of that vile, odious, filthy creature, *man*; and looks upon *matrimony* to be the moſt vulgar thing imaginable. She is always declaiming againſt the immorality, the profaneneſs, the debauchery of the age.—La! how forward the girls are!—impudent creatures!—and then the young gownſmen!—naſty, naſty fellows!—what a paſs is this world come to!—Beſides,—all the girls are intolerable; they have not the *leaſt* beauty:—ſuch a one is crooked; another has no complexion; another is aukward:—well! what ſignifies talking? I know, when I was of that dowdy's age there,—la! how can the fool think herſelf pretty?

Miſs BETSY, you may imagine, is withal very *devout*. She goes to church conſtantly (with a large quarto bible under her arm) twice a day; and after prayers are over, ſhe confabulates a whole hour at the church-door with ſome *pious* old woman about the faults of her neighbours. 'Tis from this *religious* principle, that ſhe is ſo buſy in prying into the ſecrets of families, and ſo indefatigable, if ſhe can diſcover a flaw in any character, in publiſhing it to the world:—becauſe 'tis a *charity* to let people know their faults, and a *kindneſs* to put them to the bluſh. Her notions of virtue and morality are ſo refin'd, and ſhe is ſo very good herſelf, that ſhe can't bear the leaſt ſlip in another. She ſadly complains of the remiſsneſs of folks in their attendance at church.—They never come but of a ſunday, and then very often but once—ſuppoſe they are tradespeople

people, ſure they can ſpare one hour in a day.—Poor, wicked, worldly wretches! what will become of them?—

A frequent reflection on the wickedneſs of the world has put her out of all patience: nothing goes to her mind: new croſſes, new vexations, new diſappointments perplex her every hour in the day. She changes her maid every month, and cannot get one to pleaſe her.—Sure never was any thing ſo plaguing as theſe ſervant-wenches: — how careleſs!—how idle!—we muſt always be at their tails:—and ſo ſaucy too!—If ſhe hires a young one, the girl is giddy, and has the fellows always after her;—if an old one, ſhe drawls and creeps about, and is ſo dull, there's no bearing her. A ſettled frown is always on her brow, which age has improv'd into wrinkles: nor does ever ſhe even ſmile; for ſhe holds it beneath the dignity of *human nature* to *laugh*.

But alas, poor woman! what can ſhe do? She has enough indeed to live on, and wants no ſuperfluities:—but then things are ſo extravagantly dear, and tradeſmen ſo exorbitant and extortionate, that ſhe is almoſt ruin'd. She will ſquabble for a farthing with the milk-maid; and her memory is ſo impair'd, that ſhe frequently forgets ſhe owes any thing at the chandler's. She is very *charitable* in her nature; but if a blind or lame beggar ſue for one farthing or an half-penny, ſhe bids them go and work, becauſe ſhe won't encourage idleneſs. Many more inſtances I could enumerate of the extraordinary piety, benevolence, generoſity, virtue, and ſo on, of the amiable Miſs PEEVISH; but I muſt make room for the following *polite* and *ſenſible* letter.

—— Coll. *Oxford*, *June* 11, 1751.

MADAM,

AS the character I bear in this Univerſity, is that of a profeſs'd critic-general on pamphlets, and as my opinion is look'd upon as infallible and oracular in a certain

tain coffee-houſe frequented by WITS, where a ſubſcription is carried on for raking together the *dulneſs of the age*; I think I may take the liberty (without being ſtyl'd *Prig*, *Fop*, *Witling*, or *Poetaſter*) of tranſmitting you my free and candid ſentiments on your monthly productions. And firſt, Madam STUDENT, with as much *laconic* politeneſs as poſſible, I beg leave to inform you, that you pretend to that choice ingredient of good writing *Humour*, without having one ſyllable of it. In a word, Madam, if you have any *Humour* at all, it is that low ſpecies of it, never ſo much as heard of in *Greece* and *Rome*, originally invented by TOM BROWN of black-guard memory, and now firſt revived by the FEMALE STUDENT.

This ſpecies (if it may be called a ſpecies) I my ſelf, in right of the ſublime critical character with which *the ſenſible Men of our houſe* have inveſted me, have chriſten'd JACK-PUDDING *Humour*. To define it were utterly impracticable. However, thus much may be ſaid of it, that it is made up of ill-breeding, and ill-nature, and diſcovers a remarkable want of claſſical reading, and a reliſh for authors of true taſte. It treats of ſubjects of a *vague* nature, and is (beſides it's *Jack-pudding* affinity) of a mere *Jack-lanthorn nature, neither here nor there*; in ſhort, it is a topſy-turvy, rhapſodic, miſcellaneous method of writing. But, to come to the point. What I would recommend to you is to leave off *ſcribbling*, and ſit down ſeriouſly to *ſewing*.

Why, Madam, you are nothing more than a bankrupt in beauty, a mere diſcarded toaſt! I aſſure you, Mrs. STUDENT, you have no more chance of getting reputation by your *Pen*, than you had of getting a huſband by your *Perſon*.

Yours,

FRANK FIZZ-PUFF.

EPISTLE *to Mr.* THOMSON,

On the First Edition of his SEASONS.

By Mr. SOMERVILLE, *Author of the* CHACE, &c.

SO bright, ſo dark, upon an *April* day,
The ſun darts forth, or hides his various ray;
So high, ſo low, the lark aſpiring ſings,
Or drops to earth again with folded wings;
So ſmooth, ſo rough, the ſea that laves our ſhores,
Smiles in a calm, or in a tempeſt roars.
Believe me, THOMSON, 'tis not thus I write,
Severely kind, by envy ſour'd or ſpite:
Nor would I rob thy brows to grace my own;
Such arts are to my honeſt ſoul unknown.
I read thee over as a friend ſhould read,
Griev'd when you fail, o'erjoy'd when you ſucceed.
Why ſhould thy Muſe, born ſo divinely fair,
Want the reforming toilet's daily care?
Dreſs the gay maid, improve each native grace,
And call forth all the glories of her face:
Studiouſly plain, and elegantly clean,
With unaffected ſpeech, and eaſy mien,
Th' accompliſh'd nymph, in all her beſt attire,
Courts ſhall applaud, and proſtrate crouds admire.
Diſcreetly daring, with a ſtiff'ned rein,
Firm in thy ſeat, the flying ſteed reſtrain.
Tho' few thy faults, who can perfection boaſt?
Spots in the ſun, are in his luſtre loſt:
Yet e'en thoſe ſpots expunge with patient care,
Nor fondly the minuteſt error ſpare.
For kind and wiſe the parent, who reproves
The ſlighteſt blemiſh in the child he loves.

Read PHILIPS much, conſider MILTON more;
But from their droſs extract the purer ore.
To coin new words, or to reſtore the old,
In Southern bards is dangerous and bold;
But rarely, very rarely, will ſucceed,
When minted on the other ſide the *Tweed.*
Let perſpicuity o'er all preſide ———
Soon ſhalt thou be the nation's joy and pride.
The rhyming jingling tribe, with bells and ſong,
Who drive their limping *Pegaſus* along,
Shall learn from thee in bolder flights to riſe,
To ſcorn the beaten road, and range the ſkies.
A genius ſo refin'd, ſo juſt, ſo great,
In *Britain*'s iſle ſhall fix the Muſe's ſeat;
A new *Parnaſſus* ſhall create at home,
Rules from thy works each future Bard ſhall draw,
Thy works, above the critic's nicer law,
And rich in brilliant gems without a flaw. ——

On ſeeing the Picture of Miſs R— G——N,

Drawn by Mr. VERELST of *Threadneedle-ſtreet.*

SHALL candid *PRIOR, in immortal lays,
Thy anceſtor with generous ardour praiſe;
Who, with his pencil's animating pow'r,
In livelieſt dies immortaliz'd a flow'r?
And ſhall no juſt, impartial bard be found,
Thy more exalted merits to reſound;
Who giv'ſt to beauty a perpetual bloom,
And lively grace, which age ſhall not conſume;
Who mak'ſt the ſpeaking eyes with meaning roll,
And paint'ſt at once the body, and the ſoul?

C. S——T.

* See Verſes on a Flower painted by VERELST.

To Dr. SWIFT.

Occaſion'd by GULLIVER's Travels.

O Could I ſing in ſuch harmonious ſtrains,
As GLUMDALCLITCH for GRILDRIG's loſs complains;
Thou, thou, dear SWIFT, my darling theme ſhould'ſt be,
And all my ſongs compos'd in praiſe of thee.
Did *Lilliput* confeſs my rightful ſway,
And ſwarms of ſubjects my commands obey;
(Ah would you not the fairy rule diſdain)
O'er ſwarms of ſubjects you ſhould monarch reign.
The higheſt rock, whoſe awful brow commands
The diſtant ocean, and *Blefuſcuan* lands,
By curious workmen ſcoop'd with dextrous care,
Should ſhelter thee from the inclement air.
Millions of ſwans their ſnowy down ſhould ſpread,
To raiſe thy couch, and fill thy ſwelling bed.
Or, of confinement tir'd, if thou would'ſt prove
The open air, and thro' thy kingdom rove;
To form thy car ten thouſand bulls ſhould pay
Their hides, and foreſts ſhould the ax obey;
Whilſt forty thouſand horſes ſtrongly ty'd,
With gaudy trappings deck'd, the pomp ſhould guide:
Innumerable ſlaves ſhould round thee wait,
To guard thy perſon, and advance thy ſtate.
Or were I *Brobdignag*'s prodigious queen,
In triumph on my crown ſhould'ſt thou be ſeen.
Within ſome turkey egg's capacious ſhell,
A palace ſhould be form'd where thou might'ſt dwell.
Butterflies' wings their ſofteſt down ſhould yield,
With which thy bed and pillow ſhould be fill'd;
Whilſt roſe-leaf curtains ſhould thy eye-lids ſhade,
Leaſt SOL's fierce beams thy ſlumbers ſhould invade.
The tongues of humming birds, and inſects rare,
Should feed thy palate with delicious fare.

To baniſh from thy heart intruding woe,
A grape each day ſhould in thy goblets flow;
On ſome broad dock for thee I'd gardens frame,
Like thoſe which gain'd SEMIRAMIS a name.
Or were *Laputa*'s floating iſland mine,
For thee I would the airy realm reſign.
Lagado's bottled ſun-beams ſhould give light
To my apartment in the darkeſt night.
Would ſome *Glubdrubdrib* ſage to me impart
The powerful ſecrets of his magic art;
Heroes and kings at thy command ſhould riſe,
And ſcenes of pleaſure dance before thy eyes.
Or in my form and ſoul were there combin'd
An HELEN's beauty with an HOUYNHNM's mind,
With theſe perfections I'd be thine alone,
Nor leave thee to be partner of a throne.

O D E

To an EAGLE confin'd in a COLLEGE-COURT.

Quis tam crudeles optavit ſumere pœnas,
Cui tantùm de te licuit?—— VIRG.

Atque affigit humi divinæ particulam auræ. HOR.

I.

IMperial bird, who wont to ſoar
High o'er the rolling cloud,
Where *Hyperborean* mountains hoar
Their heads in Ether ſhroud;——
Thou ſervant of almighty JOVE,
Who, free and ſwift as thought, could'ſt rove
To the bleak north's extremeſt goal;——
Thou, who magnanimous could'ſt bear
The ſovereign thund'rer's arms in air,
And ſhake thy native pole!——

Oh

II.

Oh cruel fate! what barbarous hand,
What more than *Gothic* ire,
At ſome fierce tyrant's dread command,
To check thy daring fire,
Has plac'd thee in this ſervile cell,
Where Diſcipline and Dulneſs dwell,
Where Genius ne'er was ſeen to roam;
Where ev'ry ſelfiſh ſoul's at reſt,
Nor ever quits the carnal breaſt,
But lurks and ſneaks at home!

III.

Tho' dim'd thine eye, and clipt thy wing,
So grov'ling! once ſo great!
The grief-inſpired Muſe ſhall ſing
In tend'reſt lays thy fate.
What time by thee ſcholaſtic Pride
Takes his preciſe, pedantic ſtride,
Nor on thy mis'ry caſts a care,
The ſtream of love ne'er from his heart
Flows out, to act fair pity's part;
But ſtinks, and ſtagnates there.

IV.

Yet uſeful ſtill, hold to the throng ——
Hold the reflecting glaſs, ——
That not untutor'd at thy wrong
The paſſenger may paſs:
Thou type of wit and ſenſe confin'd,
Cramp'd by th' oppreſſors of the mind;
Born to look downward on the ground;
Type of the fall of *Greece* and *Rome*;
While more than mathematic gloom,
Envelopes all around!

May 5, 1751. ZOSIMUS ZEPHYRINUS.

Upon BENTLEY's *Emendations of* MILTON.

WHEN MILTON's forfeit life was in debate,
Some urg'd his crimes, and ſome th' unſettled ſtate;
HYDE * paus'd:——now keen reſentment fill'd his breaſt,
Now ſoftneſs ſooth'd, while genius ſhone confeſs'd:——
At length the ling'ring ſtateſman thus his thoughts expreſs'd.
When I conſider, with impartial view,
The crimes he wrought, the good he yet may do;
His violated faith and fictions dire,
His tow'ring genius and poetic fire;
I blame the rebel, but the bard admire.
Mercy unmerited his muſe may raiſe,
To ſound his monarch's, or his maker's praiſe.
Yet come it will, the day decreed by fate;——
By BENTLEY's pen reduc'd to woful ſtate,
Far more thou'lt dread his friendſhip than our hate.
PROCRUSTES like, he'll ever find pretence
To ſtrain, or pare thee to his wretched ſenſe.
Rack'd, ſkrew'd, enerv'd by emendation ſad,
The hangman had not us'd thee half ſo bad.

* *Lord* CLARENDON.

ALSOPUS J. FRIEND, *M. D.*

TU domi, felix, Britonum Machaon,
Sublevas ægros, adimiſque letho,
Nec tibi muſæ, nec amica muſis
Otia deſunt.
Uda me * tellus, pelagi propago
Detinet fato profugum; proterva
Regibus tellus, vacuaſque lucri ex-
oſa camænas.

Craſſus

* BELGIUM.

Craſſus hìc aer, et hebes virûm gens,
Barbaro ſquallens habitu, efferiſque
Moribus, durum genus, hoſpitique in-
hoſpita turba.
Hîc ego halecûm in patriâ, hinc & inde ig-
narus, ignotuſque vagor: tamen nec
Impotens matris furor, aut rejectæ
Ira puellæ,
Aut vafri Brooki inſidiæ, expeditum
Territant curis; ſed apertus erro,
Negligens quo pes ferat, aut viaï
Ductus aquoſæ.
Nunc per inſtructas nitidè plateas,
Nunc per hortorum ſpatia, ordineſque
Suaviter mixtos, eo; nunc per amnes
Arte reciſos
Tendo, quà multus trahitur caballo
Linter, ignavis rate vel quadrigâ
Gratior, ſomnum capere, an Lyæi
Munera malint.
Templa, quæ cultu meliore digna,
Buſtaq; heroum video; forumque
Ære quà fuſo erigitur Batavûm
Gloria Eraſmus.
Inde me ſpiſſæ, haud benè curioſus,
Infero burſæ: nihil hîc negotî
Nil agens rerum, at medius coronæ huc
Trudor & illuc.
Multus hìc ſermo, quid ubiq; merces,
Quid novi apportent tabulæ, quid anceps
Italus, Teuto quid agit quaterno
Fœdere fretus.
Hic lare in parvo properans Falerni
Poculis ſiccum relevare guttur,
Talibus patrem pueros monentem
Audio dictis:

" Ite

" Ite vos, inquit, mea ſtirps parentis
" Æmula, accendat ſacra vos libido,
" Dia ſpes auri, nec opum reclamet
" Quis ſatur, Ohe!
" Per nefas, per fas ruite, O Batavi,
" Patrio ritu; quid iniquum & æquum
" Viderint Angli, facitote vos quo-
" cunque modo rem."
Sic pater—plaudit patre digna proles,
Et lubens dicto obſequitur: crumenæ
Jam timens me proripio, domumque
Soſpite tandem.
Ære, ſed feſſus ſedeo: hic Maronis
Dium opus poſco, numeroſve Flacci,
Dulcis aut ſcripta Hippocratis revolvo in-
terprete Friendo.
Sic tuis abſens videor potiri,
Friende præclare, alloquiis; ſepultam
Deme quòd ſponſam doleo, et dolebo
Mente ſat æquus.

END of the ninth number.

THE STUDENT, OR THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

APOLLO.

Of RETIREMENT.

Quis reprehendet otium noſtrum, qui in eo non modo noſmet-ipſos hebeſcere et languere nolumus, ſed etiam ut plurimis proſimus enitimur? CICERO.

WHEN I conſider the retirement of ALBINUS into the rural tranquillity, which has long been the determined aim of his deſigns; I rejoice at the quiet that great man is about to enjoy, but grieve that the public muſt be deprived of ſo uſeful an example, ſo induſtrious a patriot, ſo great a genius. I think all the ſuperior ranks of mankind ſhould enter into a combination to make buſineſs eaſy to a benevolent mind; but, on the contrary, they ſeem induſtrious to add thorns to the roſes of popular applauſe; they perplex the great affairs which they are un-

able to tranſact, and endeavour to darken the genius, in whoſe brightneſs their inferior abilities are eclipſed.

The conduct of ALBINUS has, you know, been ſufficiently talked of; and the diſcourſe I have occaſionally heard lately upon this ſubject, has led me undeſignedly into ſome reflections on SOLITUDE. The reſult of my thoughts is, perhaps, what I may find reaſon to vary from; but, at preſent, I think none have a right to RETIRE, but thoſe who have eminently diſtinguiſhed themſelves in a public character, or have exhauſted the vigour of their underſtanding and conſtitution in the diſcharge of domeſtic and ſocial duties. RETIREMENT ought to be the reward of virtuous and uſeful induſtry, not an indulgence to a lazy inactivity of temper and an inglorious repoſe.

Mr. POPE (in one of his letters) tells us, ſome men, like ſome pictures, are fitter for a corner than for a full light; and therefore concludes, that people, who are of this character, are deſigned by providence for the RETIREMENT that coincides with their inclination. If popular applauſe and eminence were the great end of human nature, I ſhould readily acquieſce in this opinion; but it is not for the admiration, but for the benefit of ſociety we are created; and thoſe, whoſe genius and abilities ſeem the moſt inconſiderable, ought to wait in expectation for the call of omnipotence. They may never, perhaps, become field-marſhals or generals, but they may be uſeful in inferior ſtations, and contribute to accompliſh the deſigns of the more illuſtrious: — they may fill up a rank, or ſet fire to a cannon, and have no right to turn themſelves out of the way of providence, upon pretence that they are not important enough to advance its purpoſes.

I might add, that the whole body of mankind have a title to the induſtry of every individual; and, methinks, a man, who voluntarily ſecludes himſelf from ſociety merely to enjoy the indolence of RETIREMENT, ſhould be made ſenſible of his error, by thoſe objects which ſeem to indulge

dulge it. Every tree, every animal, every flower, every inſect might be thought to reproach his inactivity, and call out upon his induſtry; the trees ſhould awaken it to architecture, the beaſts to the improvement of the ſoil, the flower to the conſideration of the ſcandal of loſing that momentary ſpace allowed to his endeavours, and the inſect ſhould remind him, that no creature is ſo contemptible and inſignificant, but it may, by ſome means or other, contribute to the advantage of created nature.

But the munificent patron, the honeſt ſtateſman, the religious divine, the faithful friend, and ingenious artiſt, retires upon a different foundation, and goes but to delight in the fruition of thoſe beings to whoſe benefit he has induſtriouſly contributed. ALBINUS retires to view, in a philoſophical ſolitude, the progreſs and completion of thoſe noble deſigns he has concerted, for the general profit of mankind and the cauſe of virtue. He has done the good action, and flies from the gaudy praiſe, which the breath of man can beſtow, to the more elegant enjoyment of that ſecret applauſe, which the conſciouſneſs of having acted uprightly diffuſes over the ſoul. It is not alone from a review of his own benevolence, that he reaps ſatisfaction; he can extract uſeful and pleaſing reflections even from the ill conduct of others: their ingratitude, their vanity, their folly, give a reliſh to the rural ſincerity, noble ſimplicity, and aſtoniſhing wiſdom of nature. His SOLITUDE is a kind of beatific viſion, in which he truly enjoys that honeſty of mind, which once ſhone out for the univerſal benefit of the world, but now is the ſource of his own domeſtic happineſs: it was once a ſtream, which nouriſhed the roots of virtue and knowledge in the public ſcenes of life, and is now a fountain ſpringing with continual ſatisfaction in his own boſom.

This is the kind of RETIREMENT, which the virtuous ſhould wiſh for, which God allows, and which, it is conſiſtent with the duties we owe to ſociety, to enjoy. But it

is not to be found in the cloiſters of monks, the peeviſh ſolitude of the diſcontented, in the melancholy of ſome tempers, or the idleneſs of others.

I am better pleas'd with thoſe primitive ſaints, who propagated the light of the goſpel by their dangerous and laborious pilgrimages into foreign parts, than with thoſe who ſequeſter'd themſelves from the world, and lived in caverns and foreſts on the draughts which the cool ſprings afforded them, and the fruits of the wilderneſs. The latter might be happier in themſelves, but the former were more beneficial to ſociety; and ſure it was a ſtronger inſtance of religious fortitude to encounter than to fly from temptations, to meet the fury of ignorance and heatheniſm, than to reſign pleaſures and enjoyments, which their religion convinced them were inſubſtantial, eluſive, and tranſitory.

It is a blameable baſhfulneſs that reſtrains us from exerciſing our genius for the uſe of the public, as it is a vainglorious folly that puſhes us on moving machines beyond our ſtrength to manage; and I am of opinion, that, in fact, there is no one good quality more miſtaken than this of modeſty. Bluſhes are by no means certain marks of of this virtue: they often, it is true, attend where ſhe reſides, and, as often, we find them ſpreading their deluſive crimſon over the countenance, when the heart is inſenſible of ſhame. I take this perfection to be rather the effect of a freedom from guilt, than a confidence in ſuperior merit: and if this be its nature, why ſhould it be aſhamed to appear? Why ſhould it ſeek to hide itſelf in corners, if it ſhine true upon the touchſtone?

I am apt to believe, that half the hermits of old time had rather vicious than pious motives for their RETIREMENT; one perhaps was fond of idleneſs, another weary of, another diſſatisfied with the world, and by complying with the bias of their tempers, they imagined they had performed mighty works of ſupererogation.

To

To conclude, if we are virtuous, let our virtues benefit the world by their influence; let them participate the nature of the divine being from whence they proceed. And if we retire, let it be to avoid popular applauſe, and to enjoy the ſatisfaction ariſing from our own integrity; let it be into a ſhade of laurel, and not into a bed of roſes; let us live as we ſhould do, and we ſhall always be ſure of one RETIREMENT, which neither public commotions, nor private misfortunes can invade; and that is,—in our own boſoms, where we ſhall meet with that calm ſerenity, ſelf-approbation, and rectitude of thinking, which only can render life ſupportable, againſt the vices of mankind, the aſſaults of paſſion, and the frowns of fortune.

ESSAY VIII.

—— *Quibus in mediis ſic deinde locutus,*
Accipite hæc animis, lætaſque advertite mentes.

VIRGIL.

HAving promis'd a concluſion of the lady's advice to a ſtudent at the univerſity, I here perform that promiſe; and deſire every young gentleman's particular attention, as the time is come in which they may put the precepts of it in practice.

"As ſoon as your ſummer-vacation is begun, I would adviſe you to take a jaunt immediately to town; a poſt-chaiſe is the ſpeedieſt conveyance you can have, and is, beſides, a very convenient vehicle to ſleep in; put yourſelf into one on a *Saturday* night about twelve, by which means you will eſcape the dull oratory at St. *Mary*'s, and yet be time enough to admire *Henley*'s. I do ſuppoſe you have a horſe to attend *Newmarket* and other races, but don't hack him out by your *London* journies; he is ſafe enough under the care of the jockey who help'd you to him. As ſoon as you

you arrive in town, procure a dreſs quite in taſte, which you may diſpoſe of for half the coſt before your return, for it is not the part of a prudent perſon to let his money lie by uſeleſs.

If you have any relations in town, it would be proper to take lodgings as far from them as may be; for you will have too much good-nature to give them uneaſineſs; and, from the prejudice of education, they may not be pleas'd with your politer notions. In the mornings, if you are high-bred enough, you are to go to *White*'s, where whiſt may engage you till the maſquerade, ridotto, or ſome other polite amuſement calls you away; or, if the play-houſes are not ſhut up, you may ſee an act or two at both theatres, to qualify you for a judge of the performers at both houſes, but never go without a cat-call. In ſhort, I would adviſe you to be acquainted with every faſhionable diverſion, which, at the ſame time that they eaſe your pocket, will treaſure up for you a ſtore of ſenſible reflections when you may have outliv'd your fortune and cannot purchaſe them; and what a happineſs this is, I appeal to all wiſe folks, who agree, that that life is ill-ſpent which cannot afford ſenſible reflections at the concluſion of it.

When you are in the country, ſhew your talents by being the mouth of every company you enter; argue and diſpute inceſſantly to let them ſee you have not been at the Univerſity for nothing. Treaſure up in your memory all the abſurd ſtories you have either read or heard; and relate them as the acts and ſayings of a north-country lad of your college. If you dine with his worſhip and the ladies, you have a fine opportunity of diſplaying your learning, by repeating ſome lines of GREY's *Memoria Technica*, which you may tell the ladies are ſome of the fineſt in the Iliad; for nothing ſounds grander than the Greek language. You may employ your mornings in hunting with the young ſquire; at noon, propoſing queſtions to the butler, which muſt be ſuch as he can't ſolve, otherwiſe you'll loſe the repu-

reputation you had before ſo ingeniouſly acquired. You muſt not forget to make love to the ladies, for your own amuſement, but with no further view; for I muſt adviſe you to keep (or at leaſt pretend ſo) your heart to your taylor's or barber's daughter, whilſt you ſtay in the Univerſity; by this means you will gain time, (which all ſages antient and modern eſteem precious) and if they ſhould be preſſing for their money, you will gain —— their bills beſides, which, upon occaſion, may be pull'd out of your pocket book, and kiſs'd before the young fellows of your acquaintance, with an ——— *ah! poor fool, I pity her!* I warn you not to be too forward before the rector, a grave behaviour before him will induce him to recommend you to his worſhip's notice, as a modeſt ſcholar; but, to ingratiate yourſelf with the young ſquire, be ſure to take more pains to be a good markſman, than to hit off a line in *Hebrew*; be more converſant with his huntſman and grooms than with the claſſics; drop W———N's *theory* and keep to his *practice*; and you'll find your account in all this, by being ſometimes honoured with the loweſt place at his worſhip's or honour's table, and permitted not only to divert the facetious ſquire, but his whole retinue, from your friend the butler to the whipper-in.

By conſtant perſeverance in this laudable courſe, if you ſhould eſcape being glorioufly expell'd, (for we live in an age where every body's deſerts are not properly rewarded, and your's poſſibly may be over-look'd;) if that ſhould the caſe, you may probably obtain ſome curacy in a remote corner of the nation, where, for want of ſprightly companions of your own turn, you may enter into ſuch an intimacy with the bottle, as will procure you reſt from all the perturbations of this world———and ſo farewell."

Thus far our pretty (I can aſſure my readers ſhe is pretty) and ingenious monitreſs; were I to ſay any thing after Her, my caſe would be that of the tireſom actor, in a beautiful ſimile of SHAKESPEARE'S.

As,

As, in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor quits the ſtage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious.

I will only therefore conclude with Mr. GAY's epilogue to his *What-d'ye-call-it*, and leave every reader to make his own comments.

Our paper has a moral, and no doubt
Ye all have ſenſe enough to find it out.

Some Remarks upon CICERO's EPISTLE *to* LUCCEIUS.

CICERO, on account of this epiſtle, has long laboured under the cenſure of arrogance and ſelf-conceit: nor has this only been univerſally allow'd by men of the greateſt abilities, but even by his warmeſt advocates and moſt profeſs'd admirers: it will therefore be no eaſy taſk to remove this imputation.

Upon a juſt review of the whole, I cannot perceive any thing ſo heinous, ſo extravagantly inſolent in this epiſtle, as is generally repreſented; nor indeed any thing beyond what is common with all eminent men, in whatſoever ſtations or degrees of life. For, diveſting ourſelves of all prejudice, let us conſider every ſentence in the plain and obvious meaning; the neglect of which may, perhaps, be one great, if not the genuine cauſe, of its ſo long labouring under this malignant cenſure. It is not to be denied, but that this epiſtle throughout the whole carries with it a great ſhew of ſelf-confidence: this is eaſy to be perceiv'd from the firſt-ſetting out: with this prejudice we read it, ſtrain every ſentence, and impoſe the moſt ill-natur'd meaning upon every expreſſion. But to grant that

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it ſavours of the φιλοτιμια (as ſure this is the worſt that can be imputed to it) was this ſo blameable? was it not univerſally applauded? was CICERO alone inſtigated with ſuch a predominant love of fame? or was it not common to all who excell'd in the ſword, in the pen, or in civil adminiſtration? If ſo, why is CICERO to be cenſured, who ſo eminently diſtinguiſh'd himſelf in both the latter? what would not ALEXANDER have given for a HOMER? what reward did the moſt illuſtrious generals requeſt, for undergoing the greateſt dangers, and performing the moſt aſtoniſhing exploits, but to have their fame tranſmitted to poſterity by a brazen ſtatue? HORACE cannot forbear breaking out into the greateſt extaſy at the pleaſing thoughts of his ſemi-immortality. CÆSAR, as CICERO hints in this very epiſtle, was ſo much afraid of having the memory of his actions ſunk in oblivion, that he did not heſitate to write a hiſtory of them himſelf. And why CICERO ſhould be ſo grievouſly cenſured for this thirſt of fame, I cannot deviſe.

But a much ſtronger argument remains to be alledg'd in favour of CICERO: let us conſider the circumſtances of this war; how much CICERO was concerned in it; what prudence, policy, and equity attended his whole adminiſtration; and then aſk the moſt modeſt of his accuſers, whether, had he been in CICERO's ſituation, he would not have had CICERO's inclinations. Nor was this all: CICERO had ſtill ſtronger reaſons, more weighty and ſignificant grounds for this bold requeſt. It is to be conſider'd, the oppoſite party had at that time compleated their conqueſts, and were fully eſtabliſh'd in poſſeſſion of every thing; POMPEY, to whom CICERO had ſo ſtrongly attached himſelf, was now no more; nor in ſhort was there any one left, able to oppoſe CÆSAR's progreſs. CICERO conſider'd all theſe circumſtances; and that ſo remarkable a war, as this late one had prov'd, would moſt probably induce ſeveral to treat of it, and eſpecially thoſe of the pre-

vailing faction; ſo that his actions, eclipſed and blended by the unſkilfulneſs of ſome, and the malignity of others, inſtead of rendering him the object of praiſe and admiration to all ſucceeding ages, by a plain and impartial recital of his laudable adminiſtration, would, by miſrepreſenting his actions, ſacrifice him to the fury, hatred, and contempt of all poſterity. The conſequence then of theſe conſiderations prompted him to write the above epiſtle to his friend LUCCEIUS, who, it ſeems, had ſome intentions of compoſing an hiſtory of his own times; being reaſonably deſirous of having his tranſactions treated of by an eminent pen, by one who was together with himſelf a ſtrenuous champion, and profeſſed defender of the rights and liberty of his country; and who would therefore aſſuredly repreſent his tranſactions in as fair and advantageous a light as was poſſible. Wherefore, if we read the epiſtle with theſe conſiderations, we ſhall have very little reaſon to accuſe CICERO of unbounded "arrogance and ſelf-conceit."

C. C. C.

Character of MILLARIO,

In a Letter to Lord ———

I AM juſt return'd to *Oxford*, from a viſit I paid to MILLARIO. You are acquainted with the moſt valuable part of his character, his piety, his integrity, and and conjugal affection; but there are ſome particulars in his conduct that may have eſcaped your Lordſhip's obſervation:—You know I love to draw mental portraits, and therefore will not think me ſtraying from my ſubject, while I endeavour to preſent you with mith my idea of his commendable ſingularity.

MILLA-

MILLARIO is married, has ſeveral ſervants, entertains his friends, relieves the poor, and pays every one their due upon demand: his revenue is ſmall, and yet he makes a greater figure than ſeveral men of generous diſpoſitions and even tolerable œconomy with twice his fortune. He digs apartments out of ſolid rocks, converts marſhes into beautiful and uſeful pieces of water; he raiſes ſummer-houſes, furniſhes his library with the moſt valuable authors, and ſpreads his hoſpitable board without injuring his family: Frugality ſeems to have diſcloſed her moſt intricate paths to his view, and yet removed him to as great a diſtance from avarice as prodigality. He never is at an expence that is wanton and needleſs, and by that means never need to ſpare one that is neceſſary to his extenſive virtue, or his agreeable deſigns. He *forms* his plan for the gratification of either, before he enters on the execution; he computes the expence, retrenches ſuperfluities, and circumvents the ſly inſinuations of artificers before they are applied. 'Tis with this cautious circumſpection he lays down the theory of his attempts; and he is full as prudent in the practical part. He was indeed the other day a little miſtaken in his calculation; he reckoned that a deſigned alteration in an apartment on his ground-floor would coſt him forty ſhillings; none of his acquaintance imagined the expence would be leſs than three pounds; and the whole was executed for ſixteen ſhillings. In his gardens, the weeds, the ſuperfluous graſs, the bruſh-wood, are converted into ſtatues, parterres, and fountains; at his table, the waſte of extravagance is reform'd into delicacy of proviſion; and in his library, BURGERSDICIUS, SHADWELL, dull commentators, and heavy poets, erroneous ſchoolmen, and gueſſing philoſophers, are exchanged for ſound divines, uſeful ſyſtems, correct claſſics, and bards truly ſublime and entertaining.

He can extract happineſs from every individual around him: he is pleas'd with the ſucceſsful opening of a tulip;

and 'tis a kind of luxury to him to ſee a fountain play freely, whoſe waters he himſelf taught to riſe. He conſiders every fair day that he can walk out among his improvements, as an acquiſition of good fortune; and with the ſame even temper, which collects all the ſcattered advantages of life into a ſyſtem of happineſs, he can diſperſe all diſagreeable circumſtances, and reduce them into trifles by dividing their forces. A friend of mine ſaid lately, that the happineſs of MILLARIO was the moſt circumſtantial, and yet the moſt compleat he had ever obſerved. Like EPICURUS's world, his ſatisfaction is rais'd into a beautiful univerſe of delight and harmony by the happy conjunction of agreeing atoms: the leaves of flowers, the drops of rain, the rays of light, the bloom of fruits, and the lowing of cattle, contribute their united force to eſtabliſh his felicity.

An Account ſeveral PUBLIC BUILDINGS *in* OXFORD, *never before deſcribed.*

Oxford, July 3, 1751.

IT has been obſerv'd within theſe few years, a great concourſe have flock'd every ſummer to *ſee* OXFORD, as they call it. This we may ſuppoſe partly owing to the late increaſe of PUBLIC BUILDINGS in this place, ſuch as the RADCLIFFE LIBRARY, the TEMPLE of HARMONY, vulgarly call'd the MUSIC ROOM, &c. and indeed they are now ſo far multiplied, that it is no eaſy matter to comprehend them all in one viſit.

To remedy this evil, and to render the confuſion leſs complex, a ſtranger (to uſe the phraſeology of a very eminent preface-maker) is *no ſooner* here, than he *finds*, in every *place of note*, ſome account of its *curioſities*. That is, ſeveral *Foreigner's Guides*, *Preſent States of Oxford*, *Gentleman*

Gentleman and Lady's Pocket Companions, and the like, are immediately obtruded on him, as infallible clues to his curioſity thro' this labyrinth of raree-ſhows. But as they are all of them extremely deficient, I ſhall endeavour (by way of ſupplement) to give a brief deſcription of thoſe *colleges*, *halls*, *libraries*, *ſchools*, *public buildings*, &c. which have eſcap'd the notice of SALMON, POINTER, DANIEL PRINCE, and other accurate topographers.

It is well known, that before *colleges* were eſtabliſh'd, our members were ſcattered about and lodg'd at private houſes; at length, places were ſet apart for their reception, and dignified by the names of *hoſpitia*, or *halls*, or (in the modern dialect) *inns* or *tippling-houſes*. We muſt not therefore be ſurpriz'd to find ſeveral remaining, which retain their antient occupation, not only in the body but in the ſkirts of the town; ſuch as *Fox-hall*, *Lemon-hall*, *Feather-hall*, *Stump-hall*, *Cabbage-hall*, *Caterpillar-hall*, &c. &c. &c. But there is one that deſerves particular notice, ſituated N. N. E. a little way out of town, known by the name of *Kidney-hall*; which has long been a very noted *ſeminary*.

The public *ſchools* of the Univerſity are, we know, all of them inſcrib'd with the proper titles of the ſciences which are taught in them, as *Schola Metaphyſicæ*, *Logicæ*, &c. But there is one *ſchool* much frequented by the ſtudious, yet never hitherto mentioned. This is inſcribed to *The Tippling Philoſopher*; and what is often objected to other doctrines, cannot be advanc'd againſt the principles profeſs'd in this, to wit, the *dryneſs* of them, as the tenet they chiefly maintain teaches us, that *humidity is the principle of life*.

In the univerſity there are ſeveral *libraries* (beſides thoſe of RADCLIFFE, BODLEY, and of private *colleges*) which were inſtituted to remedy the great neglect of reading ſo prevalent amongſt us, as well as for the benefit of thoſe gownſmen who are incapable of reading *Greek* or *Latin*,

and

and alſo to promote that moſt edifying practice of *lowng-ing*. For as, according to the old maxim of PLINY, *mallem nihil agere quàm agere nihil*, i. e. I had rather do nothing than have nothing to do; ſo is it better ſurely to read books of no uſe at all, than to read no books at all. Therefore, theſe *libraries*, to render them the more univerſal, are conjoin'd with the ſeveral *coffee-houſes*: but the moſt remarkable is that lately erected near *New-College*, which, from the matter it contains, has obtain'd the appellation of ΠΑΜΦΑΕΤΙΚΟΝ. The number of *books*, which, for a very plain reaſon are entirely *Engliſh*, ſtill daily encreaſe. But for further particulars we muſt refer the curious to its original founder and preſent librarian, the *great* Profeſſor JOHNSON.

It ſeems to be an univerſal maxim for the *ſtudents* in theſe *libraries* to keep a profound ſilence. At one of them in particular, near *St. Mary's*, is a place purpoſely ſet apart for thoſe of a ſuperior degree, who have ſenſe enough to hold their tongues. This is call'd the *Temple of Silence*. The diſciples are directly oppoſite to thoſe of PYTHAGORAS: for, inſtead of being ſilent for the firſt ſeven years from their coming to the Univerſity, they are allow'd to talk a great deal of nothing for that time, but ever after never to open their lips.

And here I might take notice of the ſeveral *gymnaſtica* conſtructed for the exerciſe of our youth, and a relaxation from their ſeverer ſtudies. But theſe are not ſo much frequented as formerly, eſpecially in the ſummer: our ingenious gownſmen having found out ſeveral *ſports* which conduce to the ſame end, ſuch as *battledore and ſhuttlecock*, *ſwinging on the rope*, &c. in their own apartments; or in the fields, *leap-frog*, *tag*, *hop ſtep-and-jump*, and among the reſt *ſkittles*; which laſt is a truly *academical* exerciſe as it is founded on arithmetical and geometrical principles.

Theſe are all the PUBLIC BUILDINGS, hitherto not deſcribed; to the ſight of which we refer the curious ſtranger for

for particulars. There are a few other things worth his notice; ſuch as is that tremendous cruci-form image, with three rotund bores on the head-board, in the *Cornmarket*; and alſo that oblong one, with two rotund bores, adjunct to *Carfax*; both which are ſet up *in terrorem*, and where offenders (as the ſtatute for that purpoſe directs) *manibus pedibuſque plectuntur*.

Near to theſe was another thing worth notice, often mentioned with honour in our ſtatutes by the familiar name of *pennyleſs bench*. This, we are told by hiſtory and tradition, was often reſorted to; and as it is much conſolation to have companions in our misfortunes, it muſt have been no ſmall relief to the *benchers* to find others ſitting there as *pennyleſs* as themſelves. *Neceſſity* is the mother of *invention*, and we know not what bright thoughts this *bench* may have inſpired: to this, it is certain, we owe the *Splendid Shilling*:—yet alas! the *Gothic* barbarity of the age has now utterly deſtroy'd it!

But the greateſt curioſity which the Univerſity can boaſt (far more eſtimable than the *Arundel marbles*) is an *antique tetragonal column*, erected at the weſt end of the *High-ſtreet*, nearly oppoſite to an antient *Gothic* building call'd, *The old black Pot-houſe*. This *column* ſtill retains on the top two diſtinct figures, faces, or head-pieces; and at preſent ſerves to ſupply the neighbours with water, by means of an engine artfully enclos'd in it; from whence it has got the vulgar appellation of *two-fac'd pump*. Various are the conjectures of the learned concerning this precious piece of antiquity: B——NE W—LL—s affirms it to be a true, genuine, compleat *Roman* PRIAPUS, but that the members are impaired *vitio temporis*: others are of opinion, that it is a ſtatue of JANUS, on account of its *double front*: but the moſt reaſonable conjecture ſeems to be that of the ingenious *author of the* MALLARD, who has diſcover'd that this *column* is a juſt *matrimonial emblem*; it plainly exhibiting the two faces of a *man* and *woman*,

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but of a very *ſour aſpect*, and *reverted from each other*. This, he imagines, is coæval with the Univerſity, and was ſet up as a *memento* to the gownſmen, recommending *celibacy* and a *monaſtic* life.

Before I conclude, it is proper to mention a propoſal handed about for adding another edifice to *Oxford*, which is deſigned as an *hoſpital for decay'd fellows of colleges*, and other *uſeleſs* members of this Univerſity. The building is to be extremely ſpacious, and the vacancies from time to time to be ſupply'd from each college in rotation. I can ſay nothing more of this uſeful and extenſive deſign, but that the following inſcription is intended to be ſet up in large characters over the entrance.

HIC MUTUM PECUS, ET FRUGES CONSUMERE NATI.

Thus have I briefly ſketch'd out a *ſupplementary account* to the *accounts* already given of this famous Univerſity: but the public are deſired to ſuſpend their further judgment, till they ſee a compleat and regular graphical deſcription of what I have above ſlightly touch'd on; a book being already in the preſs for that purpoſe, to which I intend to ſubjoin the plans and elevations of theſe ſeveral edifices, &c. beautifully cut in wood by the moſt eminent hands.—Till then,——

Dear Reader,

I am your very humble ſervant,

 POINTER JUNIOR.

To the STUDENT.

THE following eſſay is a ſupplement to what the learned author of the *Originals* has advanc'd on *Animal Growth*, and offer'd to the public as a *Specimen* of ſome very conſiderable obſervations to be communicated occaſionally.

I am, &c.

RAMBAM.

ACHAL.

THIS root is of a very complicated nature, but may be eaſily analys'd by Mr. HUTCHINSON's Method. It is compounded of *aleph* the firſt letter in the holy language; denoting *the firſt in order, rank*, or *ſucceſſion*; *the primary act*, or *firſt exertion of natural powers*: and *col, all, every one*, the *whole of any kind* divided into its reſpective *ſpecies*——eating being the firſt, or primary act of all animals. Or the *aleph* here may be conſider'd as an *aleph* of the future in the firſt order, to expreſs an act tending to its effect *, and thus we find that the —— actual participation of food is the cauſe of the future growth of all animals. Or the root may be deriv'd from *aleph* taken in either of the above ſenſes; and *chail*,——*ſtrength, powers, abilities*, by only changing letters of the ſame organ †; and then food may be conſider'd—as the primary, as well as future foundation of the ſtrength, powers, and abilities of the whole animal creation. The ſame diſcoveries will be

* See Originals Phyſical and Theological, *paſſim*.

† See this author's learned Diſſertation at the end of Elihu, pag. 266. on the word *haram*.

made, if we conſider the root compounded of the *aleph* of the future, and *calal*†, to *finiſh part after part*, to *conſummate*, or *work out*, either upwards or downwards, for *completion* or *conſumption*, or *reſtriction*—ſince its in conſequence of food, that animals grow gradually, part after part, till they are conſummated, or arrive at their perfect ſize, bulk, ſtature; a due quantity of the aliment working out either upwards or downwards, as they increaſe or decreaſe, till at laſt they decay thro' reſtrictions and contractions. Hence it appears that *achal* in its original ſtate and *chalah* to be *ſick*, *weak*, or *infirm*, are cognate roots——exceſs of food or intemperance being the ſource of moſt diſorders; and from a right analyſation of theſe roots the whole doctrine of repletions may be deduced.—Again by conſidering the root *achal* as a derivative from *calah* with an *aleph* of the future, we may account for the ſeemingly contradictory meanings of this laſt root, which lexicographers have attempted unſucceſsfully. It ſignifies, ſays BUXTORF, to be *conſumed*, to *fail* or *decay*; and alſo to be *compleated*, *perfected* and *finiſh'd*. Now take its original ſignification to relate to food in general, and the difficulty ceaſes at once. For food, as all phyſicians agree, is as well the cauſe of our growth and increaſe, as of our decay and conſumption. And the caſe is the ſame with the different claſſes of animals. But one of the eaſieſt etymologies of this root is from the *aleph* of the future, and *chalal**, which our very learned author obſerves has four ſignifications. It ſignifies, ſays this judicious divine,—to *perforate* or *fiſtulate*; to *begin*; to *profane*; to *kill*; ſenſes ſo widely different, that, could they be reconciled by a compariſon with any ſingle root, there would be no room to doubt of their primary relation and congruity. Now *achal* will do this: for the *beginnings* or firſt ſtamina in animals, are their tubes, pipes, or ducts

† Originals, vol. 1. pag. 244, & 245.
* Originals, vol. 1. pag. 230.

fiſtulated

fiſtulated, or hollowed, to circulate the blood and juices; whence the word for the *fiſtulating* or *making of tubes* became a root for beginnings in general, and conſequently for the beginning of life, or animal growth. Hence alſo the antients, who were well acquainted with the method of inveſtigating the ſimple roots of compound words, took the hint of introducing muſic at the times of eating; and thus the cuſtom of ſinging and dancing to the tabor and pipe (which this writer obſerves are fiſtulated or hollow inſtruments) prevail'd for ſeveral ages at the times of entertainment. Inflam'd paſſions were the conſequence of theſe revels; whence exceſs, contention, broils, and other *profanations* of ſocial feaſts: and at laſt, as the world grew more and more wicked, *murder* and ſhedding of blood, exemplified amongſt the *Thracians*. But there is a derivation ſtill behind, ſufficient of itſelf to eſtabliſh this method of analyſation, as it illuſtrates a curious remark of Mr. RAY relating to animal food, which was never yet conſider'd on right principles; for as my author obſerves of *Avenarius*‡, tho' he ſaid by chance, in a manner the ſame things we do, yet as he had no ſkill in ſacred philoſophy, or any thoughts about inveſtigating the ſimple roots of compounded words, his remarks are of no value. The caſe mention'd by Mr. RAY is as follows. Seeing it would be for many reaſons incovenient for birds to give ſuck, and yet no leſs inconvenient, if not deſtructive to the chicken, upon excluſion, all of a ſudden to make ſo great a change in its diet, as to paſs from liquid to dry food, before the ſtomach be gradually conſolidated, and its tender and pappy fleſh fitted to be nouriſhed by ſuch ſtrong and ſolid diet; therefore nature hath provided a large yolk in every egg, a great part whereof remaineth after the chicken is hatched, and is taken up and *incloſed* in its *belly*, and ſerves

‡ Originals, vol. 1. pag. 211, near the bottom.
‖ See Ray's Wiſdom of God, &c. pag. 135, 4th edit.

it inſtead of milk to nouriſh the chick for a conſiderable time. Now this appointment of the great Author of nature is clearly revealed, and well underſtood by the true analyſer, however naturaliſts may value themſelves on the diſcovery. For conſidering the root *achal*, compounded with an *aleph* of the future as before, and *chala* § to *ſhut up* a thing in its place, to *incloſe*, or *contain*, we are led to the diſcovery at once: the original ideas demonſtrating, that the primary nouriſhment of ſome creatures was not to be collected *ab extra*; but is actually *inclos'd*, *contain'd*, and *ſhut up* in them as a *thing in its place*. In this manner our great author has *prov'd* moſt of the articles of the Chriſtian Faith with a view towards deſtroying deiſm and infidelity. In all his writings diſplaying an aſtoniſhing ſtock of knowledge of every ſort and every kind; but eſpecially in what relates to *Coſmogonies*, *Theogonies*, and *Ethnic whims*. And I think he could not fail of ſucceſs in this important undertaking, or deiſm ſtand its ground long, had we an eaſy method of analyſing *Greek*. For there are ſome bad books in that language relating to coſmogonies, and amongſt them a little piece of OCELLUS LUCANUS, recommended by the ſhameful author of the Oracles of Reaſon, and almoſt in every learned deiſt's hands. But were we acquainted with the true method of analyſing *Greek* roots, I dare ſay there is ſufficient internal evidence in this heatheniſh treatiſe to deſtroy its credit. I could therefore wiſh, our learned author would undertake this work, or at leaſt recommend it to ſome young analyſers, who are fond of writing. For beſides promoting the true intereſt of religion, as much as they are likely to do any other way, they would have leſs time to inſult our real worthies; and that impotent zeal, which a regard to decency and a conſideration of their own abilities ought to reſtrain, would be ſpent inoffenſively at leaſt——which is the beſt that can be expected from it.

§ Originals, vol. 1, pag. 210.

A RHAPSODIC VISION.

Mr. STUDENT,

I'M a giddy young girl, and, as you will gueſs, very fond of flights. My wings were hardly fledg'd before I began to flutter; and I am now ſo well plum'd, that I am almoſt always on the wing, and am ſeldom to be ſeen but between heaven and earth. I know you are fond of flights yourſelf, or elſe you would not be ſo admir'd by the ladies or the wits at *George*'s; and therefore I ſhall communicate one, which I take to be the higheſt that ever mortal wight arriv'd to. It was the laſt and moſt extravagant of all flights, the poetic, and that greatly ſublimify'd by dream.

In the midſt of MILTON's *Pandæmonium*, thinking myſelf in *Ranelagh*, I fell into a profound ſleep; and inſtantly, methought, a winged palfry, much reſembling the *Pegaſus* of the antients, appear'd before me. I could rather have wiſhed a pair of them to my chariot, that I might have taken the grand tour with APOLLO, or at leaſt have made a viſit to *Olympus*; and I felt a conſiderable uneaſineſs, when I found by his furniture he had not been us'd to female riders. However, reſolv'd not to loſe ſo precious an opportunity, I threw myſelf aſtride my celeſtial pad, and ere I had well graſp'd the reins, I found myſelf out of the limits of the *orbis magnus*; and ſhould certainly have forgot all earthly things, had not the galaxy brought to my mind the opera-houſe in the *Hay-market*, SATURN's ring the riband of lord LITTLEWIT, the horns of VENUS the diamond creſcent of lady VERMILLION, and JUPITER's belts JACK BUGLE the fox-hunter.

I was now about entering into the vacuous regions of fancy, quite out of the attraction of groſs matter. Here I was born away with ſuch an enthuſiaſtic rapidity, that thought ſicken'd in the purſuit, and reaſon grew delirious, unable

unable to endure the ſtupendous volatility. The fixt ſtars diſappear'd beneath me; time and place ſunk to their dull orbs; the ſhore of nature vaniſh'd, and I immerg'd into an ocean more aſtoniſhing than chaos, and more profound than the abyſs.——I immediately quitted theſe realms of *nothing*, where I found my ſteed often travell'd, and deſcended again towards the ſcene of life and activity. I ſoon reach'd the confines of creation, where ten thouſand celeſtial lamps illumin'd my way to the ſolar ſyſtem; which I had no ſooner enter'd, then I diſcover'd this opaque manſion of mortal men. Here methought I hover'd awhile, to take a more diſtinct view of the mighty ſcene of folly and confuſion.

The bright ſummit of heaven-proping *Olympus* appear'd next in view. I expected inſtantly the full aſſembly of the gods to raviſh my ſight; to ſee the cloud-compelling ſire ſnatch an ambroſial kiſs from the *Cyprian* goddeſs; or VULCAN hobble over the ethereal pavement with a golden goblet in his hand; or at leaſt to have been tranſported with a ſolo from APOLLO's harp;—but to my infinite ſurprize and diſappointment I found this renown'd ſeat of antient Gods, like thoſe of many modern ones, quite abandon'd: the ever-blooming groves and delightful bowers were cut down, the nectareous ſtreams run dry, the cooling ſhades vaniſh'd, and the flower-enamel'd lawns burnt up.

Mortify'd beyond meaſure with ſuch a ſhocking reverſe of my eager expectations, I gave the reins to *Pegaſus*, who with great rapidity bore me away towards his native paſture. The ſeat of the *Muſes* was the only curioſity now worth my attention; and a jargon of undiſtinguiſhable ſounds conducted me within its view. Large and ſteep were theſe cloud-coif'd hills, where reſided the *Pierian* nymphs, who upon a nearer approach became quite familiar to my ſight. They were rural, unadorn'd virgins, and not a riband or a petenlair were to be ſeen among them: their nut-brown locks flow'd with a charming

ing negligence over unkerchief'd necks: ſmiles of innocence and pleaſure dwelt on every face: a light veſtment of azure hue, fan'd by ethereal breezes, wantonly embrac'd and twin'd about their ſnowy limbs. All had the face of health and eaſe, for all were employ'd: one was juſt aſcended from *Hippocrene* with a pitcher of water; another was preparing a meſs of caudle for a bard juſt deliver'd of a *Water-Nymph*; a third was combing her hair, that ſhe might be ready to receive the addreſſes of Mr. LUN; a fourth ſeem'd engag'd in a very amorous dalliance with a young fellow, whoſe face I remember'd to have ſeen in a *Country Church-yard*; another was ſtarching the beard of SHAKESPEARE and the band of SWIFT;—and what pleas'd me moſt of all, was to ſee one of thoſe amiable nymphs binding a wreath round the temples of Mrs. LEAPOR, who ſeem'd more like a tenth Muſe than the neglected MIRA of *Brackley*.

Having thus ſurveyed the daughters of JOVE, I turn'd my eyes towards the ſons of APOLLO. Five or ſix venerable forms, clad in different attire, ſoon drew my attention. They had an infinite deal of fire and ſweetneſs in their aſpect; and when they ſpoke, enchanting ſtrains of muſic ſpread thro' the neighbouring hills. Two of ſuperior majeſty above the reſt, wrapt in darkneſs and ſilence, ſat muſing ineffable things: profound tranquillity ſooth'd their divine features: they bemoan'd not the loſs of ſight, for they had a proſpect within more boundleſs than the creation, and more various than the works of nature.

As I deſcended lower, the inhabitants of thoſe ſtupendous hills ſeem'd almoſt infinite in number, but alas! how degenerated in form! The air became thick and heavy; a confus'd murmur of diſcordant ſounds ruſh'd at once into my ears; when immediately I diſcover'd a vaſt crowd of meager wretches, who, ſtung by envy and ambition, were climbing up the ſteep aſcent: poverty and wretchedneſs hung on their backs, while hunger and deſpair ſat aghaſt

aghaſt in their faces: they all proudly meditated the higheſt eminence, but unhappily, either thro' the ſteepneſs or ſlipperineſs of the hill, very few aſcended half its height; every one ſtrove to trip up his neighbour's heels; and as often as any one fell to the bottom, aroſe a general hiſs, which was more or leſs loud in proportion to the height of the fall. 'Twas diverting to behold ſo many tormentors, heaving their heavy genius up the hill; which, like the ſtone of SISYPHUS, recoil'd upon them, and bore them headlong down into the gulph of oblivion. Thoſe who eſcaped this moſt dreadful doom, were expoſed to the devouring jaws of critics, who, like ſharks, ſwallow'd ſhoals of this *Grub-ſtreet* fry.

Sick of the noiſe and ſtench of this babbling crew, I was about to retire, when a thick fog, rolling from off the ſurface of the ground near the foot of a hill, diſcover'd the chaotic abyſs of the Bathos. Amaz'd at the dark unfathomable womb, and dizzy with the exhalations that iſſu'd from it, oh dire miſchance! I fell with incredible velocity to the very brink of that deteſtable cavern. Stunn'd with the fall, awhile methought I lay inſenſible of my diſgrace; but at length recovering a little, I found my ſelf groveling amidſt the dirty hovels of DURFY, BLACKMORE, DENNIS, &c. with the whole tribe of *Magazine*-authors, and many other ſuch profound and deep ſpirits of ancient and modern times. In the midſt of theſe gloomy manſions lies this yawning unrefunding gulf, into which thouſands daily plunge, like croaking frogs into a muddy pond. They leave behind them a frothy kind of matter, which iſſues from their mouths, and floats like ſpawn on the green-mantled ſurface: from hence the race is propagated by the genial rays of all-quickening PHOEBUS, who darts his warmeſt beams on this favourite ſpot, next to ſacred *Delos*, famous for the birth of fiddlers, bards, and quacks.

FLIRTILLA.

Conclusion of the LETTERS *On the* Reality *of* RELIGION.

THE reader by this time, I doubt not, perceives that by a Church, I would be underſtood to mean a number of men, combin'd into a body from the view of tendering a more grateful acceptable ſervice to the univerſal parent; publicly owning their origination from, and with with all humility profeſſing their continual dependence on him, by the joint exerciſe of certain appropriated acts of homage and worſhip; and who have ſtated times, places, and properly commiſſion'd perſons, for the decent and orderly performance of ſo great and ſolemn a duty.

God uſually ſpeaks by the tendencies of things, and his will, as a rule of action, is only to be collected from them, except in caſes, where for a fuller and more explicit manifeſtation of himſelf, and in order to bring about ſome intereſting beneficent end, he is pleaſed to ſignify his pleaſure in a manner above and beyond what the ordinary courſe of things ſuggeſts. And if the fountain of wiſdom, and author of all excellence, generally unfolds and communicates his purpoſes this way, it is plain, that public worſhip co-operating with, and being ſo well fitted, as in fact it is, to further the gracious deſigns of providence, muſt be an object worthy his ſupreme regard. Each deviation or neglect will be guarded againſt by the moſt efficacious penalties; and men allur'd into a becoming uniform obſervance of this moſt benevolent inſtitution from the chearing ſoul-refreſhing proſpect of his approbation and acceptance. And every thing riſes up into a duty which rational creatures can diſcover to be agreeable to the Creator's will, and in their power to perform. A

Church therefore is confeſſedly of God's own creation and appointment. And, in this view, it can be no indifferent thing (whatever ſome may think) whether men be members of it or no, provided they frame their lives according to the rules of virtue and moral honeſty which religion teaches, and ever keep up in their minds affecting practical ſentiments of the relation they ſtand in to God, and of the duties which that relation evidently implies. And, I muſt acknowlege, I cannot ſee how he deſerves in any ſenſe the character of a good and pious man, that knowingly and wilfully acts in contradiction to one of God's ordinances. To make out this is a difficulty, I preſume, which cannot be got over. And this is an anſwer to the queſtion which has been ſo often aſk'd on this head, what obligation are men under to communicate in religious rites, offices, &c.? or where is the authority that can rightfully compell them to it? We have ſeen and declared what this authority is, and from whence it ariſes. Men are no more at liberty in ſuch a matter, than they are to kill, to rob, or commit any other immoral act. The ſum of the matter is this: God enjoins whatever makes for the happineſs of his creatures, and condemns, under pain of his high diſpleaſure, all ſuch things as obſtruct it, that is, whatever tends to their miſery. Whence our duty to purſue and avoid objects, actions, and events as they impede or promote one or the other. Divine authority is of infinitely greater force, and therefore infinitely more to be regarded, than all human authorities when added together. And obſtinately ſetting themſelves againſt and reſiſting it, muſt certainly be attended with ſeverer and much more terrible conſequences, as all ſuch contumacious oppugners will, to their amazement and horror, one day too certainly feel.

From what has been ſaid in the preceding letters, it appears, that the buſineſs of religion, or the reaſon why men publicly

publicly invocate the deity, is to procure his favour. But that the end he had in inſtituting religious worſhip was its neceſſary tendency to men's improvement in virtue or moral excellence, or becauſe it would neceſſarily, tho' gradually, terminate in raiſing the *human* into ſome ſort of conformity and reſemblance with the *divine* nature; that is, in time produce the benevolent principle, the ſame in kind with, tho' infinitely different as to degree from, what we ſuppoſe the deity to be influenced and determined by.

I ſhall conclude theſe letters with an obſervation as conſonant to truth, as it ſets forth the Creator's glory in the brighteſt and moſt amiable characters, *viz.* that nothing can evidence higher marks of wiſdom and goodneſs, than the not impoſing any particular obſervances or reſtraint upon his creatures, but what are connected with their happineſs; and ſhould ſo couple our duty and intereſt together, that one ſhall ariſe out of the other, or every thing become obligatory upon man in the degree it conduces to the improving and perfecting of his nature. Whence it appears,

That a Church, properly ſpeaking, was form'd not on our Maker's account, who being infinitely happy could neither be advantaged nor diſadvantaged by what we do or omit; but it was ordain'd for the ſake of man, as being the beſt means, under God, to engage them to or from all ſuch actions as their mutual happineſs, and the greater perfection of their beings, was, by his wiſe contrivance, made to depend on.

The reader wants not to be inform'd, that the force of the foregoing arguments in ſupport of religious worſhip depends wholly upon principles emaning from man's nature, and ever going along with it: Principles which are univerſal, as to their extent and duration; being neither confin'd to times nor places, but held of every individual of the ſpecies ſo long as any ſuch exiſts in the world. The ſame truth is abundantly confirm'd, and capable of

the juſteſt and moſt beautiful illuſtration from multitudes of *ſtriking* paſſages out of the books of the old and new teſtament; where the reaſonableneſs of the duty, and the motives for a ſtrict conſcientious obſervance of it, are clearly exhibited, moſt affectionately recommended, and authoritatively enforced.

R——*.

A new SYSTEM *of* CASTLE-BUILDING.

BOOK II. CHAP. III.

On the PROFOUND.

Written in the Room under the Cellar.

IN the ninth Chapter of the firſt Book of CASTLE-BUILDING you will find, gentle reader, an eſſay on the SUBLIME, written in the room above the garret; and now you are preſented with a treatiſe on the PROFOUND, written in the room under the cellar. Mr. CRITIC CATCHUP himſelf owns, there is a great *local* propriety in the afore-mentioned apartments, and has promiſed in ſome meaſure to patronize this chapter, becauſe I have given him a hint that there will be a little abuſe in it.

That there is as much merit in ſinking as there is in riſing, I ſhall in the firſt place take upon me to demonſtrate.——What is excellency in either poetry or proſe, but ſtriking out ſomething remote from the common road? And does not he deviate as much from the common road, who goes down into a well, as he that climbs up a ladder? If I deſcend to the *Nadir* of poetry, am not I as far off the ſurface as if I had aſcended to the *Zenith*?—Yea verily ——And I will take upon me to aſſert, that there is more merit in *ſinking* than there is in *riſing*, and that it is better

to

to be an inſtance of that *gravity* by which we all naturally tend to the center, than of that *levity* which prompts us to aſpire. COWLEY ſeems to have been of my opinion; for, deſpairing to get any degree of fame by the true elevated ſpirit of poetry, (of which, by the bye, he was as fully poſſeſs'd, as any man that ever wrote) he amuſes his readers with *low* conceits in almoſt every page, and when he is about to deſcribe ſome very great affair, he makes uſe of the moſt diminutive expreſſions.—Take one inſtance out of an hundred——*A deſcription of* GOLIAH's *ſword.*

A ſword ſo great, *that* it *was only* fit,
To cut off his great *head, that came with* it.

Two *profounder* lines than theſe, you will ſay, are not eaſily to be met with; and yet I can produce you a brace from a *deep* divine, that are as much *beneath* theſe, as a coal-mine is lower than a ſaw-pit.—Our reverend bard, in a copy of verſes on the death of the late Queen, after having run thro' the ſeven ſciences, the nine muſes, the three graces, and the four cardinal virtues, and complimented her deceaſed majeſty with every one of them, he finally propoſes her as an example for all good people to follow, in theſe moſt incomparable lines.

To be both great and good, is to be what?
Think what ſhe would have done, and then DO *thou* DO *that.*

This diſtich was ſo admired, that a very ingenious gentleman took the pains to tranſlate it into two Latin Hexameters; and, I think, he has pretty near come *down* to it.

Reſponde mihi, magnum eſſe, atque etiam eſſe bonum, eſt quid?
Illa quid efficeret, reputa — & FAC *ut* FACIAS *id.*

——Thus

——Thus far had I gone in my chapter on the *profound*, when I received the following letter from the gentlemen, who originally plann'd *The* STUDENT.

" To that prodigy of fun and figure, the univerſally ac-
" compliſhed CHIMÆRICUS CANTABRIGIENSIS, Eſq;

" SIR,

" We beg you'd accept our beſt thanks for the trouble " we have given you, and take this opportunity of letting " you know, our work was never intended to exceed two " volumes, the ſecond of which will be concluded with " APOLLO. ——We are ſorry, that you will not have an " opportunity of finiſhing your moſt extraordinary *New* " *Syſtem of* CASTLE-BUILDING; but perhaps it will be " conſider'd by poſterity in the light we now view ſome " old Gothic buildings, which appear to us the more beau- " tiful for being unfiniſh'd, and owe moſt of their gran- " deur to their ruins.

" Great Sir, we are

" Your moſt, &c.

" and moſt, &c.

" and moſt, &c."

You ſee by the contents of this letter, gentle reader, that for the preſent we muſt part; but, prithee, let us ſhake hands firſt; and if in any of theſe chapters I have given thee pleaſure, I wiſh thee joy of it; if I have offended thee, I beg thy pardon —— and ſo, gentlemen all, I take take the old comic claſſical leave of you with a ——

Vos valete & plaudite.

CHIMÆRICUS CANTABRIGIENSIS.

A FAREWELL *to the* PUBLIC.

HAving now compleated our ſecond volume, the period to which we originally intended to confine ourſelves, we think it incumbent on us to return our final thanks to the public for their reception of this work, and particularly to thoſe whoſe aſſiſtance has contributed to that reception. Whatever merit the labours, of thoſe particularly intereſted, and of our ingenious correſpondents, may appear to have, we flatter ourſelves, that ſome extraordinary applauſe is due to us for the many very curious originals, by the moſt eminent perſons deceas'd, which were never before printed, and are no where to be met with (except a few in ſome later *pyracies)* but in this collection.

In RELIGION, it is preſum'd, we have publiſh'd many things worth notice; eſpecially as we can boaſt the great names of Archbiſhop LAUD, Archbiſhop TILLOTSON, Biſhop FELL, Biſhop ATTERBURY, and others, of whoſe writings even the leaſt remains are of ineſtimable value. And here we cannot forbear mentioning *The Scheme for the relief of poor Clergymens Widows*, which by our means has ſo much engaged the public attention, and which is ſo pathetically enforced by the many private hiſtories occaſionally publiſh'd by us, and (we are ſorry to ſay) too well founded on truth. In juſtice alſo to our learned correſpondent, we beg leave to remind the reader of thoſe excellent *Letters in Defence*, and *on the Reality, of Religion*; which, when taken together, contain a compleat and unanſwerable train of arguments againſt infidels of all denominations.

In HISTORY, may be found ſeveral curious particulars, indiſputably atteſted, which were never before known, and ſerve to elucidate many dark and intricate points: ſuch as the *Anecdote concerning an eſcape of King* CHARLES II, by Mr. LOCKHART, the *Letters relating to the expulſion of*

Mr.

Mr. LOCKE, BAXTER's *Vindication of himſelf*, and (not to foreſtal our Index) many others; for ſeveral of which we own ourſelves indebted to the learned Dr. RAWLINSON. And we look upon the *Life of Dr.* CHEYNEL (written by a gentleman long known in the republic of letters) as worthy a particular attention.

In other branches of literature, we hope, nothing has been inſerted, but what is in ſome meaſure uſeful or entertaining. In PHYSICS particularly, the curious reader may meet with ſome experiments and obſervations, occaſionally ſent us by our learned correſpondents abroad.

Among our POETRY, it is preſumed, are a great number of pieces, ſcarcely to be equall'd, not to be ſurpaſs'd, by our preſent writers; if we may form a judgment from the known merit of thoſe gentlemen who have honour'd us with their aſſiſtance. To mention the names here of *living* authors would look too much like oſtentation perhaps:——but we cannot forbear congratulating ourſelves particularly on having procur'd ſo many original poems, never before printed, by ſome of our moſt celebrated poets *deceas'd*; among whom we conſider the compoſitions of Mr. PITT, (and of which we have procur'd a very large collection) as the principal ornaments of our work.

We cannot conclude without obſerving, that throughout the whole courſe of this undertaking we have ſtrictly adher'd to our original plan; in not inſerting any thing that has been printed before, or without the author's conſent (except in one or two inſtances where we could not poſſibly guard againſt miſtakes); in avoiding all political diſputes; and laſtly, in not having admitted one indecent or immoral ſentiment, which might now wiſh to blot.

The AUTHORS.

On the SUDDEN DEATH *of a* CLERGYMAN.

By Mr. CHRISTOPHER SMART.

—— *Nec te tua plurima, Pantheu,*
Labentem pietas, nec Apollinis infula texit. VIRG.

IF, like th' Orphean lyre, my ſong could charm,
And light to life the aſhes in the urn,
Fate of his iron dart I would diſarm,
Sudden as thy deceaſe ſhould'ſt thou return,
Recall'd with mandates of deſpotic ſounds,
And arbitrary grief, that will not hear of bounds.
But ah! ſuch wiſhes, artleſs Muſe, forbear;
'Tis impotence of frantic love,
Th' enthuſiaſtic flight of wild deſpair,
To hope the Thracian's magic pow'r to prove.
Alas! thy ſlender vein
Nor mighty is to move, nor forgetive to feign;
Impatient of a rein,
Thou canſt not in due bounds the ſtruggling meaſures keep,
— — But thou, alas! canſt weep——
Thou canſt——and o'er the melancholy bier
Canſt lend the ſad ſolemnity a tear.
Hail! to that wretched corſe, untenanted and cold,
And hail the peaceful ſhade, loos'd from its irkſome hold!
Now let me ſay thou'rt free,
For ſure thou paid'ſt a heavy tax for life,
While combating for thee,
Nature and mortality
Maintain'd a daily ſtrife.
High on a ſlender thread thy vital lamp was plac'd,
Upon the mountain's bleakeſt brow,

To give a nobler light ſuperior was it rais'd,
But more expos'd by eminence it blaz'd;
For not a whiſtling wind that blew,
Nor the drop-deſcending dew,
Nor a bat that idly flew,
But half extinguiſh'd its fair flame——but now
See—hear the ſtorms tempeſtuous ſweep—
Precipitate it falls—it falls—falls lifeleſs in the deep.
Ceaſe, ceaſe, ye weeping youth,
Sincerity's ſoft ſighs, and all the tears of truth.
And you his kindred throng, forbear
Marble memorials to prepare,
And ſculptur'd in your breaſts his buſto wear.
'Twas thus when Iſrael's legiſlator dy'd,
No fragile mortal honours were ſupply'd,
But even a grave denied.
Better than what the pencil's dawb can give,
Better than all that Phidias ever wrought,
Is this——that what he taught ſhall live,
And what he liv'd for ever ſhall be taught.

On the ART *of* PREACHING, *a* FRAGMENT.

In imitation of HORACE's ART of POETRY.

By the late Mr. CHRISTOPHER PITT.

—— *Pendent opera interrupta* ——

SHould ſome fam'd hand, in this fantaſtic age,
Draw RICH, as RICH appears upon the ſtage,
With all his poſtures, in one motley plan,
The God, the hound, the monkey and the man;
Here o'er his head high brandiſhing a leg,
And there juſt hatch'd, and breaking from his egg;

While

While monſter crowds on monſter thro' the piece,
Who could help laughing at a ſight like this?
Or as a drunkard's dream together brings
A court of coblers, and a mob of kings;
Such is a ſermon, where, confus'dly dark,
Join HOADLY, SHARP, SOUTH, SHERLOCK, WAKE, and CLARKE.
So eggs of different pariſhes will run
To batter, when you beat ſix yolks to one;
So ſix bright chymic liquors if you mix,
In one dark ſhadow vaniſh all the ſix.
This licence prieſts and painters ever had,
To run bold lengths, but never to run mad;
For theſe can't reconcile God's grace to ſin,
Nor thoſe paint tygers in an aſs's ſkin;
No common dauber in one piece would join
A fox and gooſe,—unleſs upon a ſign.
Some ſteal a page of ſenſe from TILLOTSON,
And then conclude divinely with their own;
Like oil on water mounts the prelate up,
His grace is always ſure to be at top;
That vein of mercury its beams will ſpread,
And ſhine more ſtrongly thro' a mine of lead.
With ſuch low arts your hearers never bilk,
For who can bear a fuſtian lin'd with ſilk?
Sooner than preach ſuch ſtuff, I'd walk the town,
Without my ſcarf in WHISTON's draggled gown;
Ply at the *Chapter* and at *Child*'s to read
For pence, and bury for a groat a head.
Some eaſy ſubject chuſe, within your power,
Or you will ne'er hold out for half an hour.
Still to your hearers all your ſermons ſort;
Who'd preach againſt corruption at the court?
Againſt church pow'r at viſitations bawl?
Or talk about damnation at *Whitehall*?

Harangue the horſe-guards on a cure of ſouls?
Condemn the quirks of chancery at the *Rolls?*
Or rail at hoods and organs at St. *Paul*'s?
Or be, like DAVID JONES, ſo indiſcreet,
To rave at uſurers in *Lombard-ſtreet?*

Begin with care, nor, like that curate vile,
Set out in this high prauncing ſtumbling ſtyle:
"Whoever with a piercing *eye* can *ſee*
"Thro' the *paſt* records of *futurity*"
All gape, no meaning:—the puft orator
Talks much, and ſays juſt nothing, for an hour.
Truth and the text he labours to diſplay,
Till both are quite interpreted away:
So frugal dames inſipid water pour,
Till green, bohea, or coffee are no more.
His arguments in giddy circles run
Still round and round, and end where they begun:
So the poor turnſpit, as the wheel runs round,
The more he gains, the more he loſes ground.
No parts diſtinct or general ſcheme we find,
But one wild ſhapeleſs monſter of the mind:
So when old bruin teems, her children fail
Of limbs, form, figure, features, head or tail;
Nay, tho' ſhe licks the ruins, all her cares
Scarce mend the lumps, and bring them but to bears.

Ye country vicars, when you preach in town
A turn at *Paul*'s, to pay your journey down,
If you would ſhun the ſneer of every prig,
Lay by the little band, and ruſty wig:
But yet be ſure, your proper language know,
Nor talk as born within the ſound of *Bow.*
Speak not the phraſe that *Drury-lane* affords,
Nor from *Change-alley* ſteal a cant of words.
Coachmen will criticiſe your ſtyle, nay further,
Porters will bring it in for wilful murther;

The

The dregs of the canaille will look aſkew
To hear the language of the town from you;
Nay, my lord may'r, with merriment poſſeſt,
Will break his nap, and laugh among the reſt,
And jog the aldermen to hear the jeſt.
* * * * *

The WISH.

Hoc erat in votis, &c.
HOR. Sat. 6. Book 6.

GIVE me, ye Gods, a calm retreat,
No ſplendid, yet a genteel ſeat,
Near *Twick'nam*'s velvet meads:
Let there be neither pomp nor ſtate,
The plague and torment of the great,
Yet all that pleaſure needs.

Elms grow behind on riſing ground,
Whoſe trunks, with honeyſuckles bound,
Sweet redolence may breath:
A verdant lawn in front deſcend,
Its ſides let orange groves defend,
And *Thames* its banks beneath.

To crown the ſcene let *Richmond* riſe,
Whoſe ſtately woods ſalute the ſkies,
Daring the winds and ſun: ——
View it, ambitious ſlaves of ſtate,
Who ſoar like ICARUS to your fate,
And riſe to be undone.

But

But mark, ye happier ſons of eaſe,
How at its foot in placid peace
The river glides below;
And, as it unmoleſted flows,
An emblem of that pleaſure ſhows,
Which only wiſe men know.

Give me ſome land well-ſtock'd for uſe,
With pulſe and fruits to ſerve my houſe,
Or treat a welcome gueſt:
No flow'rs I want, no prim parterres,
Which draw the thoughts from better cares,
And feed a childiſh taſte.

Bleſt with my wiſh in ſuch a ſeat,
Poſſeſt of health too and eſtate,
Can reaſon aſk for more?
Yes:——crown my vow, indulgent JOVE,
With the enjoyment of my love,
Or ſtill I ſhall be poor.

Without that beſt and greateſt good,
(By few men rightly underſtood)
The heaven of a wife;
Without this bleſſing, leſſer joys
Are but at beſt as monkiſh toys,
To ſooth unſocial life.

Then grant, ye Gods, this heart-felt pray'r,
Ah! let me name the lovely fair,
CORDELIA be my bride!
Grant this —— and I'll with joy reſign,
All what ambition holds divine,
The pow'r and pomp of pride.

TWICKENHAM.

EPILOGUE

Deſigned to be ſpoken by Mr. TOMLINSON,

For his Benefit at the Theatre Royal in *Drury-lane*, on *Thurſday*, *May* 9, 1751.

AFter long ſtrutting on and off the ſtage,
One night a prelate, and the next a page;
A ſoldier, ſenator, a clown, a lord,
And all the while, ne'er ſpoke a ſingle word;
At length, ſurcharg'd with theſe, and favours paſt,
My thanks burſt from me, and I ſpeak at laſt.
But thanks are all, alas! I *have* no merit;
A grateful heart is *all* that I inherit.
Could I, like our commander here in chief,
Raiſe up your joy, or ſink you down in grief;
Like him, had power to captivate the ſoul;
Like him, to you I ſhould devote the whole.
Or, could I charm in ſong, or ſhine in dance,
The air from *Italy*, the cut from *France*,
Sublime accompliſhments! adorn'd with theſe,
I then might have ſome humble hopes to pleaſe.
Elſe, why do *Britons*, with luxuriant hand,
Purchaſe ſuch trifles of a ſlaviſh land?
Why, from thoſe foreign climes, are bought ſo dear,
Thoſe apes, and eunuchs, that infeſt US here?
Cramm'd with our gold, away each trifler flies,
Shews ENGLAND's FOLLY * to all *Europe*'s eyes,
And leaves us, at our leiſure, to grow wiſe.
Some trifles we to novelty impute,
Juſt as we pay to ſee a monſtrous brute;

That,

* A palace is ſaid to be built by a certain *Italian* eunuch with this inſcription.

That once expos'd, the novelty is gone;
But here a freſh ſucceſſion ſtil comes on,
From NICOLINI, down to CHIEN SAVANT.
So fond of aliens; where would be the wonder,
To naturalize that poor dumb creature yonder,
And make *Monſieur* an *F. R. S. de Londre.*
But ſoft—let others ſettle right and wrong;
To politicians politics belong;
Let ſenators of public weal debate;
And ſtateſmen ſtudy the affairs of ſtate.
Be theirs no new exotics to bring in;
But to preſerve us all, and damn the gin;
All vice to baniſh be the players part;
All virtue to reſtore, and mend the heart.
While nobly you applaud attempts like theſe,
Be all our buſineſs, all our pride—to PLEASE.

On a PANE *of* GLASS *at* PILL *in* Somerſetſhire.

LUCRETIA.

YE rocks of PILL, whoſe roughneſs ſeems to claim
Some ſoft'ning charms, receive LUCRETIA's name:
The pleaſing charge thou, ſpotleſs glaſs, retain,
Secure from wanton jeſt, or wit prophane:
Struck with that awe thoſe chaſter words inſpire,
Each careleſs hand ſhall modeſtly retire.
Thus from the garden ſtray'd the ſinful pair,
When the bright Cherub took his ſtation there;
Guilt fled confus'd before his heav'nly ſword,
And Eden ſmil'd for innocence reſtor'd.

GEO. RUSSEL, A. B. *St. Mary Hall, Oxford.*
June, 18, 1750.

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